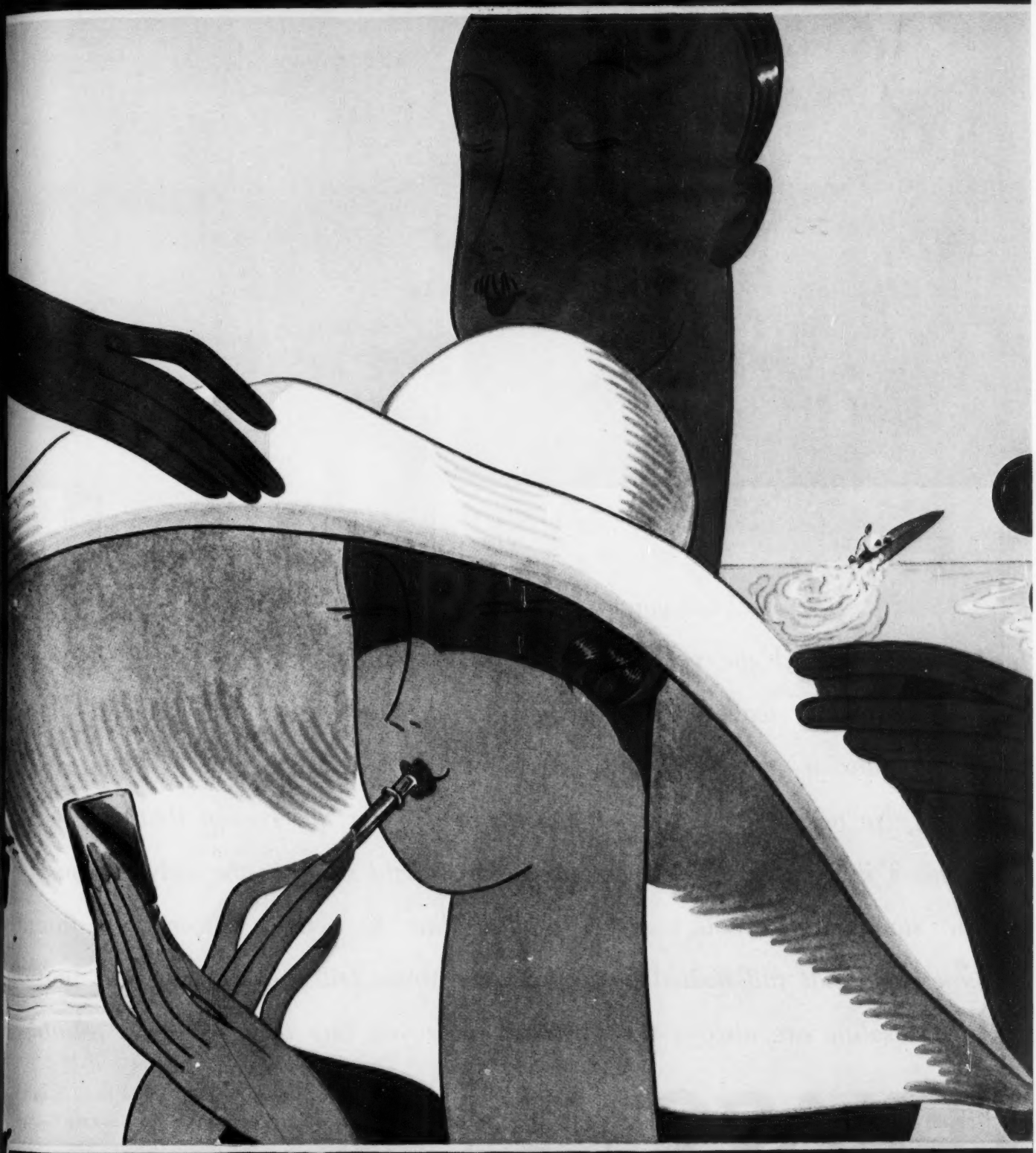
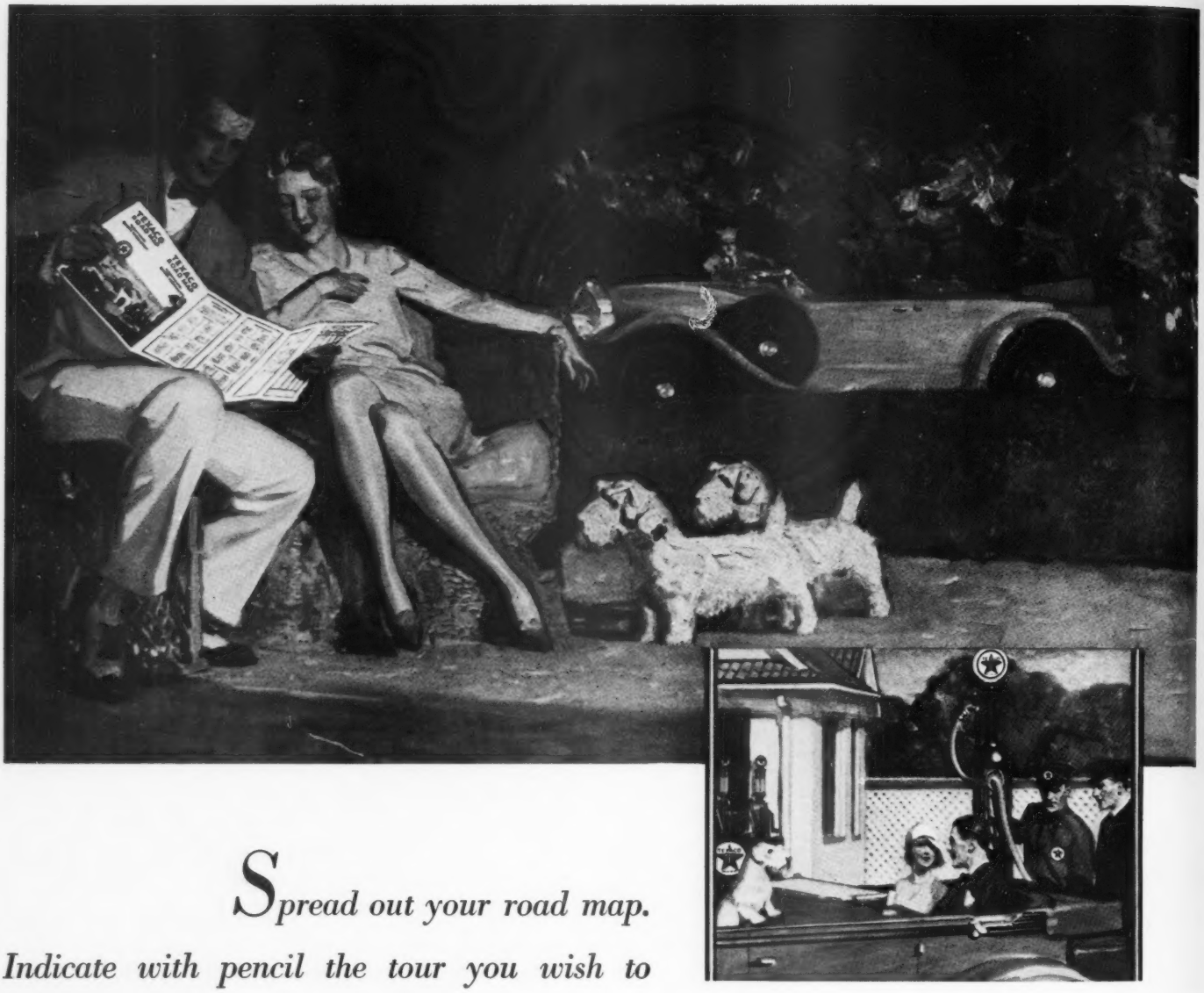
VANITY FAIR



JUNE 1929



Spread out your road map. Indicate with pencil the tour you wish to take. Wherever it leads — cross country to the Atlantic, to the Pacific, from Canada to Mexico — you will find convenient Texaco Service Stations along your route. ¶ *No need to switch to unknown brands. For the Texaco Red Star with the Green T is recognized by motorists in forty-eight states as the* only *nationally known "stop sign" for both motor oil and gasoline.* ¶ *Veteran drivers have found by experience that full-bodied Texaco Golden Motor Oil and the* new *and* better *Texaco Gasoline are always the same wherever you buy them — always reliable.*

TEXACO
MOTOR OIL
GASOLINE

TEXACO
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Ask your Texaco dealer for the Texaco Road Map of the State you are in. Tour with Texaco — use the Texaco Maps, the new *and* better *Texaco Gasoline and Texaco Golden Motor Oil.*

THE TEXAS COMPANY
TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

TIFFANY & CO.

JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE

Quality and Value
A Tradition

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET

PARIS NEW YORK LONDON

25 RUE DE LA PAIX 44 NEW BOND STREET

CARON CORP., 389 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

VANITY FAIR
June, 1929

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Vol. No. 32, No. 4

GENTLEMEN'S
OUTFITTERS

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

A gentleman's touring wardrobe need not be large if only its separate items are of the sort to clothe him rightly in any corner of the earth. Altman stresses the importance of correct travel clothes

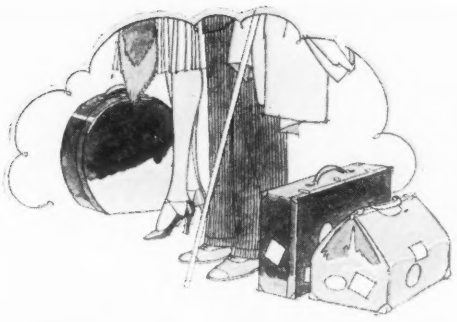
. . . MEN'S CLOTHING — SIXTH FLOOR . . .

Strange . . . that the genius of a single family should have guided the smart world for a century in its choice of perfumes! Yet the reign of the Guerlain dynasty has been unbroken for a hundred changing years. The loveliness of the Empress Eugenie found its complement in the delightful flower odeurs created for her by Pierre Francois Guerlain. The gay rebels who shook off the Victorian yoke found their new daring incarnated in Jicky. The elegantes of today adore the sophistication of Shalimar.

GUERLAIN

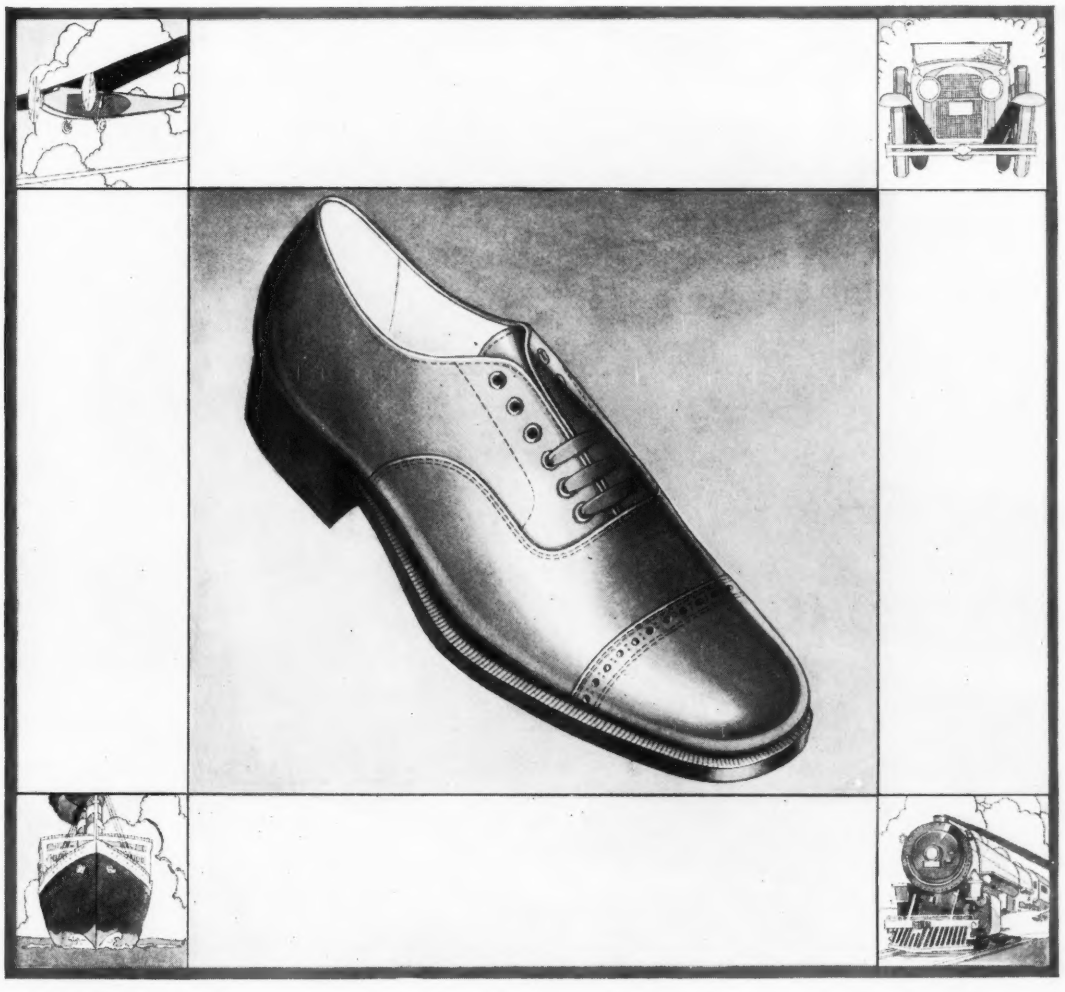
PARIS • 68 CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES — MONTREAL • 60 CRAIG ST. W. — NEW YORK • 578 MADISON AVE.

GUERLAIN PERFUMES ARE BLENDED AND SEALED IN PARIS AND SOLD ONLY IN THE ORIGINAL BOTTLES



HOWE'ER YOU TRAVEL

Whether you are air-minded, sea-seasoned, or motor-wise—to whatever point your vacation wanderings trend—the Duncan is a passport to foot style and comfort. Indeed, your entire vacation shoe-wardrobe should be Walk-Overs. Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton, Campello, Mass.



WALK-OVER SHOES

FOR GENTLEMEN

The Duncan will be seen wherever smart vacationists foregather. It comes in either black or tan calf at $10.

One's vacation shoe-wardrobe should include black oxfords and tan oxfords, like the Duncan, sport shoes and patent leathers.

Les Bourgeons

un parfum—ravissant!

To the woman who will always have youth and a song in her heart—YBRY sends his latest triumph. A parfum as *moderne*—as different—as the first woman who dared bob her hair; as daring, indeed, as she who first raised her frock above the ankle. A parfum that can only be described by its aptly chosen name—the Buds.

Ybry
PARFUMEUR
PARIS

YBRY, Inc.,
604 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

CARAVAN

IN THE great bazaars of Cairo and Jerusalem he chose from precious stones spread before him on russet velvets and lemon-colored silks. . . . In Colombo, black-bearded merchants brought copper trays of winking jewels for his selection. . . . In Bombay, redolent of musk and sandalwood, they showed him pearls worth many elephants or belts full of silver.

And later, in Agra and Delhi they opened teakwood boxes and turned back folds of saffron cloth to disclose lovely ornaments of an older India . . . exquisite anklets, necklaces and wrist chains that had brought smiles to the scarlet lips of favored Maharanis of another day.

Here he saw the blue-white spurt of a diamond from old Sambalpur . . . the flash of a ruby that came from Burma . . . and ancient emeralds that reflected all the magnificence of the reign of Shah Jahan.

And from these notable collections of the East, Mr. William Elder Marcus, Jr., chose those jewels that pleased him most, returning to New York with cases filled with the rarest of antique Indian ornaments, handfuls of loose pearls, carved emeralds, star sapphires, zircons and ruby beads and carved leaves . . . a collection which Marcus & Company take pride in presenting for the inspection of their friends and patrons.

MARCUS & COMPANY

JEWELERS

WM. ELDER MARCUS, JR. CHAPIN MARCUS

Fifth Avenue at Forty-fifth Street, New York; London; Paris; Palm Beach; Bombay

© 1929

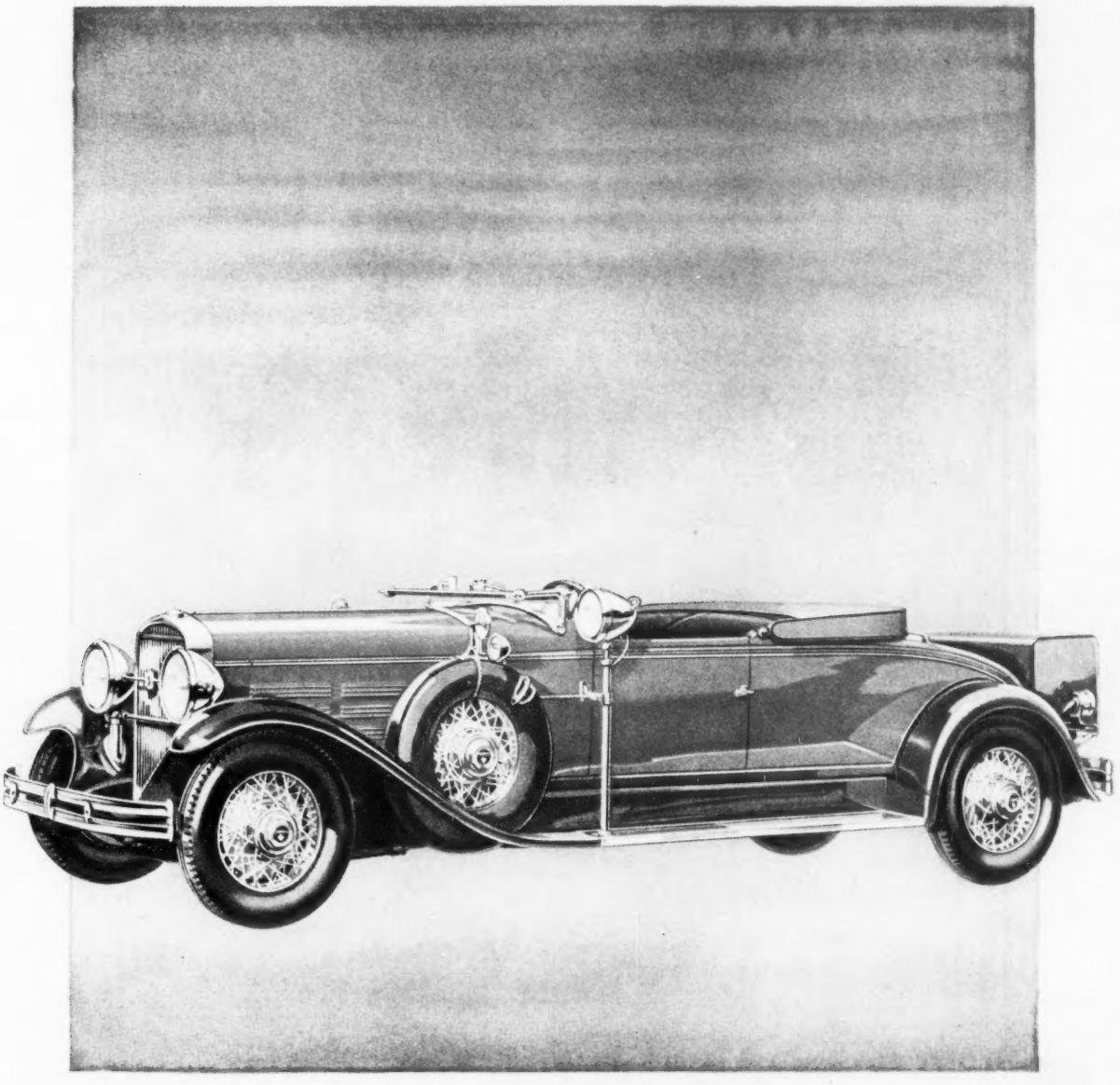
A Bronze, "Descending Night, by Adolph Alexander Weinmann

The bracelet watch in which a beautiful diamond serves as the crystal. The brooch watch—a movable centre concealing the watch. The cover watch and platinum-mesh bracelet with jeweled ends.

The fine distinction of Caldwell watches is indicated by the high esteem in which they are held by those who appreciate the smart, the unusual.

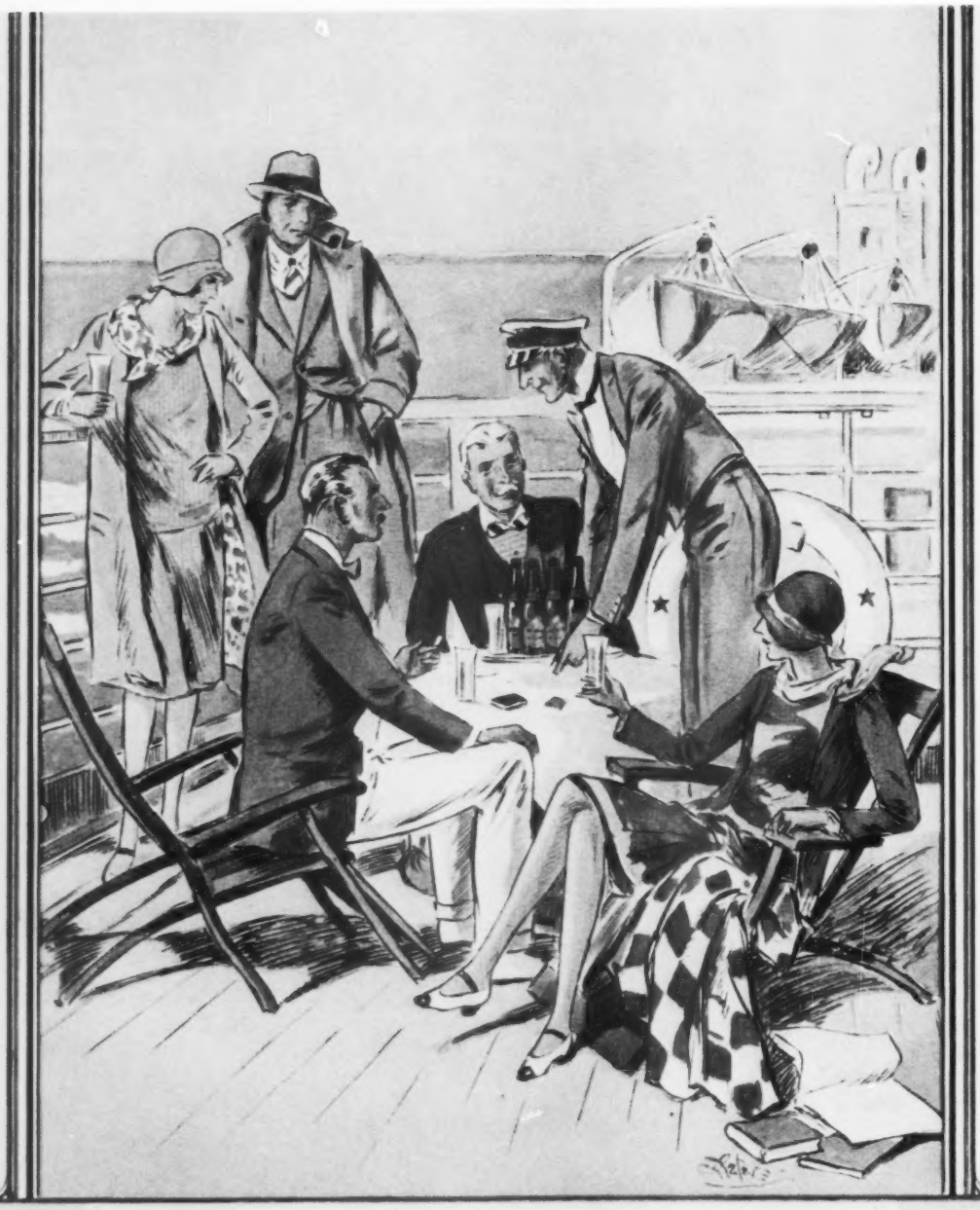
J. E. CALDWELL & CO.

Philadelphia



A Charming Something with lithe and youthful lines—a thoroughbred descendant of a roving race—inspired with the verve of modern youth—and dressed up like nobody's business—in short ready to go somewhere—and going. That's the new Jordan Playboy.

JORDAN



The Leading
Mineral Water

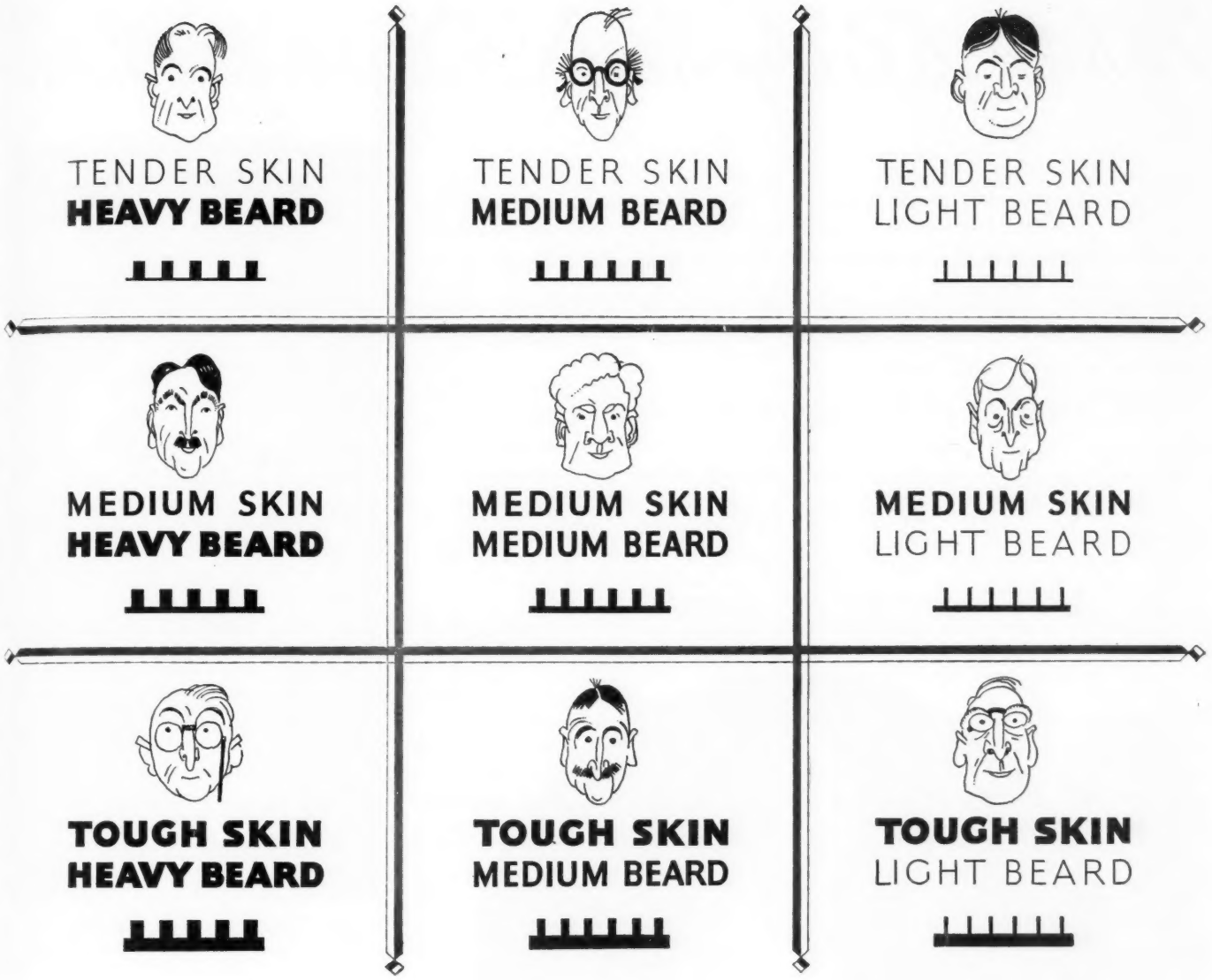
AFTERNOON on the boat deck . . . a game of deck tennis completed . . . or shuffle board . . . or simply relaxation under the restful warmth of an unclouded sun. Then White Rock—the skillful expression of hospitality in which a famous liner takes glory . . . the finesse of a Majestic, or a Belgenland. Inspiring thoughts of new lands to see . . . joy in the freedom of untroubled minds. And White Rock to be ever present . . . protection from changing water supplies . . . recovery from fatigue of too busy days . . . exhilarating . . . the perfect traveling companion.

Or, . . . the after deck of a thirty-footer . . . dashing foam astern . . . easily rolling in rhythmic swells. White Rock again . . . sparkling, effervescent . . . healthful. Harmless to pretty frocks if spilled . . . placating to digestions that may be sensitive to restless seas. . . . No voyage so complete, no cruise so happy as where White Rock rules the waves.

Bottled at the Springs, Waukesha, Wis.

White Rock

Pale Dry
Ginger Ale



Name your beard, gentlemen

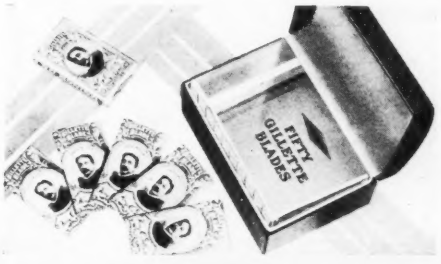
BEARDS are past reforming. Blue and bristly or blond and silken, they're all hard to shave—at least you can't tell their owners otherwise.

We don't try to.

It's easier to put the burden on the blade; to use the best and most expensive steel; and to spend, as we have, some $12,000,000 in the past ten years to develop precise and delicate machines that hone and strop that fine steel far beyond the limits of human craftsmanship. It's easier to pay a bonus to workers for every blade they reject which does not come up to the high Gillette standard.

True, it makes some difference whether your beard is heavy or silken, your skin sensitive or tough; whether the water is hot or cold, hard or soft; whether you slept well or badly the night before.

But even under the worst possible conditions you can count on the Gillette Blade to do its job smoothly, surely and well. It's the one constant factor in your daily shave. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, Mass.



THE NEW FIFTY-BOX. Fifty fresh double-edged Gillette Blades (10 packets of fives) in a colorful chest that will serve you afterwards as a sturdy button box, cigarette box or jewel case... Ideal as a gift, too. Five dollars at your dealer's.

Gillette

★ Gillette ★

Three Lovely and Distinguished

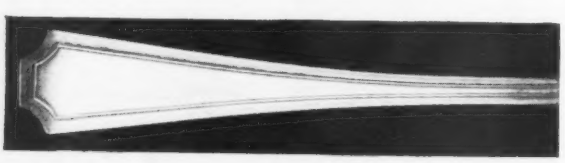
Mrs. EDWARD CORTLANDT PARKER *of Washington*

Mrs. CORNELIUS *de* RONDE DOSKER *of Louisville*

Mrs. WILLIAM H. KINGSLEY JR. *of Philadelphia*

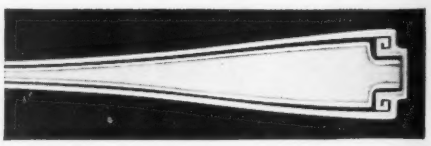
Chose these superbly beautiful designs in silver

Mrs. Edward Cortlandt Parker, of Washington, the former Miss Charlotte Riggs, in her exquisite wedding veil of rose point lace.



"I selected the Fairfax pattern," Mrs. Parker tells us, "because I admire its exquisite simplicity. What a magic touch this Gorham artist had to create such perfect things as are these Fairfax pieces!"

Mrs. Cornelius de Ronde Dosker, the former Miss Elizabeth Sanders, one of Louisville's loveliest brides.



Mrs. Dosker says, "The grace and rich finish of the Etruscan pattern are irresistible. I think it extremely smart, too! It takes a truly great artist to achieve such a combination."

IN WASHINGTON, Mrs. Edward Cortlandt Parker, a bride lovely as a storied princess and by birth a member of one of Baltimore's oldest families . . .

IN LOUISVILLE, demure, dark-eyed Mrs. Cornelius de Ronde Dosker, who has all the beauty and enchantment that the world would wish for a bride of her aristocratic Southern heritage . . .

IN PHILADELPHIA, charming and beautiful Mrs. William H. Kingsley Jr., whose brilliant marriage united two of that city's most distinguished families, the Montgomerys and the Kingsleys . . .

BRIDES *of a brilliant* SEASON

Mrs. William H. Kingsley Jr., whose recent marriage was one of Philadelphia's smartest occasions.

"I decided on this new Dolly Madison pattern of Gorham Sterling because I love the graceful sweep of its delicate lines," says Mrs. Kingsley.

North, South, East, and West, America's most prominent brides—her most entrancing, patrician brides—are choosing Gorham Sterling!

These brides, having in common that exquisite taste of women of inherited position and culture, all find in Gorham Sterling the most distinguished of all silver.

Each of these charming but distinctly different women selected for her own the pattern that most appealed to her individual taste, the pattern which perfectly expressed her particular personality. Mrs. Kingsley chose the suave, graceful Dolly Madison; Mrs. Parker the dignified but delicate Fairfax; Mrs. Dosker the Etruscan, mystic with age and tradition.

For generations, distinguished women have considered their Gorham Sterling—as do these lovely brides—"a most admired, most treasured possession."

The Gorham designers are a group of rarely gifted artists-in-silver whose delicately precise hands bring into being all the subtle beauty of this most elegant of metals,—all its sweeping grace, its fluid loveliness!

That is why those of discriminating taste prefer Gorham Sterling to all others, recognizing upon each perfect piece the indefinable touch of genius.

So Small an Investment

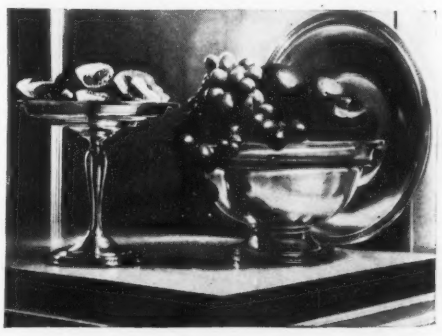
The surprising thing to learn is how small an investment purchases this most beautifully designed of all silver. There are many sets of flatware, with hollow ware to match, to be had at amazingly low cost.

Six teaspoons in the smart Etruscan pattern of Mrs. Dosker's choice are but $9.50. Six dessert knives, $21; six dessert forks, $20.

Six lovely Dolly Madison teaspoons cost only $9. Six dessert knives, $21.50; six dessert forks, $21.

In the Fairfax pattern, teaspoons for six cost only $12; six dessert knives, $20; six dessert forks, $21.50.

Your jeweler will be proud to show you the Dolly Madison, the Fairfax and Etruscan patterns as well as many other designs by the unparalleled Gorham artists. The Gorham Company, Providence, R. I. and New York City.



These beautiful Etruscan pieces suggest many uses. A bowl for fruit or flowers, with a handsome pierced flower holder, $65. A plateau, $45. A compote, $35.

Hollow ware in the new Dolly Madison pattern! A lovely water pitcher, $125. An entrée dish, $95. A small bowl, $45.

This handsome sterling coffee set in the Fairfax pattern, with tray, costs but $250. Fairfax candlesticks, $60 a pair.

GORHAM

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS FOR OVER 90 YEARS

H I C K O K

For Birthdays
Father's Day
Graduation—
Bridge or Golf Prizes
— A Hickok Belt Set

BELTS · BRACES · GARTERS

—the welcome ease of sportswear,

balmy breezes—and such.

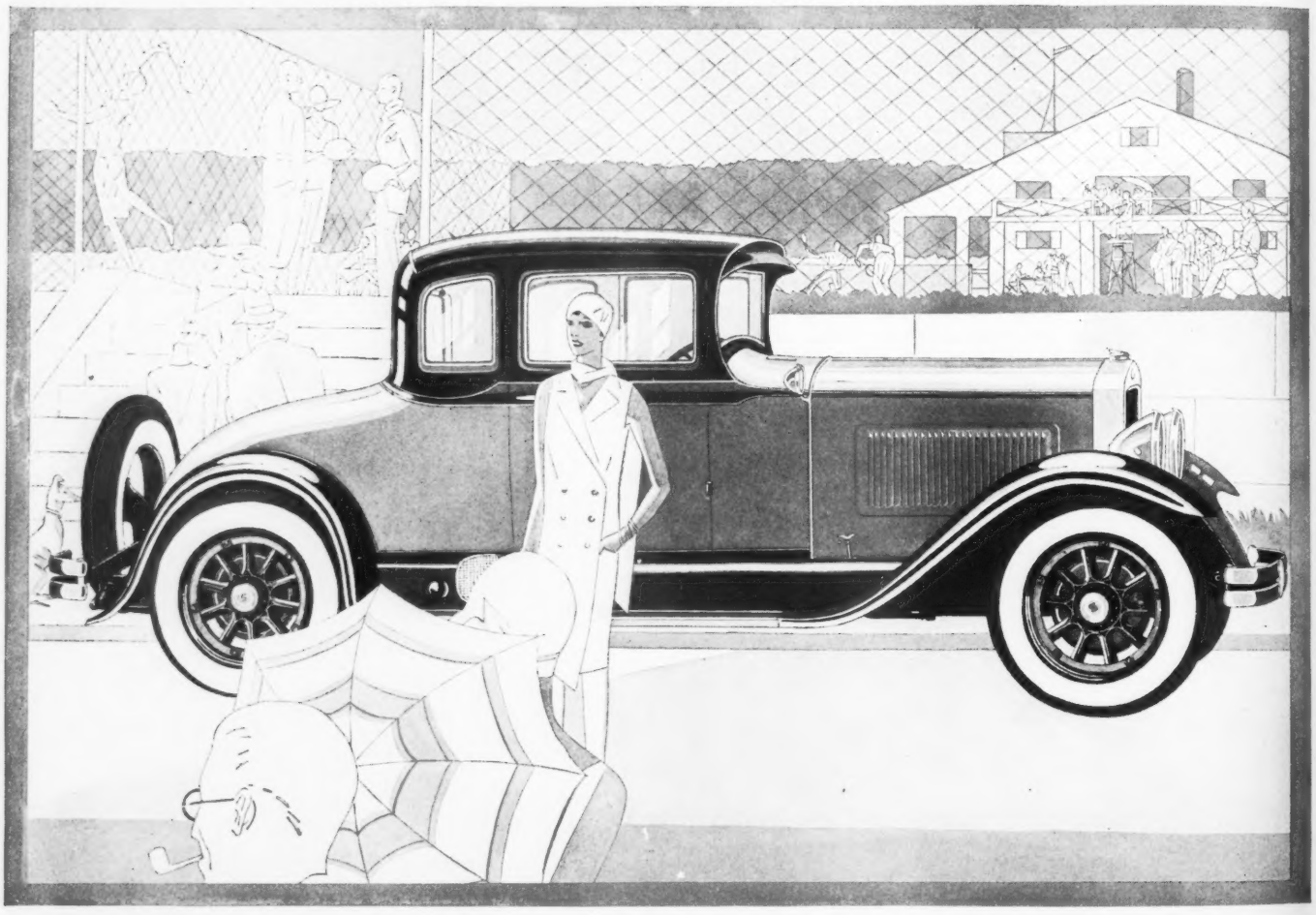
While looking over the new golf suit, white flannels—and the entire spring and summer wardrobe, one could well afford to look at the Cheney Cravats especially created for sportswear. The range is interesting in pattern, color and design. This makes it easy to select the precisely right ties for each outfit.

Out in the open again!

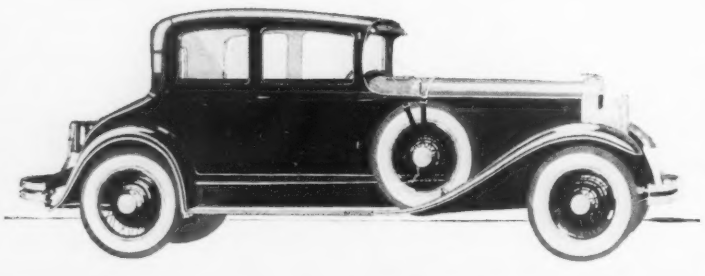
CHENEY CRAVATS *made by Cheney Brothers*

BY THEIR STYLE YOU MAY KNOW THEM

. . . for artist and craftsman have truly interpreted the very spirit of Studebaker's champion motor cars



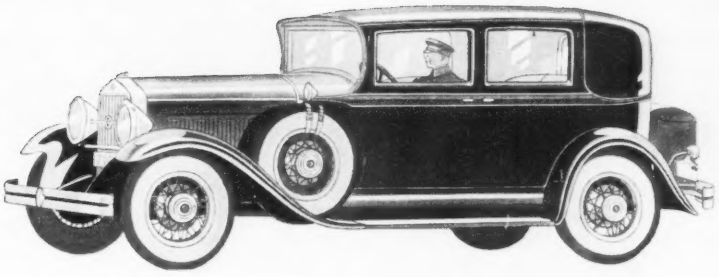
The Commander Coupe, available either as a straight eight or six, offers a choice of two body types—for four or for two passengers. The four-passenger model has a comfortable rumble seat, while the coupe for two affords generous luggage space in the rear. The Commander Six Coupe for Two is $1350, the Eight $1495. The Six-cylinder Coupe for Four is $1425 and the Eight $1550.



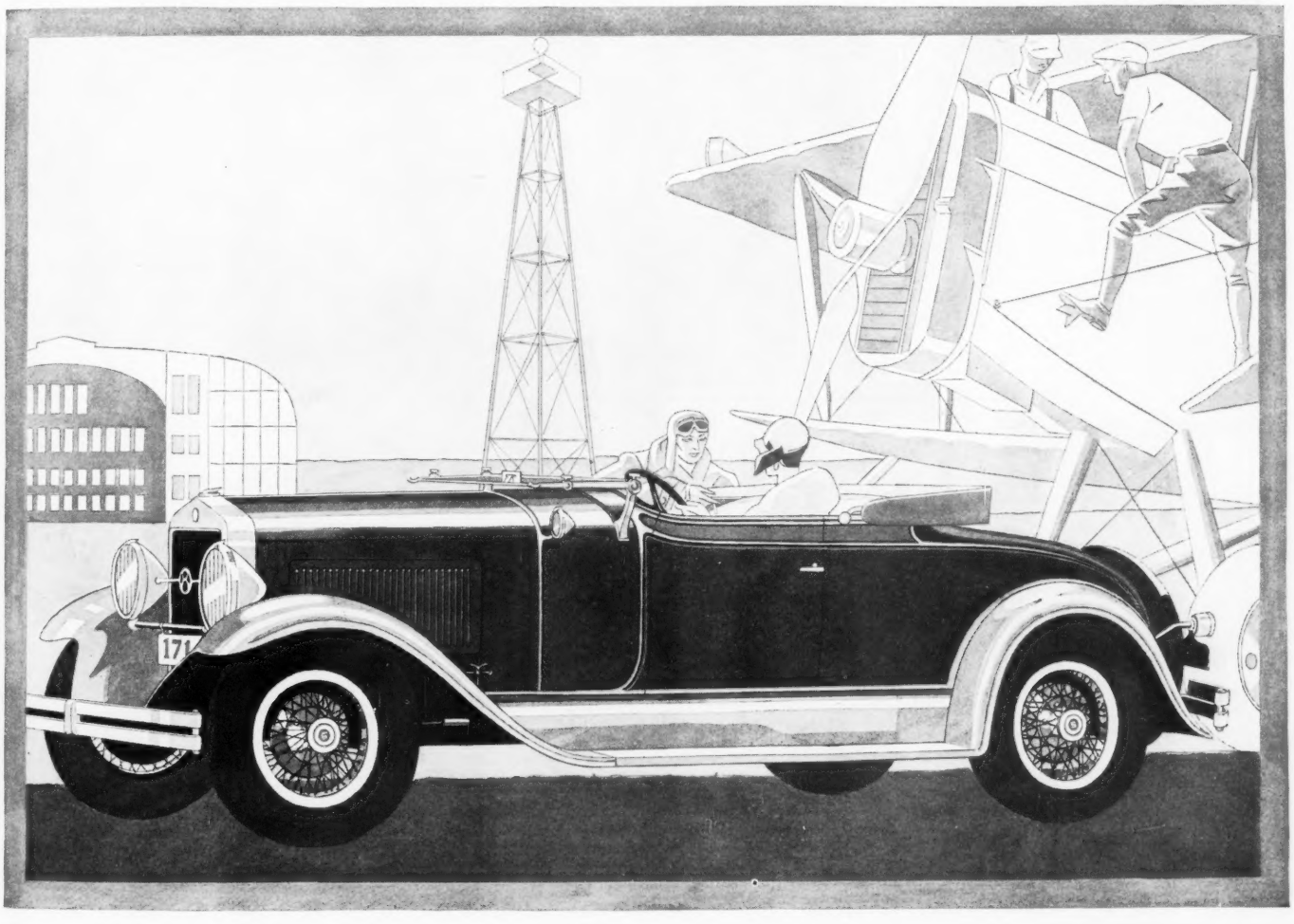
The President Eight State Victoria seats four in the utmost comfort. A very popular car for social or business use. Wide windows afford excellent vision. Six wire wheels and trunk rack are standard equipment. Priced at $1895. The Commander Eight Victoria is $1525, The Commander Six $1375.

LOOK for the sinewy grace that betokens fleetness and stamina . . . you will find it in motor cars by Studebaker, clothed in beauty befitting the holders of *every* official speed and endurance record for fully equipped stock cars. And the world has rewarded this championship performance and style with sales leadership among all the eights.

Look from the curb, from a passing car, from where you will—there is no view from which a glance does not reveal the low-swung beauty which sets these champion Studebakers apart from traffic.



The Commander Brougham. Companionable, roomy, beautifully appointed. Available as a straight eight or six. Upholstery is of broadcloth or mohair. Folding center arm rest in rear seat. Adjustable steering wheel, pedals and driver's seat. The Commander Straight Eight Brougham is $1675, the six $1525. Six wire wheels and trunk with three cases standard equipment.



Look from within, as you glide at ease. While your eyes rest upon perfect appointments, thank Studebaker engineering for riding comfort unknown until Studebaker introduced ball bearing spring shackles and added hydraulic shock absorbers.

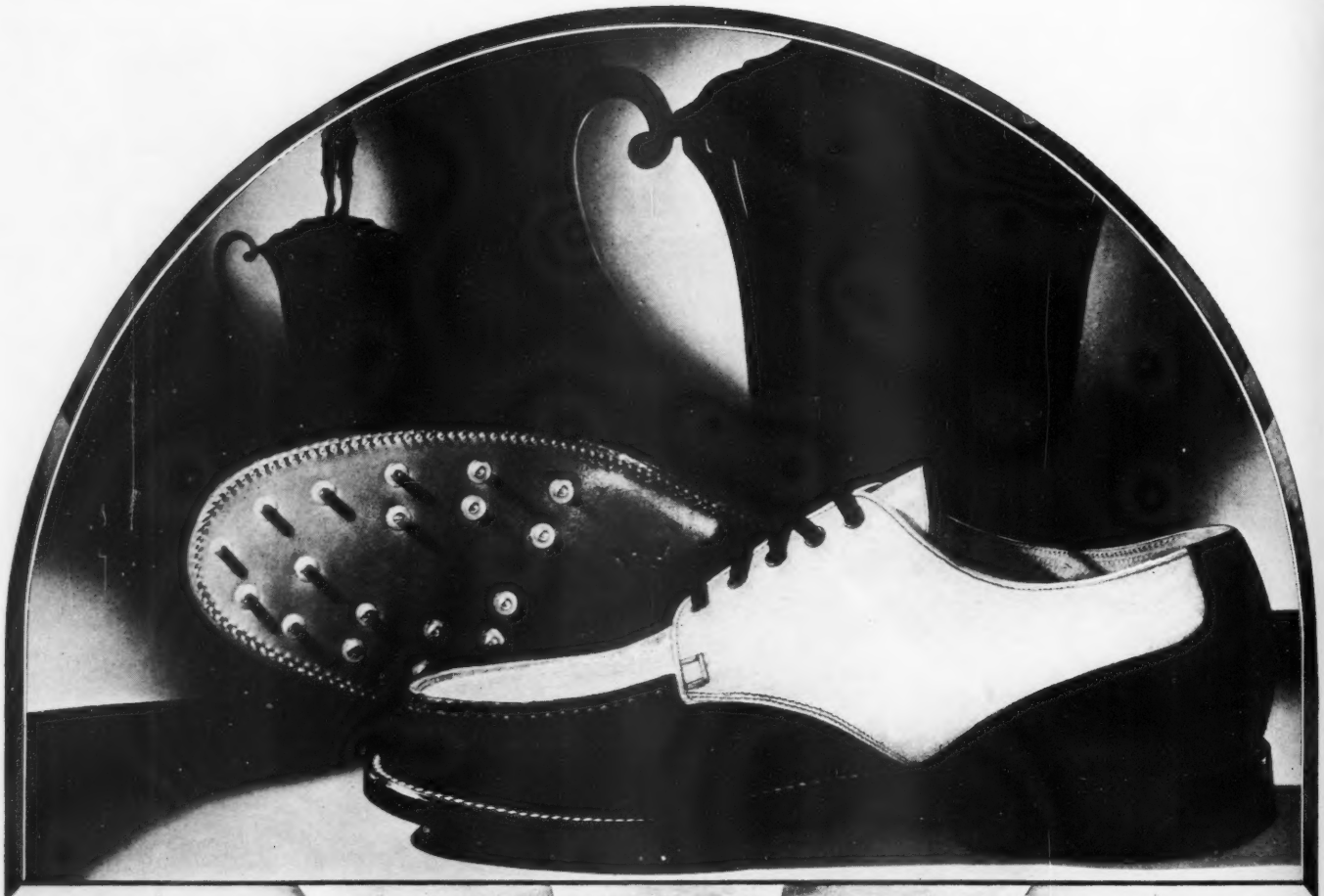
Your every impression will be of a very costly car. Yet Studebaker's One-Profit manufacture results in prices which are surprisingly moderate.

The President Eight Roadster is a splendid interpretation of championship performance. Restful comfort for four—seating two in the spacious lounge seat and two in the commodious rumble. Built on the famous 115 horsepower world champion chassis. Ball bearing spring shackles and Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers. Priced $1785, with five wire wheels.

All prices at the factory, bumpers and spare tires extra

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Champions



ABOVE—*Sportocasin. Style 213. Black and white. Choice of soles.*

Why Tournament Golfers WEAR SPORTOCASINS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

For centuries golf had no specially designed shoe like other sports. Golfers wore thinly disguised street shoes and put up with tired and aching feet. Then came SPORTOCASINS—as authentic for golf as a ruling of the U. S. G. A. Crack tournament golfers were waiting for this shoe. They saw—they wore—and they conquered. See their tournament record at the left.

There are many reasons for this amazing record of championship success. Sportocasins combine the comfort of the genuine moccasin, with built-in arch supports, cupped heels and other patented features. They support the foot in every playing position. Sportocasins are made of the finest imported leathers, mostly by hand. Like a well-hit shot they are "Good all the way."

Sportocasins (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) are made only by The Abbott Co. in Maine. But they are widely imitated. Many imitations are of the street shoe (welt) type, disguised to resemble moccasins. Most of them are of cheaper construction. None of them has *all* the features which make Sportocasins supreme for golf. Be sure you get the genuine—look for the Pine Tree trademark.

Sportocasin Record

1925—American Amateur, Winner; 3 of the 4 semi-finalists

1926—American Amateur—25% of entire field. British Open—Winner. British Amateur—Winner. 6 of 8 members of U. S. Walker Cup Team

1927—American Amateur—Winner; 3 of the 4 semi-finalists. British Open—Winner

1928—American Amateur—Winner; 23% of field; 47% of qualifiers 5 of 8 members of U. S. Walker Cup Team

The genuine moccasin construction of Sportocasins, shown above, is their chief contribution to tournament play. The soft, seamless leather underfoot, found only in real moccasins, insures against tired and blistered feet. In addition, Sportocasins have exclusive, patented features not found even in the highest price custom-made shoes.

ABBOTT

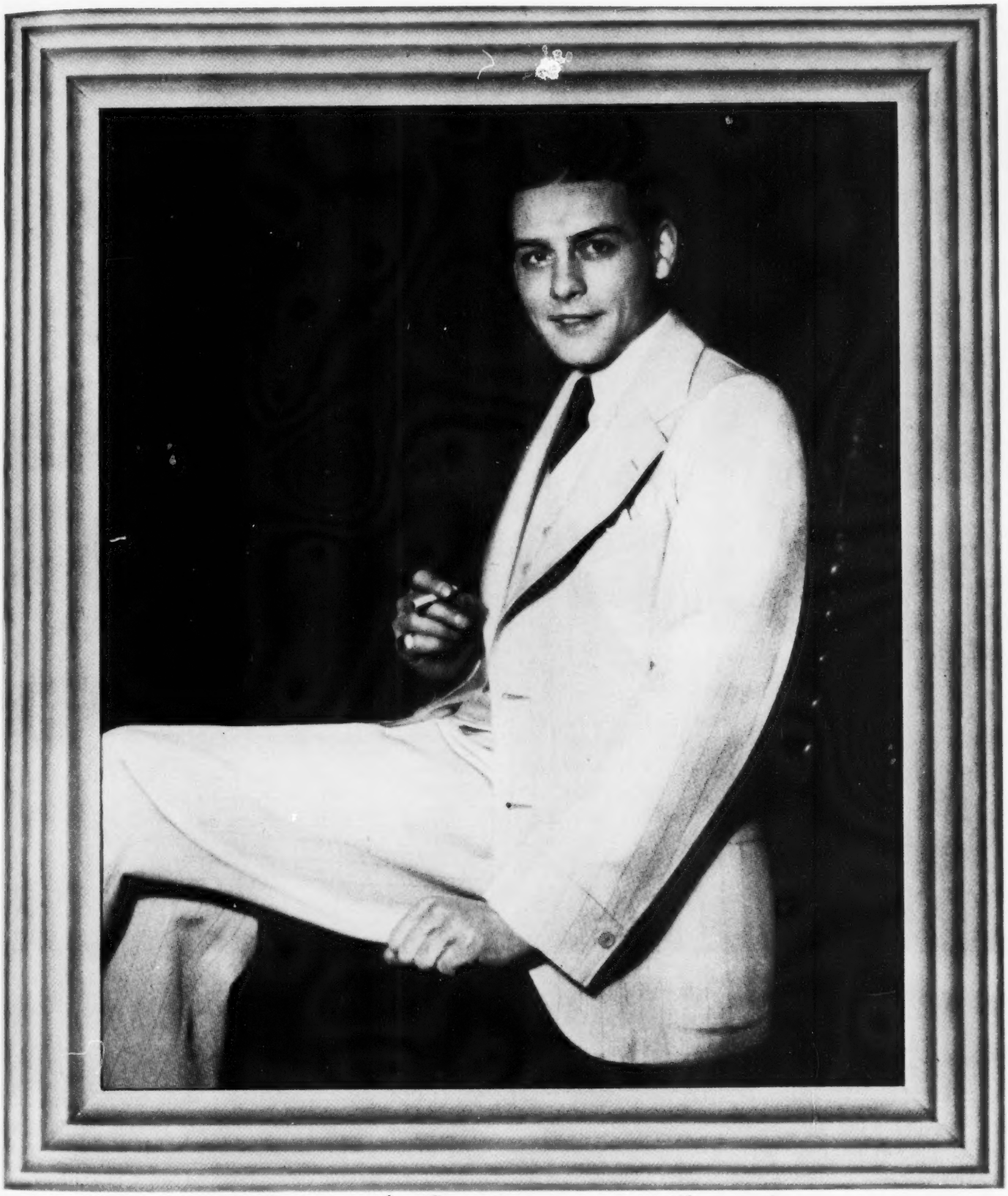
THE

ABBOTT

COMPANY

Yarmouth Maine

ORIGINATORS OF AUTHENTIC FOOTGEAR FOR SPORTSMEN



Mental Ease – an Asset

Modern man gets mental as well as physical ease in a PALM BEACH SUIT. . . . It's clean. It's cool. Its smooth surface throws off the dust and dirt. Its open weave admits the wayward breeze.

It's inexpensive . . . so inexpensive that every man can afford the luxury of *two*—a light one for daytime; a welcome change to a dark one, with vest—at night. . . . Wash them or dry-clean them as often as you please. Palm Beach Suits are made for long, hard, faithful wear.

Enjoy the Summer. Know the *physical and mental comfort* of the "Great National Summer Suit."

At your clothier's—in a great parade of fashionable new designs. If you have any difficulty in obtaining your wants—communicate with us.

PALM BEACH MILLS, Goodall Worsted Co., Sanford, Me
Selling Agent: A. Rohaut, 229 Fourth Avenue, New York City

This label is sewn in every garment made of genuine Palm Beach Cloth.

Palm Beach
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
THE GENUINE CLOTH
MFD. ONLY BY GOODALL WORSTED CO.

© E. G. C. 1929

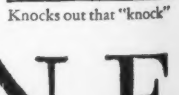
FOR QUICKER GETAWAY... USE ETHYL

WHEN you see a car start off instantly in traffic—like a startled deer — there is probably Ethyl Gasoline in the tank. Ethyl means quicker pick-up.

And why not? Ethyl is good gasoline to which has been added Ethyl anti-knock fluid. It gives added *alertness* to any car — gives it a responsiveness and flexibility impossible with ordinary gasoline.

Ethyl Gasoline was developed by General Motors Research Laboratories to provide a more efficient automobile fuel. Ethyl is a necessity if you drive one of the new high-compression cars, because they must have high-compression fuel. But if your car is of average compression, Ethyl, by eliminating "knock," will bring out its maximum in pick-up, smoothness, and power. Start riding with Ethyl today. You will see the difference it makes. You won't go back to ordinary gasoline.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, 25 Broadway, New York
56 Church St., Toronto, Can. · 36 Queen Anne's Gate, London, Eng.



Knocks out that "knock"

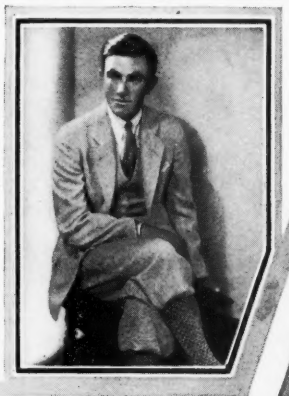
ETHYL GASOLINE

On fairway or at Mayfair ~ ~ let your style be beyond reproach!

Not only leading sportsmen,—but well dressed men all over the country, are turning to *SPORTSWEAR, INCORPORATED*, for Golf and Country Club apparel that represents the final word in authentic style.

Productions by *SPORTSWEAR, INCORPORATED*, embrace golf suits, knickers, sport coats, tennis jackets, top coats, riding breeches, lounge suits and resort wear.

JOHNNY FARRELL, United States Open Golf Champion and known to the press as "the best dressed golfer," is wearing a four-piece golf suit tailored by *SPORTSWEAR, INCORPORATED*, especially for his trip with the American Ryder Cup Team to Scotland.



HORTON SMITH, the most recent sensational meteor in the golf firmament, knows his apparel as well as his shots. His golf clothes are tailored by *SPORTSWEAR, INCORPORATED*. He prefers soft Shetland cheviots in subdued blue-grey shades.

In a fine store in every city

SPORTSWEAR

New York **INCORPORATED** *London*

SPORTSWEAR INCORPORATED

This label warrants style authenticity

LEO DIEGEL, always a fine golfer, reached the heights last October by winning the championship of the Professional Golf Association. He is wearing a suit tailored by *SPORTSWEAR, INCORPORATED* for his Ryder Cup trip—a rough tan cheviot of unusually soft shade.

WALTER HAGEN, holder of the British Open Golf Championship and Captain of the American Ryder Club Golf team, has always been known for the excellent taste he displays sartorially. He is wearing a suit tailored by *SPORTSWEAR, INCORPORATED*, of blue-grey with a dark blue overplaid.

VINCENT RICHARDS, the cheerful, genial young tennis champion, has made popular the coat he is pictured wearing—a fine white flannel blazer trimmed with dark maroon braid. Tailored by *SPORTSWEAR, INCORPORATED*, of course,—as were also his trousers of cricket cloth.

WE'RE JUST A YOUNG COUPLE

"What pieces in Sterling are the very least we can get along with, at the start?"

"Just what would they cost us?"

"If I give a little informal dinner, and have neither bouillon spoons nor soup spoons, how had I best serve soup?"

"Can my menu include a canape or other hors d'oeuvres or a salad before I've added salad forks to my set?"

"If Uncle Andrew should *like the dinner I serve him, and say, 'Bless you, my children, and what pieces in this lovely silver would you like next?' just what pieces ought I mention, to help me on my way to formal entertaining?"*

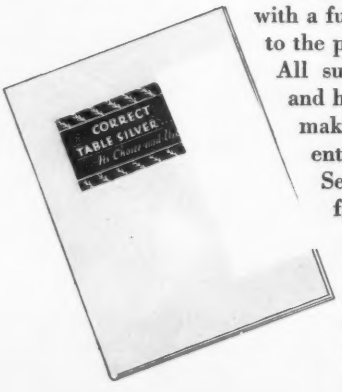
"As my silver set grows, how can I be sure to avoid a mistake so many women make – 'lazy' pieces, forever tucked away in their flannel wrappings, while some other pieces have to be rushed out and washed between courses?"

"And then, about table settings . . . is it the most approved thing nowadays to . . . . . ."

DON'T... DON'T DECIDE UNTIL YOU'VE READ...

Correct Table Silver

ITS CHOICE AND USE"



THERE never was such a booklet for answering silver questions!

Page after page, to help you determine what sterling selections are best suited to your needs. In all, ten lists are discussed in terms of how many people they will serve, and what sort of menus each will permit. You'll find your own requirements among them—and so avoid the error of too many of this, and not enough of that.

Then there are beautiful and correct table settings—described and pictured so that having this booklet at your elbow is almost the same as having a social secretary to consult.

New silver usage is told about, too—and that's important in these days of changing modes . . .

And then there's a glorious array of patterns for your admiration, with a full list of pieces and prices on each, so that you can figure, to the penny, just what the silver of your choice will cost.

All supervised by Elsie de Wolfe, famous interior decorator and hostess. All fascinatingly told. All beautifully illustrated, to make this a gem among books for your permanent library on entertaining.

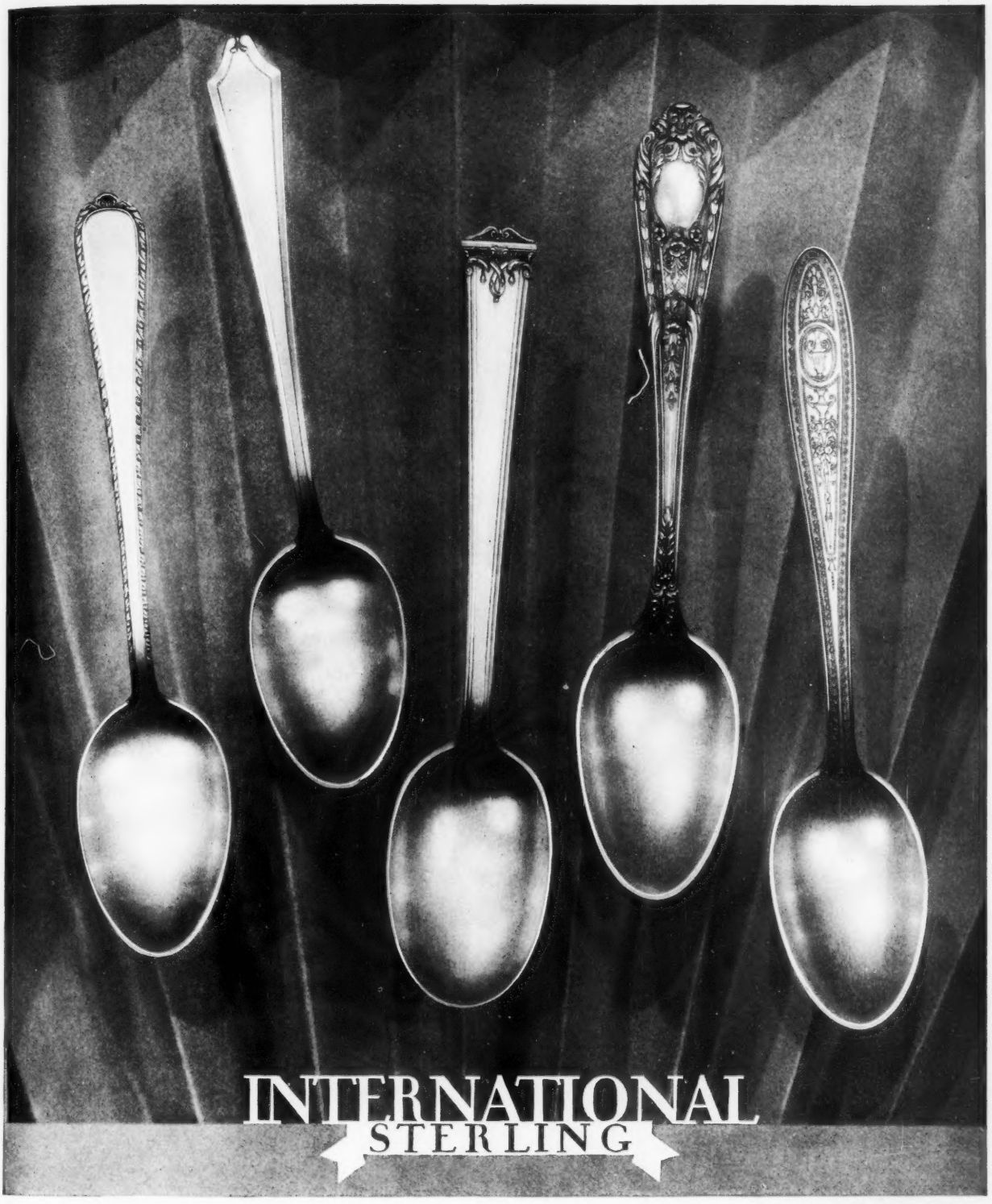
Send 25c, to cover mailing and wrapping costs. Write for this fascinating booklet today.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER Co., Meriden, Conn. V.F. 6-29

Enclosed is 25c (coin or stamps), for which please send at once my copy of "Correct Table Silver."

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____



INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.
FINE ARTS DIVISION, MERIDEN, CONN.

PINE TREE . . . *the much-discussed modern pattern with American background.*

MINUET . . . *as charming as the Colonial life that inspired it.*

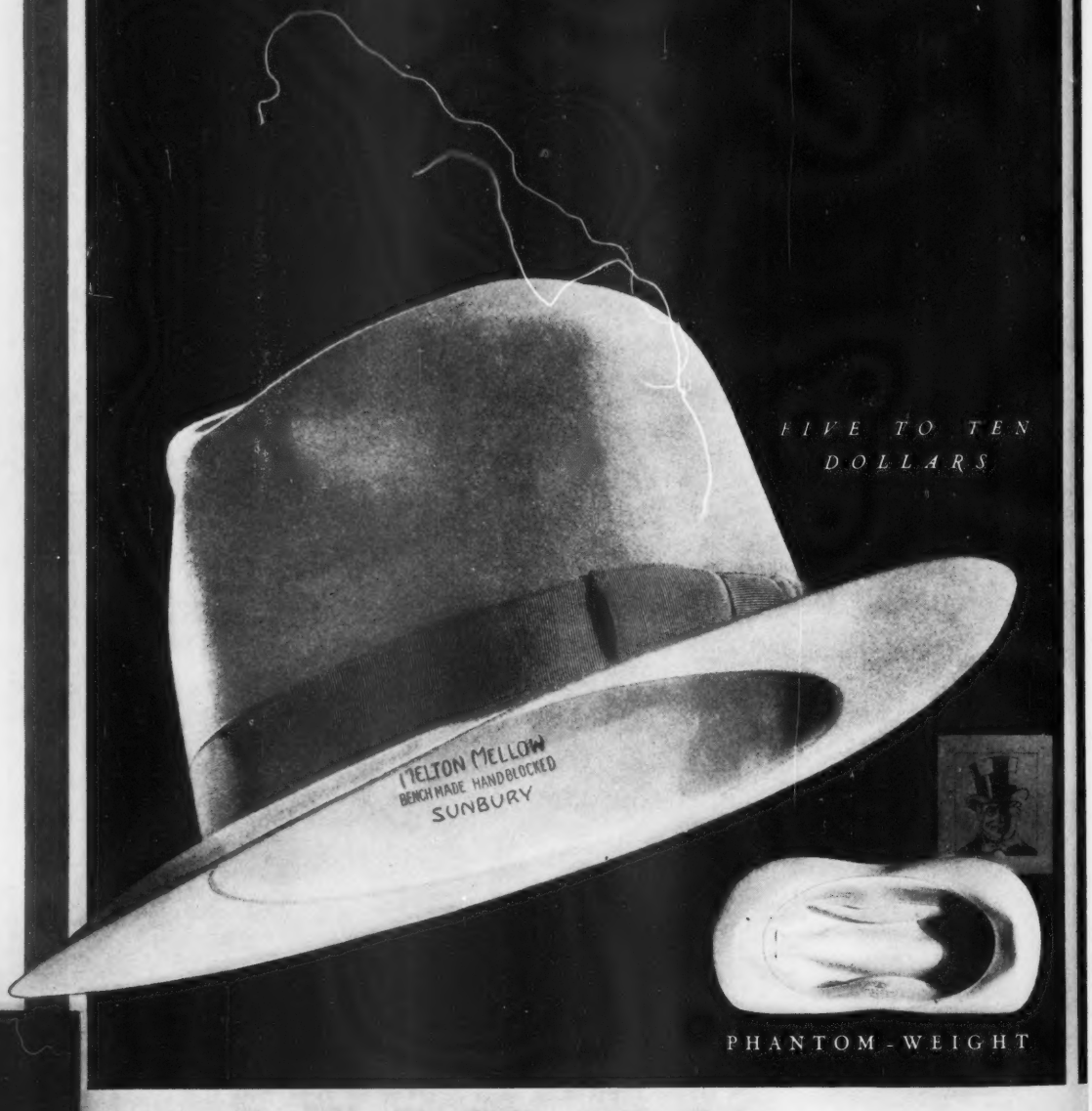
TRIANON . . . *French . . . with classic ancestry . . . delightfully restrained in feeling.*

FONTAINE . . . *luxurious, in the manner of the French Renaissance.*

WEDGWOOD . . . *as delicately lovely as the famous pottery of that name.*

Prices are decidedly modest, six teaspoons costing from $11.00 to $12.50, according to pattern, while a twenty-six piece starting set varies from $73.35 to $90.00.

the *Sunbury*



FIVE TO TEN DOLLARS

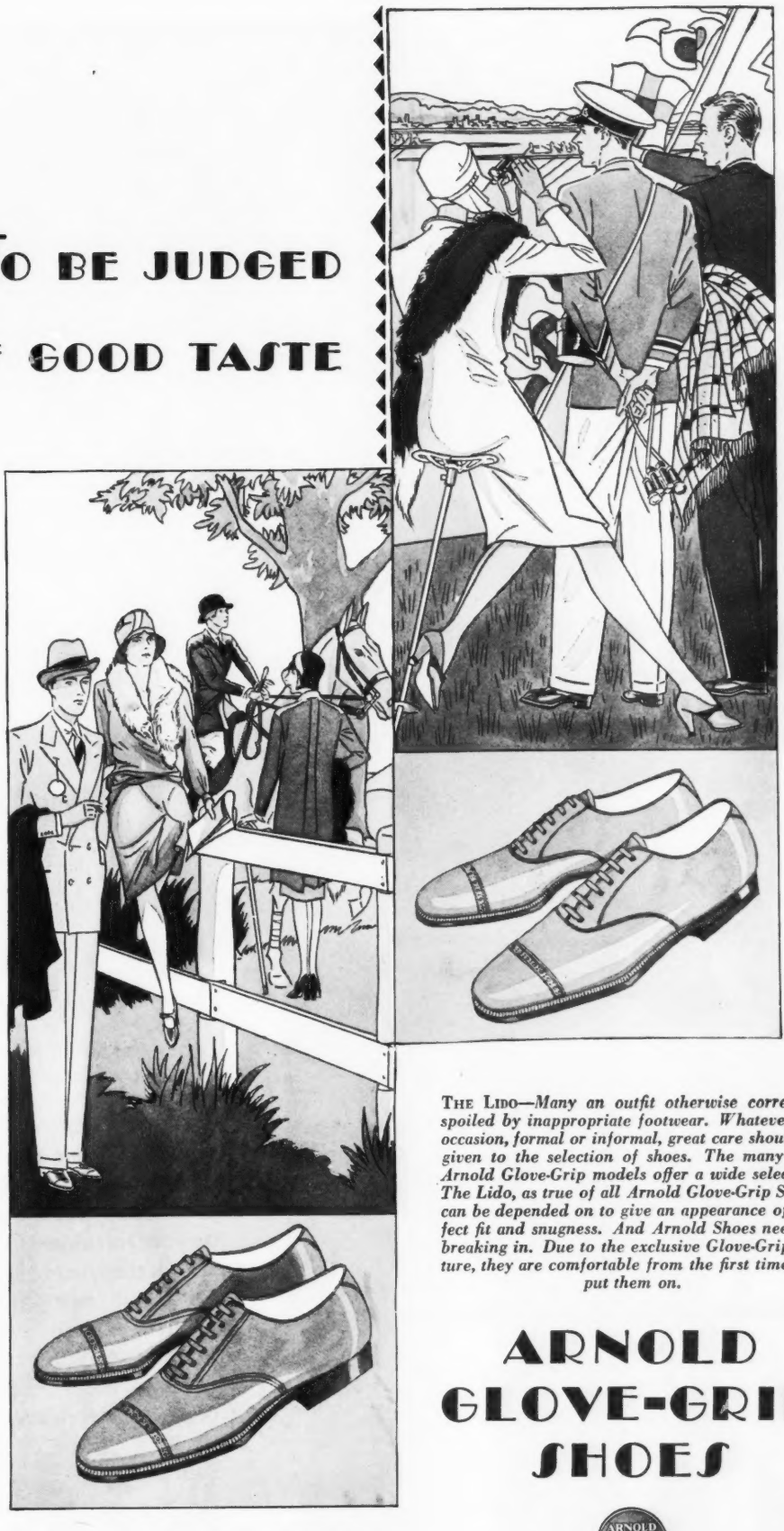
PHANTOM-WEIGHT

MELTON *Hats*

The Melton Sunbury—a phantom-weight thoroughbred top-piece with the swagger of the bridle path. One that will canter through Spring and Summer as lightly as it rests on your brow.

H. FRIEDMAN HAT CO., INC. • • 200 GREENE ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

TO BE JUDGED A MAN OF GOOD TASTE



A MAN must dress smartly these days. Correct attire is a stamp of good taste. Care should be given to the selection of every article of wearing apparel.

Arnold Glove-Grips more than meet every requirement of the careful purchaser. The many new models are dependably correct—designed by style authorities. Their comfort is absolutely unmatched. No other make so unfailingly gives such a tailored, perfect fit. Each shoe clings under and around the instep like a snug-fitting glove—yet, even greater ease and freedom are enjoyed. The gentle lift given to the arch muscles is both natural and restful.

Visit your Arnold dealer. See the many latest styles of Glove-Grip Shoes for all occasions. Try on a pair. We feel confident that you will wear them. M. N. Arnold Shoe Company, Dept. C-6, North Abington, Mass.

THE SAVOY—*Men's styles continue along lines of comfort. Suits are cut fuller—as dictated by the best English tailors. Felt hats are in mixed shades, browns and grays. Well-groomed men find in the many Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes models that are exactly right, and comfort not found elsewhere—due to the exclusive Glove-Grip feature. The Savoy, illustrated above, in bright black or medium tan calf, is widely selected for general wear.*

THE LIDO—*Many an outfit otherwise correct is spoiled by inappropriate footwear. Whatever the occasion, formal or informal, great care should be given to the selection of shoes. The many new Arnold Glove-Grip models offer a wide selection. The Lido, as true of all Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes, can be depended on to give an appearance of perfect fit and snugness. And Arnold Shoes need no breaking in. Due to the exclusive Glove-Grip feature, they are comfortable from the first time you put them on.*

ARNOLD GLOVE-GRIP SHOES

ARNOLD GLOVE GRIP SHOES

"travelo" SwimSuits

Every child deserves the extra freedom and healthfulness, the superb quality and quick-drying comfort of a "travelo" SwimSuit. Perfectly cut and carefully sized to conform easily and smoothly to the juvenile figure. A wonderful variety of attractive and becoming new styles to choose from.

The man who wears a "travelo" SwimSuit enjoys all the ease and comfort of perfect athletic freedom, plus the same excellence of style and tailoring that distinguishes his golfing and riding clothes. Many styles and color combinations—all of them new and distinctly individual.

WHEN you motor or golf, your smartness depends on many things—when you swim it depends on your suit alone! Can you afford, then, *not* to spend a few cents more for the brilliant exclusiveness, the stunning Continental styling and color, the complete and utter *individuality* of a "travelo" SwimSuit?

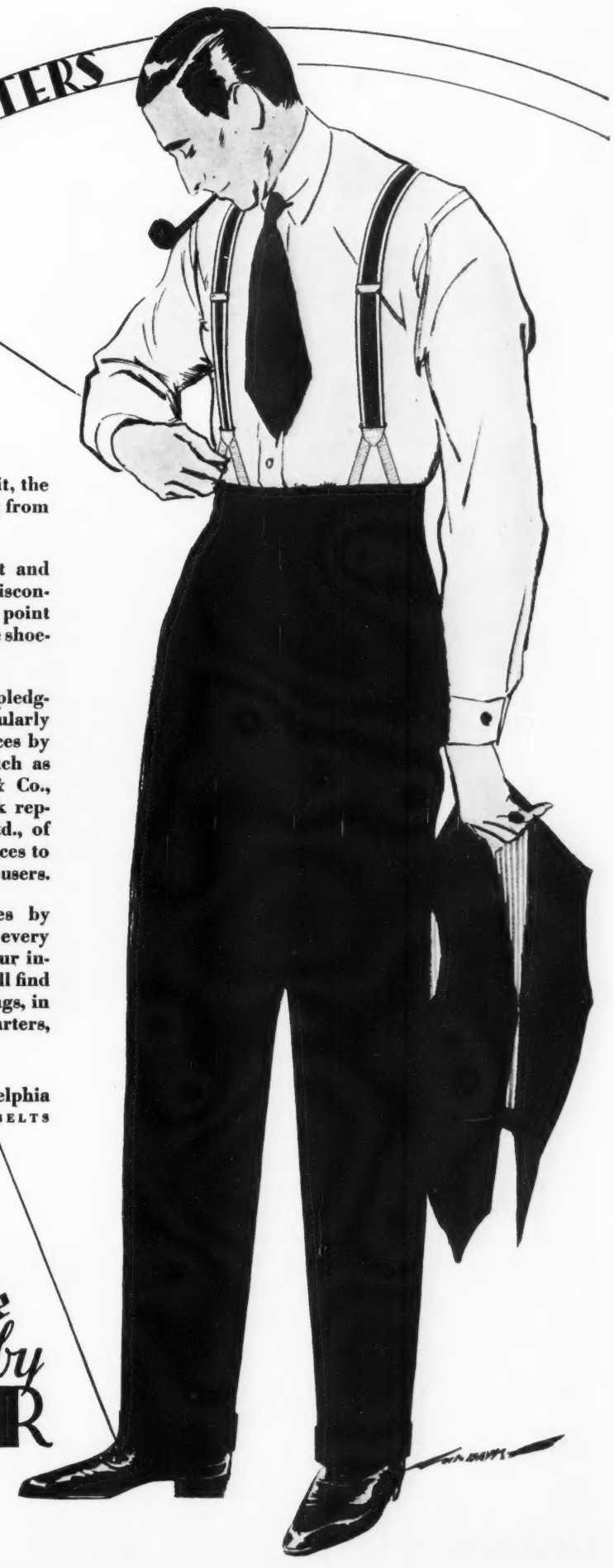
Here is water-wear for people who refuse to be commonplace; here is the sure way to be smartly different at the beach. See "travelo"—and *this* season you'll swim and sun yourself in a "travelo" SwimSuit—the aristocrat of water-wear. Made for men, women and children; featured by most of the smartest stores.

Write Peckham-Foreman, Inc., 1907-1913 Park Ave., New York, for "A Portfolio of Styles," showing people *you know* in "travelo" SwimSuits! It's free.

THE MARK OF A PECKHAM-FOREMAN PRODUCT QUALITY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF WATER-WEAR

IT'S THE HANG OF THE TROUSERS THAT MATTERS



AND because more men are realizing it, the Chaplinesque effect in trousers is passing from the American scene.

No longer are trousers which were cut and fitted with precision permitted to flap disconsolately and droop down dejectedly to the point where they should be smartly striking the shoeline at a precise angle.

For on this side of the Atlantic, men are pledging their allegiance to braces—and particularly to The Guards Line—distinguished braces by Pioneer. Fastidious custom tailors, such as Wetzel, Stadler & Stadler, Whitaker & Co., Inc., Bernard Weatherill, Inc., New York representatives of Bernard Weatherill, Ltd., of London, and others—all recommend braces to maintain the precise hang and fit of the trousers.

The Guards Line—distinguished braces by Pioneer—created by stylists to blend with every modern color ensemble—is awaiting your inspection in the shops you patronize. You'll find their colors, their patterns, their webbings, in keeping with the ensemble. Brighton Garters, too, for harmony in dress.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., Philadelphia

PIONEER SUSPENDERS · PIONEER BELTS
BRIGHTON GARTERS

The Guards Line BRACES by PIONEER

Sterling Marks of Excellence in Footwear

IT is the little details that make a perfect shoe. Diamond Brand *Visible* Fast Color Eyelets are one of the smaller but important items necessary for the correct and fashionable appearance of footwear . . . They are sterling marks of super-excellence in footwear — visible evidence of inherent quality in every shoe-making detail.

Visible Eyelets

Recognized by the two *slightly raised diamonds*

FASHION THOROUGHFARES
Market Street, San Francisco, California

GOODYEAR WELT shoes have long been the unanimous choice of men. The lightweight "Fashion Welt," however, has made welt shoes exceedingly popular with women. The "Fashion Welt" possesses the light, airy grace of the shoe of fashion plus the comfort and service found only in the welt shoe. Its perfectly smooth innersole gives comfort to the foot without sacrificing the beauty of line or excellence of design. "Fashion Welts" are featured by the leading shops in every city.

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

DIAMOND BRAND *Visible* FAST COLOR EYELETS

*At the Olympic games, all 26 men on the U. S. swimming team preferred Jantzens. And so did many of the swimmers on competing teams . . . England, Germany, Canada, Hungary, Denmark! While at famous beaches everywhere . . . Newport, Palm Beach, Brighton, Deauville . . . you find Jantzens worn. Striking evidence this, that Jantzen, the ideal swimming suit, is the choice of both active and fashionable swimmers throughout the world.

Pictured here you see two popular Jantzen models for men . . . the *Twosome* and the *Speed-suit*. Conveniently buttonless, in sizes to 42; larger sizes with unbreakable rubber button. Like all Jantzens, they are tightly-knitted from the strongest long-fibred wool. And the perfection of Jantzen-stitch assures you perfect fit, long service and lasting satisfaction. See these colorful, color-fast models at leading stores here and abroad. Your weight is your size. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; Sydney, Australia.

* From personal interviews at Amsterdam by Jantzen representatives.

Jantzen

The suit that changed bathing to swimming

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, Dept. 50, PORTLAND, OREGON

Send me free *Jantzen Color Harmony Guide* showing new Jantzen styles and colors.

Name_____ Address_____

Courtesy Rudolf Lesch Fine Arts

A Masterpiece by Gainsborough, R.A.

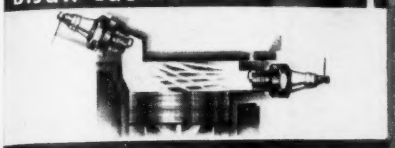
A Master Tire
by Goodyear

FOR a lady of quality—or a gentleman—nothing less, today, than the Goodyear Double Eagle tire. Nothing less than its troubleproof safety. Nothing less than its outstanding good looks Nothing less, certainly, than its luxurious excellence, so durable that under anything like normal conditions you can expect the Double Eagle to last as long as you will keep your car.

GOODYEAR
Double Eagle

© 1929, The G. T. & R. Co., Inc

BIJUR LUBRICATION



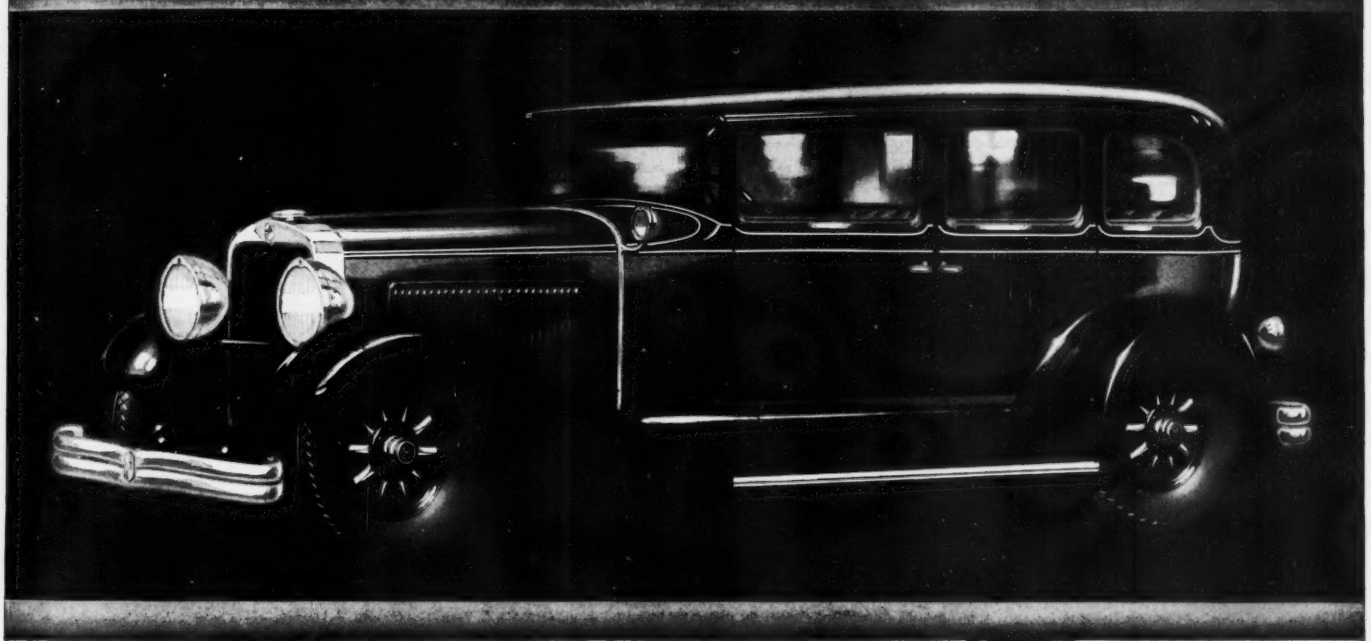
TWIN-IGNITION MOTOR

WORLD'S EASIEST DRIVING CONTROL

ALL THESE FEATURES

ALL THIS EQUIPMENT

AT NO EXTRA COST



THE new features and equipment of the Nash "400" have added hundreds of dollars of actual, visible worth to this world-famous motor car.

They have added an incalculable measure of enjoyment to Nash ownership.

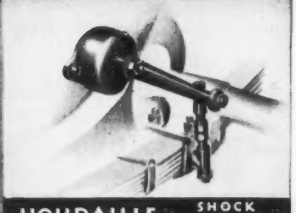
Yet they have added nothing to Nash price.

At no extra cost, you have the Twin Ignition motor, the year's outstanding motoring improvement (more power, more speed, less gasoline).

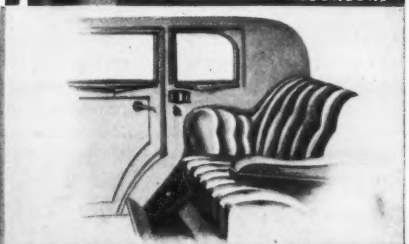
You have costly car interior finishes, Bijur Centralized Chassis Lubrication, Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers, bumpers front and rear, even a spare tire lock, and not a dollar added to the price.

Equipment which other dealers (not Nash dealers) charge extra for, at retail prices, is included in every Nash "400" model, as it comes from the factory, at no extra cost.

That is why you will find that "400," fully equipped, delivered prices are so much less than fully equipped, delivered prices of other cars with similar or even lower factory (f. o. b.) prices. Compare the cars, compare the prices, before you buy.



HOUDAILLE SHOCK ABSORBERS



COSTLY-CAR INTERIOR FINISH

FRONT AND REAR BUMPERS

THE NEW NASH "400"

LEADS THE WORLD IN MOTOR CAR VALUE

Do you golf well . . . AND LOOK IT?

The player on the left wears a smart cardigan jacket and a sleeveless jersey blouse with a scarf collar. . . . The player on the right wears a beige, striped sweater, blue skirt, beige hat and sport socks. The onlooker in the car has chosen a smart suit of tan light-weight woollen and crêpe blouse

Victories are won and lost at the country club nowadays . . . and they're not all accomplished by a man with a brassie!

More and more, the country club is becoming the centre of social life. You want to be at your very best there . . . game and good looks. No clever modern woman can afford to overlook either.

The American Golfer will help you to win on both these counts.

THE AMERICAN GOLFER is edited by the stars of the game: Grantland Rice, editor; Robert T. ("Bobby") Jones, Jr., associate editor; Innis Brown, managing editor.

Other famous golfers are regular contributors. Bernard Darwin covers golf abroad . . . very interesting this season on account of the hard-fought women's championships. Alex J. Morrison, expert golf instructor, is running a series of type and photograph lessons on the fundamentals of playing golf. O. B. Keeler has a regular monthly review and commentary on all notable golf happenings. In addition, society and celebrity snaps at good clubs and resorts, answers to queries, men's golfing clothes; many other features and departments.

THE fundamental step-by-step lessons on playing the game are invaluable. Action pictures of men and women champions, taken with a slow-motion camera, show exactly how they pivot, balance and follow through. These pictures can be compared with one's own body motion before a mirror. Intelligently studied, they will take strokes off one's game.

Then, The American Golfer shows you how to look smart on the course, on the verandah, and on your way from town. Fashion experts who also play golf select the correct clothes. Appalling mistakes in costume are made by the misguided . . . some over-masculine, others over-kittenish. This department shows how to be just right.

2 years of The American Golfer $5

One Year at $3

A million American women have found that golf is fun . . . that it is better for the figure than sitting at a bridge table eating sweets . . . that they look uncommonly well in sports clothes . . . and that they have another interest in common with their husbands. Why not you?

By acting immediately, you can effect a worthwhile saving. Ordinarily, The American Golfer costs $3 a year . . . but under the terms of this Special Offer you can secure 24 issues (two years) for $5. This gives you an immediate saving of a dollar. Sign the coupon now!

The American Golfer, Graybar Building, New York

☐ Enclosed find $5 for which send me TWO YEARS of The American Golfer

☐ Enclosed find $3 for which send me ONE YEAR of The American Golfer

Name.....

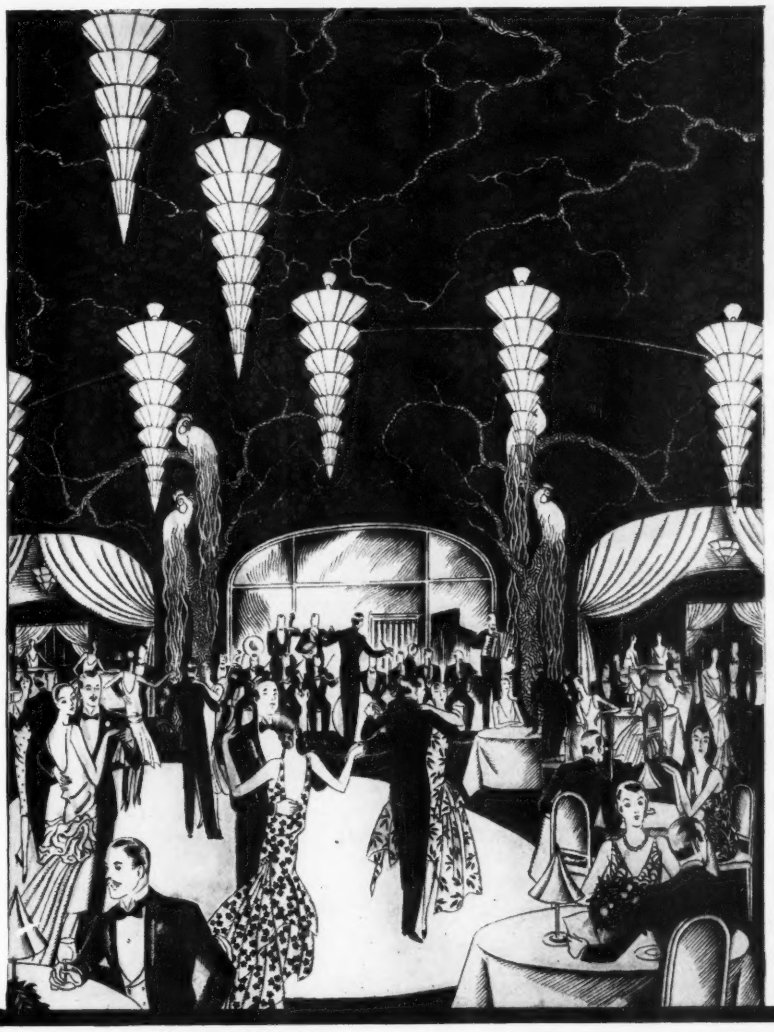
Street.....

City..... *State*..... V.F. 6-29

CONDÉ NAST, *Publisher*
GRANTLAND RICE, *Editor*
ROBERT T. JONES, JR., *Associate Editor*
INNIS BROWN, *Managing Editor*

HOTEL ST. REGIS

NEW YORK



Now in the full swing of its second brilliant season...the St. Regis Roof! Again Urban's enchanting setting, that already famous fantasy of tropic sky and foliage, delights patrons from the world's discriminating horizons. Again Lopez and his astounding young gentlemen sound the irresistible clarion of their dance rhythms. Again the gracious St. Regis service and choice St. Regis cuisine combine to make luncheon, dinner and supper on the St. Regis Roof a feature of New York's summer. Thus, here, smart New Yorkers and their out-of-town contemporaries are enjoying a summer gaiety to their liking . . . that inscrutable plane of carnival brought about by themselves and the long-cherished resources of the St. Regis, now expanded to large-hotel proportions.

EAST 55th STREET, CORNER FIFTH AVENUE

CONDÉ NAST TRAVEL SERVICE

CALIFORNIA

Hollywood

Hollywood Plaza Hotel. The most convenient, popular and hospitable hotel in Hollywood. Write for free descriptive booklet.

Los Angeles

Hotel Leighton. Delightful home atmosphere. Restful grounds. Parking space. 10 minutes to business section. Opposite Westlake Park.

Pasadena

Constance Hotel & Apartments. A new fireproof European Plan Hotel of distinction. Conveniently located. Reasonable rates.

Huntington Hotel and Bungalows. Open all the year. One of America's finest resort hotels, overlooking the San Gabriel Valley. A Limnard Hotel.

Santa Barbara

El Encanto Hotel. California's most delightful hotel and bungalows. On the Riviera overlooking sea and mountains. Excellent cuisine. Golf. Riding.

El Mirasol Hotel and Bungalows. "Most unique hotel in America". Offering quiet home atmosphere and privileges of golf and country clubs.

Miramar Hotel and Bungalows. Situated on Pacific Ocean. Garden spot of California. Golf, Tennis, Riding. Country Clubs. Exclusive residential section.

Yosemite National Park

The Ahwahnee. Open all year. Commanding a matchless panorama. Already world-famed for distinctiveness. Riding, tennis, fishing. $10. up. American plan.

COLORADO

Brook Forest

Brook Forest Inn. A Swiss Chalet in the Rockies, open all year, altitude 8000 ft. Riding horses. Edwin F. Welz, Mgr.

CONNECTICUT

New Haven

Church-Wall Tea House. Church St. at Wall. An entire house of tearooms; dainty atmosphere, marvelous food. Boxwood Manor, Old Lyme, Management.

Old Lyme

Boxwood Manor. Among the birds and flowers. Entirely modern, refreshing, summer tourist house with farm. Bathing lodge on ocean.

Waterbury

The Elton. Fireproof. Most attractive hotel in New England. Send for Graphic Map. "The Air Line" shortest fastest route between N.Y. & Boston.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington

Carlton Hotel. 16th at K Streets, N. W. The newest and most distinctive hotel in the Capital City. Rates moderate.

Grace Dodge Hotel. A hotel distinctive for its charm and high standards of service. Located three blocks from the Capitol. Open to men and women.

Hotel Powhatan. A refined hotel. Single rooms with bath $3.50 to $5.00; double $6.00 to $8.00. Free booklet and auto map on request.

Wardman Park Hotel. Away from noise and congestion, convenient to down-town. Single rooms with bath $5.00; double rooms, bath $8.00.

The Willard. "The Hotel of the Presidents"—convenient to everything worth while in the Nation's capital. Homelike atmosphere. Unexcelled cuisine.

MAINE

Bar Harbor

Malvern Hotel. A distinctive home, catering to a refined clientele. Thoroughly modern. Excellent cuisine. Ideal location with all resort sports.

Bethel

Bethel Inn. Has all the attractions of an exclusive country club. A winter home for the individual or family seeking rest and recreation.

Gerard

Spencer Lake Camps. The ideal vacation. Individual cabins. Meals in general dining room. Our own dairy, gardens, hennery. Excellent fishing. Bklt.

Kennebunk Beach

The Atlantis and Cottages. Modern in every respect. Superb ocean bathing beach. Excellent 18-hole golf course. Tennis. Beautiful motor roads.

Moosehead Lake

Squaw Mountain Inn. "Vacation Paradise". No hay fever. Golf, all sports. Refined, homelike. Excellent cuisine. $5. to $7. per day, American Plan.

MAINE *(Cont.)*

Newagen (Boothbay Harbor)

Newagen Inn and Cottages. "Where Sea, Cliffs and Spruce Forests meet." Every sport. Tempered sea water swimming pool. No hay fever.

Poland Spring

Poland Spring House. Maine's foremost resort, open June to Oct. Mansion House, always open. Excellent 18-hole golf. Home of Poland Water.

Portland

Lafayette Hotel. A delightful tourist hotel where friends meet friends enroute, and enjoy excellent service at fair rates. European Plan.

York Beach

Ocean House. Leading hotel on State Road. 70 miles from Boston. Comfortable & homelike. Orchestra, golf, tennis, fishing, bathing, good roads. Bklt.

York Harbor

Harmon Hall & Cottages. Overlooks York River, Harbor and Ocean. Quiet location. Distinctive for its charm and perfect service. Yachting, bathing, golf.

Marshall House. Also the Emerson and Cottages. Fire sprinklers throughout. Superb location on ocean and river. Golf, bathing, orchestra, elevators.

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston

Hotel Fensgate. 534 Beacon St., overlooking Charles River, 10 min. to business centre. Rooms $3.00 up with bath. Golf privileges. W. E. Toppin, Mgr.

Hotel Puritan. On beautiful Commonwealth Avenue. Furnishings and comforts of a luxurious private home with hotel service of the highest type.

Hotel Somerset. Commonwealth Avenue. A dignified home for transient and permanent guests. Central yet quiet. Room with bath $3.50 up. E. P.

Brookline (Boston)

Hotel Beaconsfield. Homelike atmosphere. Convenient to down-town Boston. Away from congestion and noise. Residential section. Rooms $3.50 up. Garage.

Chatham

Chatham Bars Inn. On an Ocean Bluff. A modern inn with 25 cottages. Golf at "Eastward Ho", New England's famous seaside championship links.

Lenox

Curtis Hotel. An ideal resort in the alluring Berkshire Hills. Excellent golf, fine roads for motoring and trails for riding. Unposted trout brooks.

Hotel Aspinwall. In the Berkshires. Beautiful setting. Appealing to a refined clientele. Golf, tennis, motion pictures, dancing, orchestra. June 15 to Oct. 15.

Falmouth Heights, Cape Cod

Terrace Gables and Cottages. Far-famed for its sea food and land delicacies. Golf. Warm bathing. All shore sports.

Marion

The Sippican Hotel. On a beautiful harbor. Select family resort. Every land and water sport. Water 70°. Two golf courses.

Nantucket Island

Ocean House. 30 Miles at Sea. Three 18-hole Golf courses. Tennis, Bathing, Boating, Fishing, Horseback Riding, Dancing. Frank Worth, Prop.

Northampton

The Hotel Northampton. "A Wiggins Hotel". New. Fireproof. 125 rooms. European plan. Rate $2.50 and upward. On three principal highways. Garage.

Osterville, Cape Cod

East Bay Lodge. In most beautiful section of Cape Cod. Every room has running water or bath. Golf, tennis, bathing, boating, fishing, wonderful roads.

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis

The Curtis Hotel. Easily accessible to Minnesota's beautiful lake region. 825 rooms, each with private bath. Write for descriptive folder.

MISSOURI

St. Louis

Hotel Coronado. Smartly near the centre of things. Distinguished St. Louis visitors almost invariably choose this famous hotel. Four noted restaurants.

The New Jefferson. "Where the world meets St. Louis." An hotel of International Repute. Famous cuisine. 800 rooms with bath, from $3.00.

MONTANA

Birney

Bones Ranch Cattle Outfit. Accommodates a limited number of guests. Unsurpassed scenery. Good horseback riding. Informal hospitality. References exchanged.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Bretton Woods, White Mts.

The Mount Washington. Open July to October. The Mount Pleasant. Open June to late September. Two golf courses. C. J. Root, Manager.

Hanover

The Hanover Inn. At Dartmouth College. 100 rooms, 60 baths, elevator. New fireproof addition. Excels in all outdoor sports.

Jackson

Gray's Inn. In the heart of the White Mountains. 150 rooms. Golf, tennis, swimming pool, dancing, hiking. Excellent roads. Booklet. June 15 to Oct. 15.

Lake Sunapee

Granliden Hotel and Cottages. 1200 feet above sea level. Own 9 hole Golf Course. Private bathing beach. Saddle horses. Tennis courts. Orchestra. Wood-trails.

Indian Cave Lodge and Cottages. Good fishing and all outdoor sports. Rooms with and without bath. Rates $5. to $7. per day, American plan.

Soo-Nipi Park Lodge and Cottages. A nice golf course in our own park. Always good fishing and every water sport. No hay fever. Booklet.

Manchester

Shirley Hill House. A comfortable house with a comfortable rate. Fruit, vegetables, milk from our own farm. Two golf courses at Manchester.

Sugar Hill (White Mountains)

Sunset Hill House. Location unexcelled. All prominent White Mt. peaks visible. Fine links, golf free. Tennis, orchestra, riding. Private baths. Booklet.

Whitefield

Mountain View House. For three generations the summer home of families of culture and refinement. Every outdoor sport. Attractive modern appointments.

NEW JERSEY

Atlantic City

Colton Manor. Atlantic City's newest hotel achievement. Sea water baths. Marine sun deck. From $7. day. American plan; $4. European plan.

Hotel Fredonia. A homelike European plan hotel. Not extravagant but comfortable in a most friendly way. Tennessee Avenue just off the boardwalk.

Spring Lake Beach

The Essex and Sussex. A resort hotel of distinctive superiority. Directly on the ocean. Golf, bathing, tennis, riding. Furnished cottages.

NEW MEXICO

Santa Fé

Hacienda de Los Cerros. A modern all-year mountain Resort. Riding, motoring, outdoor sports. Dry, mild, sunshiny climate. 7000 ft. altitude. Booklet.

NEW YORK

Glens Falls

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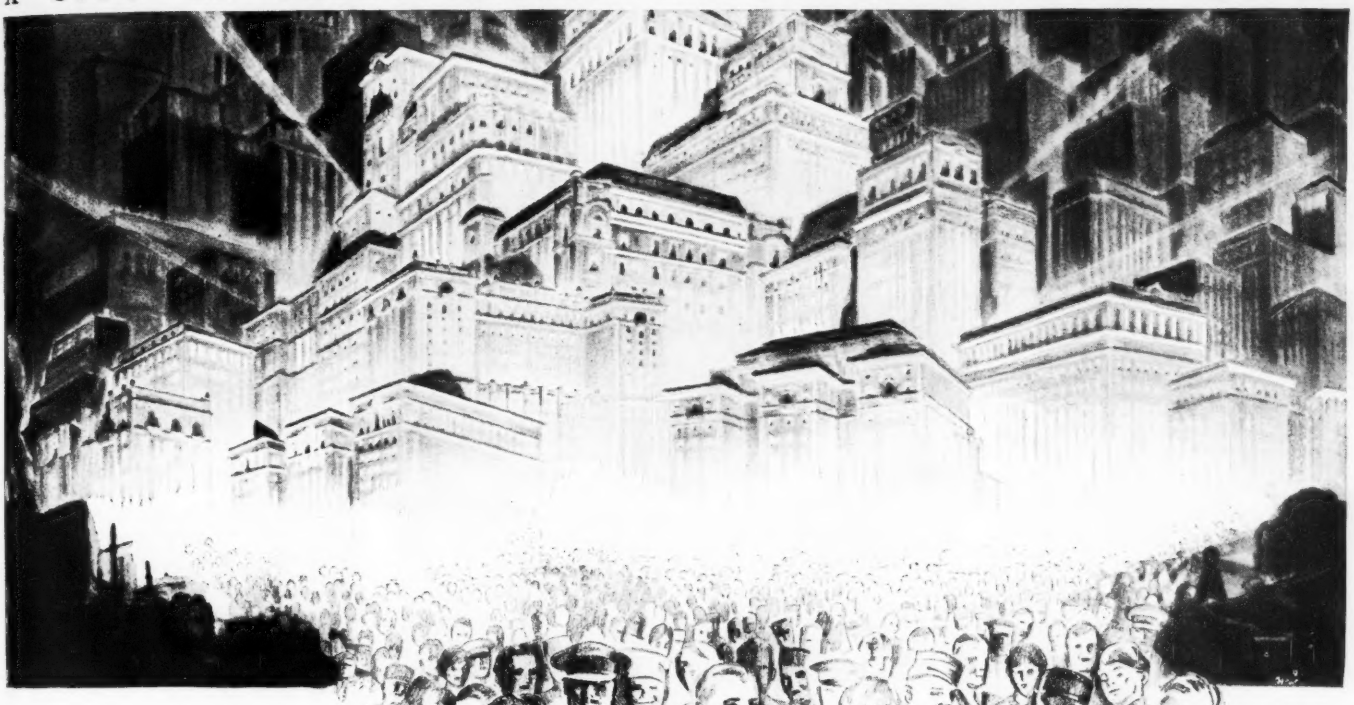

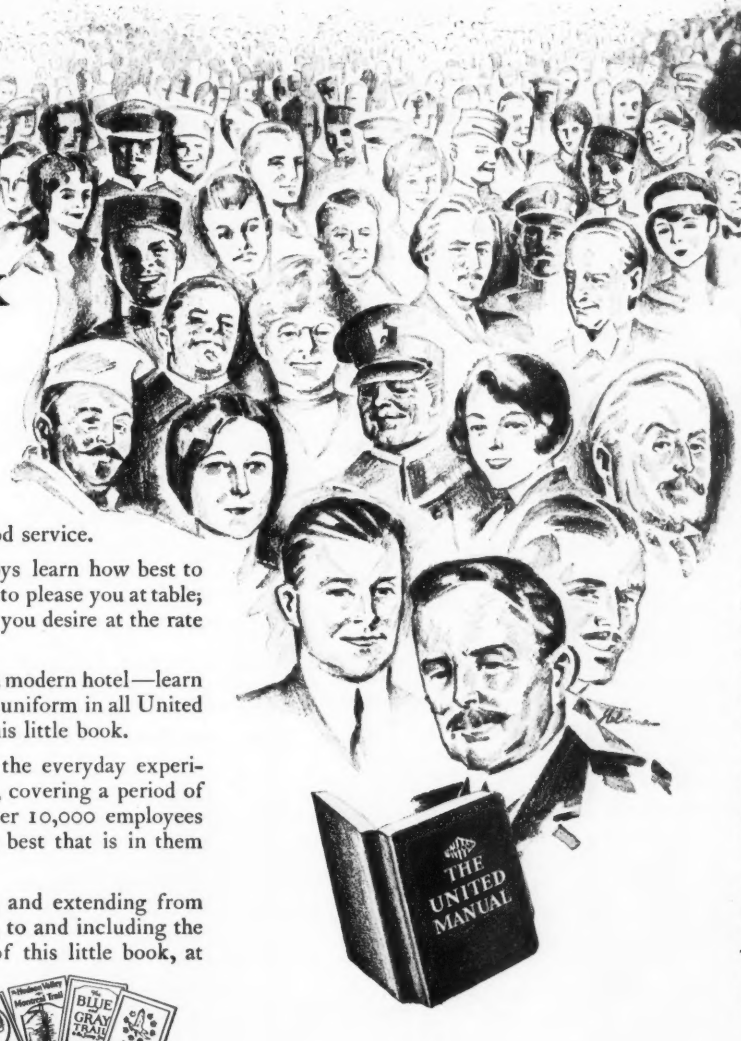

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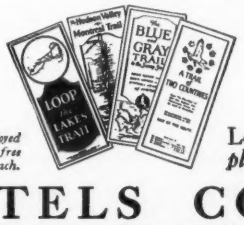

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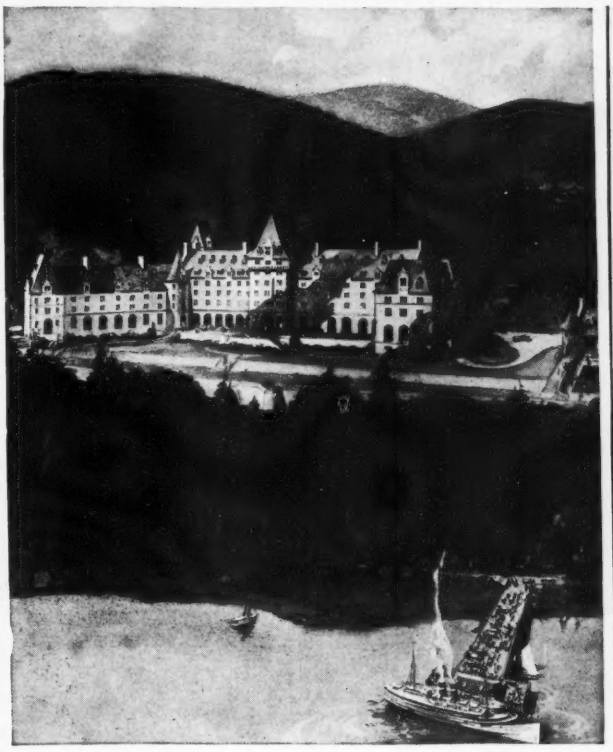

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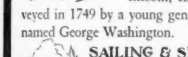

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Statement of the ownership, management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Vanity Fair, published monthly at Greenwich, Conn., for April 1, 1929. State of Connecticut, County of Fairfield: Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Francis L. Wurzburg, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Director of Vanity Fair and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1—That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Condé Nast, Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Frank Crowninshield, Greenwich, Conn.; Managing Editor, Donald Freeman, Greenwich, Conn.; Business Manager and General Manager, F. L. Wurzburg, Greenwich, Conn. 2—That the Owners are: Owner, The Condé Nast Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn. Stockholders: Condé Nast, 1040 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.; Francis L. Wurzburg, Kimball Ave., Bronxville, N. Y.; Macdonald DeWitt, Trustee, Graybar Bldg., New York, N. Y.; Edna Woolman Newton, Graybar Bldg., New York, N. Y.; Max Rosett, 12 East 86th Street, New York, N. Y.; The Vogue Co., 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J.; Westover Trading Corp., Stillwater Ave., Stamford, Conn.; Goodbody & Co., 115 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 3—That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amounts of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: American Bond & Mortgage Co., 345 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 4—That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders, and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the condition under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. Francis L. Wurzburg, Managing Director. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of January, 1929.

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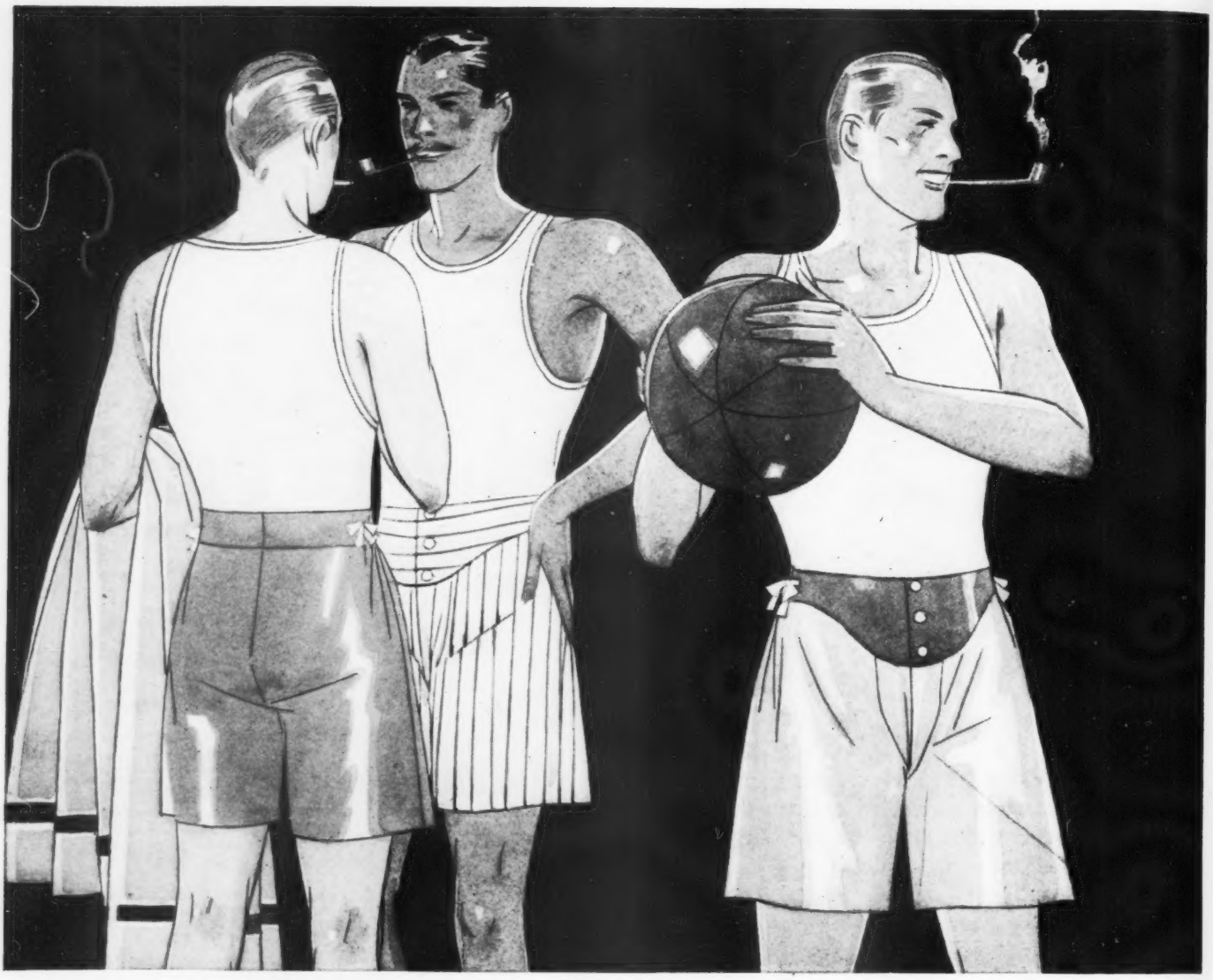

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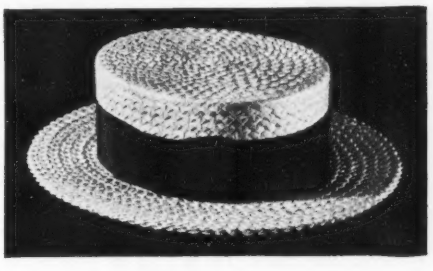

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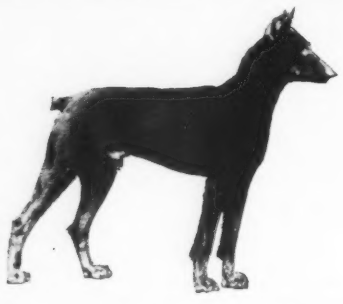

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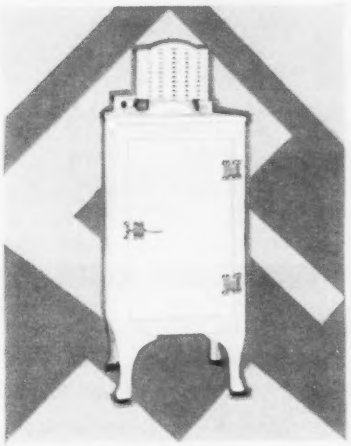

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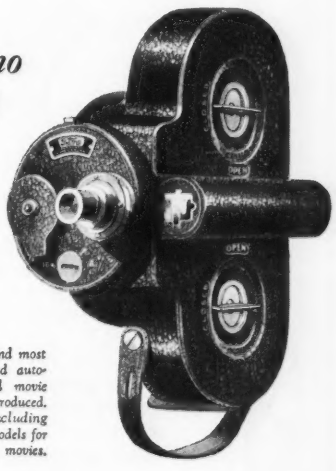

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A Happy Ending

Why a Promising Young Novelist Decided to Write a Play in the Modern Manner

IT was raining. The skies were dark. On a dank pier overlooking the river sat a melancholy young man, white-faced and haggard, in the funereal garb of a chief mourner. He had been sitting there in the rain for several months.

"Am I doomed," he asked the unresponsive sky, "to stay here forever?"

A light footfall nearby attracted his attention and he looked up to see a young and beautiful girl by his side.

"I'm glad you came," he said. "Everyone seemed to have forgotten me."

"I've been neglected too," answered the girl, sitting down on the pier. "It's been more than a month since he left me in a taxicab on the way back from a funeral."

"My wife's funeral."

"Yes. The day it rained. Why must all young novelists begin their first stories in the rain? And such a terrible day!"

"Dreadful," the young man agreed. "I wouldn't have minded so much if he had gone on to Chapter Three and brought along some decent weather. But ending Chapter Two the way he did, and then getting fed up on the story—it's downright inconsiderate."

"YOU'VE had a bad time of it," said the girl. "I haven't had it so easy myself. Chapter Two ended with you out here but it ended with me in a taxi on the way home. And I've been in that cab ever since. The meter read just $1678.25 when I last looked at it and I'll carry the marks of those springs until my dying day."

"I understand perfectly. So you got out?"

"I did. The driver was wild. He said the author had put me in that taxi and that I had to stay there but I declared I wouldn't ride in his cab another minute."

"He'll be mad as the devil," said the young man, reflectively, "when he starts Chapter Three and finds you've disappeared. If he ever does start Chapter Three. I don't dare leave."

"Well, of course, you're a major character. You're his hero. It doesn't matter so much about me. I was just one of the guests at the funeral. Just local colour, or as they say, atmosphere."

"The atmosphere," he remarked, "is lovely. In spite of the weather."

She smiled. "You're so nice when you talk like yourself. In the book, I didn't like you at all."

"Who could? He didn't give me a chance. In Chapter One he married me off to that weepy, willowy creature and he made me talk the damnedest mush."

"You were a perfect calf."

"And in Chapter Two he killed off the woman. I was grateful for that, but it was ruined by the speeches he gave me at the funeral."

"I didn't think you seemed in earnest."

He looked at her, appreciatively.

"I saw you there. I wanted to speak to you."

"Really?"

BENITO

THE ABANDONED HEROINE

"I've been neglected, too," said the girl, sitting down on the pier. "It's been more than a month since he left me in a taxicab on the way back from a funeral"

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I fell in love with you the moment I laid eyes on you."

"I knew you did."

"It's a pity authors won't let characters live their own lives. Let's get married."

"I'd love to. But isn't it rather impossible?"

"Well," he said, gloomily, "I suppose I have to stay around here more or less, and I haven't got a job anyway. I guess you're right. I can't ask you to marry me until I'm free and can support a wife—"

She was looking at a light that shone from the window of a little house not far away. "Who lives there?" she asked.

"The night watchman." He looked up. "There's an idea! Why didn't I think of that before? I'll go and ask him."

So they went over to the office and learned that the night watchman was sick of his job and had been going to quit anyway. Everything worked out very well. The young man and the girl got married and settled down in a little house on the river front. It was not an ideal arrangement but it was the best they could do under the circumstances, for of course the young man had to be at the pier every night in case the author ever started in on Chapter Three.

Months passed. They were very happy, and later they had twins.

Once in a while the young man was disturbed by uncomfortable reflections on his plight should the author ever resume the book, but as time went by the danger gradually faded. He was an ambitious youth and he often complained that no profession offered less chances of rising to the top than that of night watchman, but what else could he do? He became very tired of that pier.

At last the blow fell. He returned home one morning, white with anxiety.

"What has happened?" asked his wife, in alarm.

"Chapter Three! Last night my sister-in-law came to the pier and we had a long, philosophical discussion on death. Twenty-five hundred words. Then we went home."

"To her home?"

"Yes. But don't worry," he said, hastily. "Her father and mother were there. But she was so damnably sympathetic that I think the big idea is that I'm to fall in love with her."

"You're going back to that woman?"

"Darling, I have to."

"If he marries you off to the hussy I—I'll commit suicide."

"I'll commit bigamy."

"Oh, why were we ever invented?"

That night, before he set out for the pier, he kissed her with more than usual tenderness.

BUT in the morning, when he returned, he was whistling gaily and when he entered the house he tossed his hat in the air and danced a jig in the kitchen. Then he kissed her fourteen times and the twins seven times each.

"We're free!" he shouted. "Free, do you hear?"

"He hasn't—?"

"He has! He has abandoned the novel. and he is starting to write a play. Whee!"

When the joy and excitement had subsided in some measure she said:

"Oh, it's all so wonderful I can scarcely believe it's true! But what made him throw away the manuscript?"

"I overheard him telling a friend. When he read over what he had written he said he realized how crude it all was, so he has decided to do a play in the modern manner instead."

"What a change has come over him! In a year! That's remarkable."

"Not so remarkable after all. He has acquired a new viewpoint, for just a year ago, he started reading VANITY FAIR."

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IN THIS NUMBER

Modern Manners—A Test Case . . . . . G. K. CHESTERTON
When a Good American Dies . . . . . DEEMS TAYLOR
A Carefree Cartoonist . . . . . H. T. WEBSTER
How to Read Books . . . . . HAROLD NICOLSON
More Unwritten Reminiscences of Capri . . FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG
Beauty in 1929 . . . . . ALDOUS HUXLEY
The Lecture Rush . . . . . COMPTON MACKENZIE
Speaking of Islands . . . . . LOUIS GOLDING
The Atlantic Show . . . . . PAUL MORAND
A Nightmare . . . . . FRÉDÉRIC BOUTET
Rockabye, Joan—By John Riddell

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COMPLETE CONTENTS *of This Issue*—JUNE 1929

Cover Design by M. Wildman

In and About the Theatre

Journey's End—A Saga of the War—Photograph 52
"God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen..."—By Gilbert W. Gabriel 53
The Year's Best Young Ones—Photographs 54
A Needle's Eye View of Miriam Hopkins—Photograph . . 61
Farewell to the Opera—Photograph 79

Concerning the Cinema

A Screen Dynasty—Dolores and Helene Costello—Photographs 75
When the Stars Speak—Ruth Chatterton 85

The World of Art

Men of Mexico—Photographs 62
Lady With Plumes—By Henri Matisse 67
Portraits in Bronze: By Charles Despiau 73

The World of Ideas

Modern Manners—A Test Case—By G. K. Chesterton . . . 47
When a Good American Dies—By Deems Taylor 48
The Atlantic Show—By Paul Morand 50
How to Read Books—By Harold Nicolson 55
Speaking of Islands—By Louis Golding 65
The Lecture Rush—By Compton Mackenzie 70
More Unwritten Reminiscences of Capri—By Francis Brett Young 74
Beauty in 1929—By Aldous Huxley 78
Impressions of America—By Claude Anet 84

Poetry and Verse

After Long Hours—By Charles A. Wagner 66

Literary Hors d'Œuvres

A Carefree Cartoonist—By H. T. Webster 49
Love in an Armory—By Sandor Voros 56
MS. Found in a Bottle—By Corey Ford 58
A Nightmare—By Frédéric Boutet 60
Next to Nothing—By Michel Corday 66
From a Note-Book—By Ferenc Molnár 68
The Facts of Life—By Henri Duvernois 72
Talkie-Talkie—By Geoffrey Kerr 77
Rockabye, Joan—By John Riddell 81

Satirical Sketches

Sunday Afternoon at a Country Club—By Miguel Covarrubias 51
Open Roads for Ambitious Women—By Erma Paul Allen . 59
Europe Through Horn-Rimmed Glasses—By Benito 64
A Page of Platform Performers—By George Luks 71
A Group of Painters—By Adolf Dehn 80

Miscellaneous

Albert Einstein, Professor of Theoretical Physics—Photograph 46
Texas Guinan, Self-Impresario—Photograph 57
A Strange Disappearance—By Edmund Pearson 63
Aerial Sculpture; or From Flagpole to Street 69
The Battle of the Century—Old Style—By Cameron Rogers 76
On Giving Up the Game of Golf—By Bernard Darwin . . . 82
Hall of Fame 83
"The Thrill That Comes Once in a Lifetime"—By R. J. Leibenderfer 86
The Well-Dressed Woman at the Shore 87
The Motor Boat Epidemic Spreads 88
Our London Letter 90
For the Well-Dressed Man 92

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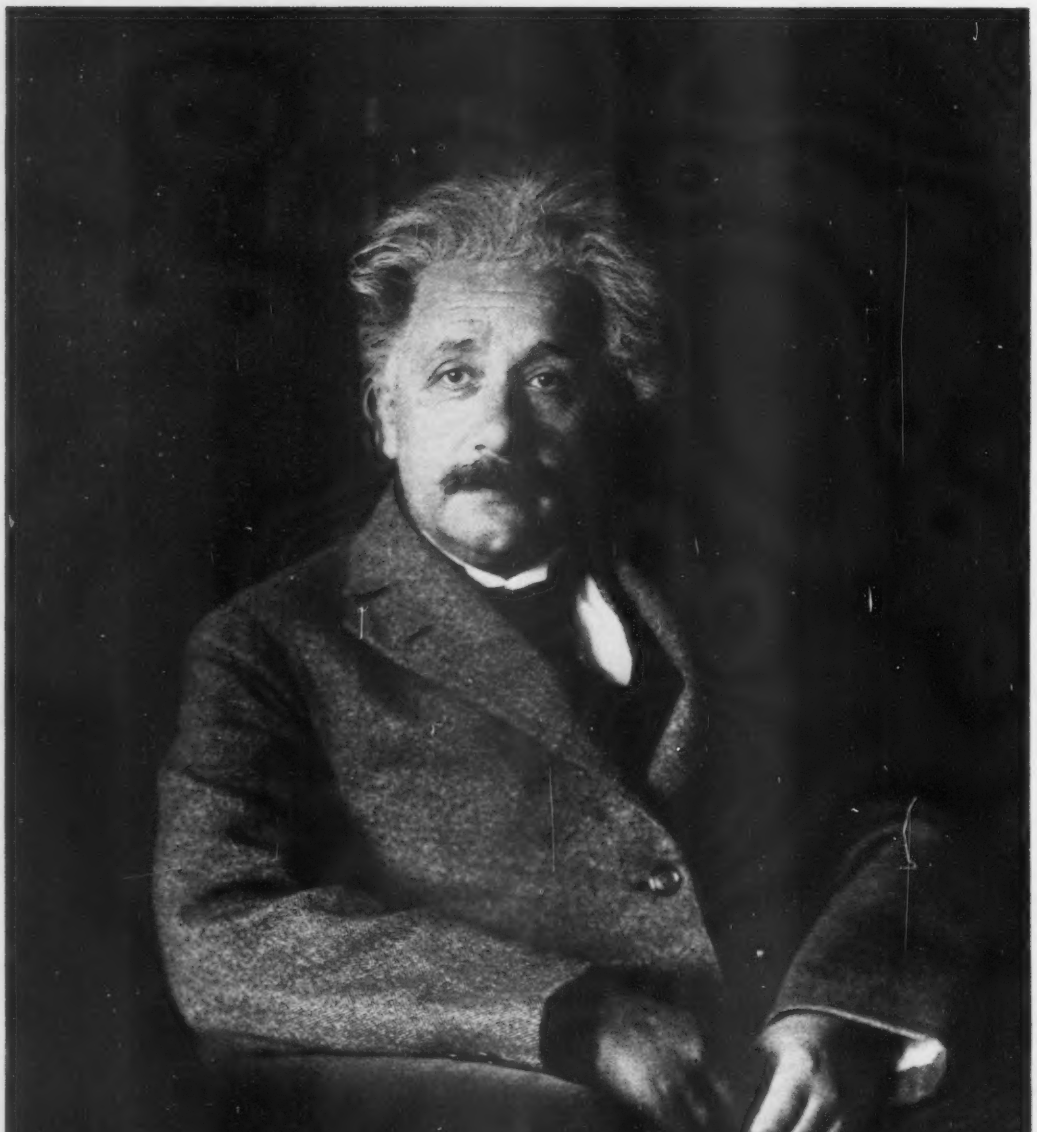


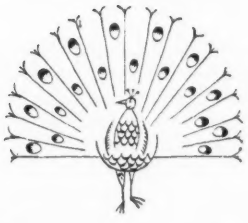
BIEBER, BERLIN

Albert Einstein, Professor of Theoretical Physics

A Portrait of the German Scientist Who Has Been Trying to Celebrate His Fiftieth Birthday Alone

THERE can be no quarrel with entitling the subject of this portrait, Professor Albert Einstein of Berlin, the greatest speculative scientist living today on the planet. By far the most far-reaching revisions in modern science during this generation have been opened up by his two discoveries, the first announced in his famous promulgation of the relativity theory, the second the recent paper on the relations between gravitation and electromagnetism under the title of *A New Field Theory*. Both of these have been presented to the general public in the simplifications of sensational journalese as the discovery of the fourth and fifth dimensions. And it would be as well to leave them in this idiom, at the suggestion of Professor Einstein himself, who on being asked to elucidate his text, responded that he could not see why the world should clamour for an opportunity to subject itself to what must be an entirely futile mental strain. He does not ask for company in the incredible regions in which he pursues the life of his mind. Like the greatest of artists he has created his own world, except that he can prove the validity of his, and in that world he may continue to discover, unjostled by overpopulation or trippers, what new mysteries he can. Born in 1879, Albert Einstein studied mathematics, physics and engineering and has taught at the Universities of Zurich, Prague and Berlin. He lives now in Berlin. His diversions are playing the violin and sailing, to indulge the latter of which some friends on his recent fiftieth birthday made their gift the money to build a sailing yacht

Vanity Fair



Modern Manners—A Test Case

On Calling Names, Christian and Otherwise, and the Great Need for a More Complicated Ritual

By G. K. CHESTERTON

IT is said that there has been a moral break-down; but let us be comforted; it is only a mental break-down. The real objection to much of modern fashion is an objection based on reason, and not specially on morality. And in certain respects (not all or even perhaps most), current culture seems to me to have simply fallen to a lower level of civilization.

I will take one example of what I mean, precisely because it has nothing directly to do with morality at all. It is now the custom of most young people to shout at each other by their Christian names, or the abbreviations of their Christian names, or the most intimate substitutes for their Christian names, as soon as they know each other, or before they know each other. If (as you and I and all smart people are aware) the dashing and distinguished Miss Vernon-Vavasour was known in baptism as Gloria but among her most devoted friends as Gurgles, there is now no difference between those who call her Gurgles and those who call her Glory and those who would normally prefer, when suddenly presented to somebody they do not know from Eve, to call her Miss Vernon-Vavasour. As soon as she is seen as a distant dot on the other side of the tennis court, a total stranger will yell at her as Gurgles because he hears a crowd of other total strangers doing the same. He will use her nickname because he has never known enough about her to have heard of her name. Or he will use the first name because he has not been in her company for a sufficient number of seconds to get as far as the last one.

NOW all this has nothing directly to do with right and wrong. I suppose there are savage tribes in which a person only possesses one name, and so has to be addressed by it. It might be maintained that the first name is always the noblest and most sacred in a religious and moral sense. Perhaps the Bright Young Things only use Christian names to express their holy zeal for anything that is Christian. Perhaps they talk of Tom only to remind him of his solemn dedication to St. Thomas of Canterbury or St. Thomas Aquinas. Perhaps they shriek at Peter to thrill him with the thought that he is the rock on which the Church is built. Perhaps they compress into the loud and sometimes peremptory cry of "Jack!" all the mingled mysteries of St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist. Perhaps, on the other hand, they don't. But anyhow, it is quite true that Tom, Dick and Harry are the names of saints; while Jones, Brown and Robinson are often only the names of snobs. Therefore the practice of talking about Tom, Dick and Harry instead of about Mr. Jones, Mr. Brown and Mr. Robinson, might be adopted for many reasons, noble and ignoble, worldly and unworldly. I complain of it here, not because it is worldly, but on the contrary, because it shows a lack of appreciation of the world. It especially shows a lack of appreciation of the civilized world. It shows a dullness in distinguishing and tasting the art of civilization.

ANYHOW, the matter of Christian names does not itself involve Christian morals. To take another alternative possibility, some of those Utopias described by Mr. Wells might possibly abolish all Christian names, or even abolish all names. They might entirely deprive us of names and only provide us with numbers. We might have labels, alphabetical and numerical, as if we were motor-cars; or be known by such figures as are convicts and policemen. And all this would not involve any direct question of misconduct. We might hear Gurgles shrieking across the tennis court, "Play up, K.P.7983501, old thing; we've got to go on to M.M.9018972's to tea." Or one of her young friends would be heard saying languidly, "Chuck us a cig, Q.B.9973588, I've left my filthy case in X.Y.318220's car." And in all this there could arise no particular criticism of morals, whatever the crabbed and cantankerous might offer in the way of a criticism of manners. There is nothing erotic or even too emotional in those alphabetical forms of address. There is nothing calculated to inflame the passions in the figure 7983501. Our criticism on it would be that it dulled the edge of fine cultural intercourse; that it let us down to a lower level of artistic interest and invention; or, as Gurgles would prefer to say, that it is a bloody bore. It takes away certain fine shades of personal interest, of appropriateness or inappropriateness, which help the coloured comedy of life. For though one Gloria differs from another Gloria in glory, and even every Gurgles does not gurgle like every other, there is always some artistic interest, serious or humourous, in the association of an individual person with an individual name, perhaps carrying memories of legend or history. But our chief objection would still remain the same: that it is barbaric and reactionary to destroy these cultural distinctions between one thing and another, because it is like rubbing out all the lines of a fine drawing.

NOW there were very many things in which the Victorians were quite wrong. But in their punctiliousness about etiquette in things like this, they were quite right. In insisting that the young lady should be called at one stage Miss Vavasour, and only at another stage Gloria, and only in extreme and almost desperate cases of confidence Gurgles, they were a thousand times right. They were maintaining a wholly superior social system, by which social actions were significant, and not (as they are now) all of them equally insignificant. There is a meaning in each of those names, as there is a meaning in a name given in baptism or a name given in religion; there is no meaning in the name that is merely a number. When first we are presented to Mr. Robinson, he ought to be presented as Mr. Robinson. The formal title and the family name mean that he is what he is, whatever else he is. He is a man and a freeman and a fellow citizen and a person living under the protection of a certain social order. In short, it means that he is worthy of a certain kind of respect and consideration, *before* we know anything else whatever about his worth. If we afterwards reach such a degree of spontaneous friendship as to wish to call him Belisarius, or whatever his first name may happen to be, we shall have done so because we have formed certain independent opinions of our own about qualities in him which we did not know of at the beginning; and the change will therefore have an intelligent and intelligible meaning. It will be a record of something real in our minds and in his mind. The automatic adoption of his first name by everybody creates an atmosphere of utter unreality.

When I was a boy there was a real symbolism, a real poetry, and in the sane sense a

(Continued on page 130)

When a Good American Dies

A Few Speculations as to Why He Goes Directly to Paris, Rather Than to Berlin or Heaven

By DEEMS TAYLOR

THERE is a disease called *Lutetiaphilia;* and thousands of us have it. During the winter months its presence is scarcely to be detected, except in a few isolated and violent cases. The average victim goes about his business and mingles with his friends, to all appearances a normal, resigned and convinced American citizen. But a day comes —generally about mid-March, along the North Atlantic coast—when the grip of winter relaxes just enough to give rise to the rumour that spring may be just possibly not far behind; and then it is all over with us. We begin to babble of horse-chestnut blossoms, and the jonquils in the *Tuileries,* and the ducks in the *Parc Monceau.* Wistfully and with glazed eyes we speak of the bookstalls on the *quais* and the arches of the *Pont Neuf.* Show us a picture of the Medici Fountain, and we burst into tears.

All about us are people preparing to sun themselves on the Riviera, and watch bullfights in Madrid, and climb Alps, and see Shakespeare's birthplace. Little we care. "Europe" means just one place to us: Paris. Thither we want to go, and thither gone, there, barring an act of God, shall we sit. If you do succeed in luring us elsewhere—to Florence, Rome, Vienna, Munich—we dutifully gaze, explore, admire, and even praise. But we are thinking all the time of Paris, to which, under no matter what pretext, we shall forthwith return.

MINE is an aggravated case, but hardly, I have reason to believe, a unique one. Americans are not the only victims. Englishmen, Scandinavians, Germans, and Austrians have *Lutetiaphilia,* and have it badly. Laurence Stern had it; Heinrich Heine had it; so did George du Maurier and Paul Bartlett and John Singer Sargent. Why should it be so? Why is it that so many men and women, particularly those of Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon extraction, are obsessed by this nostalgia for an alien metropolis, a city with whose history and traditions they have no racial bond, a city whose inhabitants do not invite their presence and who think of them, if at all, as barbarian, if endurable, paying guests? What about this Paris?

Alors, there is this about it—or rather, these. For the reasons for our behaviour are numerous and fairly complicated. Inevitably, I can answer for only one of us, hoping that an explanation of his symptoms will prove to be more than a purely personal and private diagnosis. First of all, then, I like to be in Paris because it is full of French people. One has to be a veteran New Yorker, I suspect, in order to appreciate fully what it means to the mind and the nerves to be in a city whose population is reasonably homogeneous. In my home town existence is, ethnologically speaking, one continuous diurnal tour of the world. My butcher is a German, my newsdealer is Jewish, and my grocer is an Italian. My landlord, oddly enough, is of Anglo-Saxon descent. The cook is alternately Ethiopian and Scandinavian—depending upon what week it is—the maid is at present Spanish with a touch of Moorish, and the nurse was French-Swiss yesterday and is going to be Danish tomorrow; my *marchand des vins* is of indeterminate stock and is—legally, at least—a member of the criminal classes, and my milkman and baker are limited liability corporations. All these people not only speak English with differing inflections, pronunciations, and intentions, but also differ profoundly in their manners of thought and feeling. I must approach every one of them from a different mental direction, and must expect to find him equipped with a set of vices and virtues that have nothing in common with those of his fellows.

IN Paris I am under no such obligations. If, as I emerge from the *Gare Saint-Lazare,* I can hail a taxi, get my luggage aboard, bid farewell to the porter, and, arriving at my hotel, part from the driver with mutual expressions of good will—if I can do these things satisfactorily and without mental anguish, I can cope amicably with all of Paris. For the porter and the taxi-driver are French, and so is *Madame* behind the hotel desk, and so is Louis, the bearded chambermaid, and so are the clerks in the shops, and the waiters in the cafés and restaurants, and the newsdealers, and the traffic cops, and the President of the Republic. They are all of one race. They may not think the same things, but they arrive at their conclusions by the same mental processes, and they feel alike. In my dealings with them there are certain definite things I may confide, and certain others that I must keep to myself, certain things I should expect of them, and certain others that I must never expect, certain ways in which I can trust them and certain ways in which I can not. And they are always the same things, and the same ways. Once having learned them, I am free to be at least a gallicized version of myself, instead of a distracted mental chameleon trying to blend with a dozen racial colour schemes. The only other people that I see in Paris are my American friends. And that, too, is pleasant; because I never see them at home.

Another thing that endears Paris to me is the certain knowledge that when I arrive, Paris will be there. This is a very, very comforting thought for a New Yorker. It gives me a sorely-needed sense of permanence and safety to reflect that when next I visit Paris I need not fear to find that the *Café des Deux Magots* has been replaced by a motion picture palace, or that *Notre Dame* has been sand-blasted and fitted with an indirect lighting system, or that the *Hôtel de Sens* has disappeared to make way for a seventeen-story coöperative apartment. I read somewhere recently that plans were afoot to build a group of skyscrapers on the *Ile Saint-Louis.* I am ordinarily a cautious gambler, but I am willing to wager odds of 418 to 1 that skyscrapers will be built on the *Ile Saint-Louis* just as soon as the American Chamber of Commerce has purchased Paris —and not until then.

It is customary, among pre-war *Lutetiaphiles,* to lament the passing of the old days. The *Champs-Elysées,* it seems, has gone the way of Fifth Avenue and surrendered to shops, and the *Café d'Harcourt* no longer serves dinner, and the crowd on the boulevards isn't what it was, and the Quarter has deteriorated, and a *franc* won't buy what it would in 1906. These, to one whose native city is taken to pieces and reassembled every five years, seem minor calamities. The American tradition is naturally one of trial and error. Our civilization began about seven thousand years later than Europe's, and small wonder that we are still experimenting with it. Just the same, it is good for an American to realize, periodically, that there does eventually come a time when the architects of civilization can step back, draw a long breath, and say, "There; I guess that will do."

I GET from Paris something no American can possibly get from his own country: a contact with life remote as well as with life contiguous. The Thermes in the courtyard of the *Hôtel de Cluny,* where Roman gentlemen took vapour baths long before there was a France; *Notre-Dame,* still unfinished after eight centuries, on whose towers carpenters built scaffolding and masons chipped and sweated two hundred and fifty years before my own country was even suspected; the iron rings in the house walls of the *Rue Brisemiche,* through which, sixteen generations ago, ran the chains that made the street a nightly death-trap for fleeing gangsters—these things are more than carefully preserved antiquities with which to astonish the tourist. They are a reminder and a promise. "Life is continuous," they say. "Men have been here for a long time; and they, too, laboured and quarrelled, and took their ease, and strove for beauty. And there will be others like you, long after you are gone. Don't take life so hard. You did not create it, and you will not have to complete it." These are very un-American truths; and they are very reassuring to hear.

They embody the one great basic truth that the Parisian has learned, and that he has to teach: that at birth all men are equal only in that they are under a common sentence of death, and that it is therefore unwise to postpone life any longer than is absolutely necessary. Every time I go to Paris I realize how little we Americans know about living. The Parisian, it is notorious, does not exactly disdain money; but he will not sell his life for it. Deep in the heart of the average American lies the ambition to be head of the firm, or America's Sweetheart, or Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order of Unicorns, or chairman of the house committee. The Parisian's dream is less com-

(*Continued on page 110*)

A Carefree Cartoonist

A Member of a Noble Craft Unlooses His Repressions and Makes the Reader Grouch-Conscious

By H. T. WEBSTER

I AM aware, as I begin, that this article is foredoomed to vanish into the abyss of a Popular Preconception. Writing it is an entirely futile exercise. I think I may lay claim to being an authority on the craft of being a practising cartoonist, and yet what I have to say on the subject will carry less weight for my readers than a Democratic vote in Philadelphia. All my tears and protestations will not stir one heart. "Oh, the joker!" people will say and continue to believe that drawing cartoons is the easiest and most delightful way of passing the time in the entire curriculum of play-boy pastimes.

I have read a good many articles by cartoonists and I cannot remember one that did not advertise the grinding labour involved in supplying a newspaper with a daily drawing. Nearly every cartoonist I know admits that he would prefer ditch-digging, driving a truck, being President of the United States, or almost anything along those lines that offered leisure and mental relaxation. But the layman who is invariably somewhere on the fringe of the gathering merely smiles in that what-droll-fellows-these-cartoonists-are manner and says that he wishes Fate had cast him as a cartoonist, golf Pro or something where work wasn't a factor.

THE story of the Hindu fakir who tosses a rope into the air, up which a boy climbs until he disappears, is accepted by practically every non-resident of India, including those who do not read the tabloids; it has become an invulnerable tradition. And yet this venerable fiction has been exposed again and again. We continue to believe. The lie is immortal. This ancient item in the public's mental baggage is exactly analogous to the legend of the easy, carefree life of the cartoonist. That lie, too, is so firmly entrenched that it promises to be immortal. Nothing I can say will dislodge it. Therefore, the utmost that I expect to accomplish is to unload a number of grouches that have been festering in my system all these inarticulate years. My aim shall be to make the reader grouch-conscious.

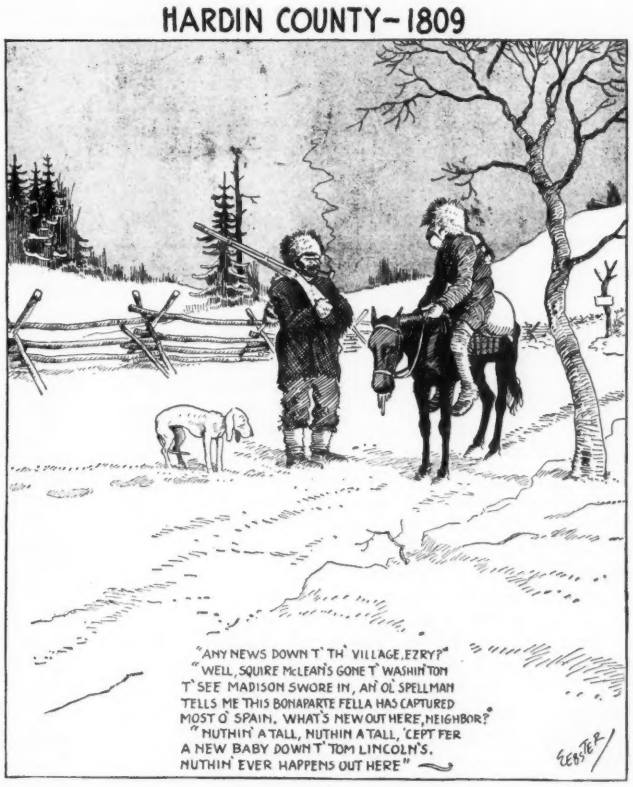
I have been drawing cartoons for twenty-seven years. During that period I have produced an average of more than six cartoons a week. This probably will not impress anyone else but it does me. 8,424 cartoons make a lot of cartoons and I don't care what anyone says. It is a temptation to resort to the old device of laying these cartoons end to end and figuring how far they would reach, or estimating how many elephants or editors could be drowned in the India ink I have spread on paper, but I am going to resist. I shall be satisfied if I do no more than make this point: I have drawn enough pictures to give the novelty of it a pronounced deckle-edge. The first fine fury has become decidedly shop-worn. From my biased point of view it has been mighty hard work. All this, however, would be better than tolerable but for its corollaries. I am not complaining of the actual labour of filling three columns daily and a page on Sunday but of the conditions indirectly connected with it, but apparently inescapable. To show what a hardy weed the surviving cartoonist must be, I shall list a few of the beetles, slugs, weevils and dry rust that feed on him and annually decimate his ranks.

The big winner in a poker game who says, as he cashes in his stack: "I'd like to play the rest of the night but, unfortunately, I have to work for a living. I'm no cartoonist."

The man who slaps me on the back and delivers himself of this dynamite: "Well, I see you're still drawing pictures. I'm going on a vacation MYSELF next week."

The vertebra of his country who asks: "You only draw one picture a day? What else do you do?" And then there are the little darlings at dinner parties who lisp in their cunning, roguish way: "Now, Mr. Webster, don't you put me in a cartoon!", and then the well-meaning soul who tells me how much he liked a certain cartoon of mine, going on to describe it in detail. As the description proceeds I realize that the cartoon was drawn by someone else and the problem arises whether to agree that the cartoon was good or modestly to deprecate it and risk having him learn the truth.

Then there is the man whose opinion I have always respected who lavishes me with praise until I conclude that my appraisal of his character and judgment had been correct and who goes on to say that there are just two cartoonists whose work he watches, myself and so-and-so, naming a man whose work nauseates practically every member of the craft. After that one wonders whether it is all worth while.


HARDIN COUNTY-1809
"ANY NEWS DOWN T' TH' VILLAGE, EZRY?"
"WELL, SQUIRE McLEAN'S GONE T' WASHIN'TON T' SEE MADISON SWORE IN, AN' OL' SPELLMAN TELLS ME THIS BONAPARTE FELLA HAS CAPTURED MOST O' SPAIN. WHAT'S NEW OUT HERE, NEIGHBOR?"
"NUTHIN' A TALL, NUTHIN A TALL, 'CEPT FER A NEW BABY DOWN T' TOM LINCOLN'S. NUTHIN' EVER HAPPENS OUT HERE"
WEBSTER

THE CARTOON AT ITS BEST

This, probably the most famous of Webster's cartoons, presenting the inconsiderable event of the fathering of one Abraham Lincoln as of a date that is now a national holiday, may be remarked as employing the identical device that Anatole France used in the story, *The Procurator of Judea*

THE daily mail is a never-ending source of delight to the cartoonist. Much of it consists of ideas for cartoons, of which about one out of 5,000 is usable. Despite these odds I open every letter expecting to find pay dirt. Of course some of these contributed ideas are really funny, but are eliminated as possible material by pictorial or other requirements. Two suggestions from the versatile Groucho Marx will illustrate. "Make the Timid Soul's brother a professional fighter," writes Groucho. "Show him going to a fight and accidentally being seated in the wrong corner with the seconds and followers of the rival scrapper. The Timid Soul ends by rooting against his brother." Or: "The Timid Soul buys a new car and is warned not to drive faster than 25 miles an hour for the first 500 miles. While creeping along at 12 miles an hour bandits pursue him in another car. He speeds up to 25 miles an hour and holds it until caught and robbed."

No matter how careful we may be with our cartoons it seems impossible to avoid stepping on someone's toes. The result of this is a letter to the editor containing the phrases "this alleged humour," and "I've always read and admired your paper until to-day."

A curious thing I have noticed is that letters of criticism are invariably sent to the editor and the complimentary ones to the cartoonist. I have finally decided that the cranks who write them hope summary and homicidal action will be taken and the cartoonist kicked piece-meal out of the office. The

(*Continued on page 124*)

The Atlantic Show

How the Trans-Atlantic Liners Have Become Delectable Havens for Weary Pleasure-Seekers

By PAUL MORAND

THE history of New York begins with two errors in navigation. The first mistake was that made by the Genoese, Verrazano, who, sailing along the Atlantic coast to find a North-West passage which would take him to China, passed by Manhattan without even noticing that rocky island nor foreseeing that it would, one day, have a certain importance. The second mistake was that of Hudson, who sailed up the river which has ever since borne his name, in the belief that it led to the Pacific. Having gone as far as the present site of Albany the *Half-Moon* discovered that it was not yet in China and returned to the mouth of the river.

Since then first New Amsterdam and later New York, have lived by the sea. Even to-day the farewell parties and the goodbyes on the gangplanks of New York are as significant as in the times when the arrival of a ship from Amsterdam or Bristol was a happy event—in which New York differs from the great continental cities of Europe, to which the sea means nothing. New Yorkers read, every day, the lists of incoming and outgoing liners, as well as the passenger lists. It is a sort of social chronicle.

There has been a regular transatlantic service ever since the Eighteenth Century, but then the ships did not follow the present route. From Holland or England they went south to the Canary Islands, thence to the West Indies, and then north again, between Bermuda and the Bahamas, to the coast. About that time, with the improvement of the means of transport on land, a corresponding development occurred at sea.

THE barks, clumsy vessels, whose tradition the Dutch had inherited from the Spanish mercantile marine, gave way to graceful two and three masted schooners, with a fore and aft rig. These were still of only about 300 tons burden, but with the Nineteenth Century tonnage increased, when there was a steady effort to perfect the masted schooners. Finally, about 1845, the famous Atlantic racers, the clipper ships, appeared, the speed of which was not surpassed by steamers for a long time. As elegant as yachts, the clippers, originating in Baltimore, made the crossing in from 15 to 20 days, with such regularity that thenceforth they sailed on a fixed date, and "packet day" came to have a considerable importance, both social and economic, in the relations between the two worlds.

Meanwhile, we must not forget young Mr. Fulton who so boldly ventured a trial trip on the Hudson with his invention, the *Clermont*. Look at contemporary pictures. A great still served as a boiler. From a long chimney pipe flames rise high, but scarcely higher than the high hats of three gentlemen on board who stare anxiously at the small wheel with six paddles, and pistons beating in the two barrels which serve as cylinders.

Fulton tried hard to keep his discovery for himself, and to patent it, but, unfortunately for him, his was one of those inventions not destined to remain private property. A little more than ten years after the *Clermont* had triumphantly reached Albany, hailed by the cheers of a crowd that had gathered on the banks of the river to laugh and to jeer at her inventor, the *Savannah*, with the help of sails, crossed to Liverpool in 25 days, and in 1833 the *Royal William* crossed the Atlantic with its paddle wheels alone.

The Cunard Line was established, and, in 1840, launched three ships of from 1000 to 1500 tons. German and American companies followed, but it was the use of iron hulls, about 1860, and of hulls of steel, about 1880, that were to lead to the great development of transatlantic liners—and, above all, the screw, invented in 1836, and coming into general use after 1870.

ENGLAND, anxious to monopolize new inventions, had instituted, in 1838, the first transatlantic service employing steamships. *The Sirius* and the famous *Great Western* crossed from Queenstown or Cork to New York in from 15 to 18 days. As for the Americans, their early efforts were commercially unsuccessful. The Ocean Steam Navigation Company in 1847, and the Collins Line, were obliged to suspend operations after a short time. Neverthless, this first attempt at competition with England was not without its benefits. The Americans, even then, had a feeling for luxury and comfort that astonished the English and forced them to remodel their ships. I remember an old English print of 1849 in which one may see the people of Bristol visiting the new American liner *Atlantic* which, wonder of wonders, had on board a barber shop! But, alas, the sister ships of the *Atlantic* were ill fated. The *Arctic* was run down by a French steamer, and the *Pacific* sailed from Liverpool one morning in 1856 and was never heard of again.

Nevertheless, the great liner had come into being. Emigration and its profits redoubled competition. But this liner still employed steam almost decoratively; it kept its sails, as certain animals still retain, after centuries, organs they no longer use. In contemporary pictures one sees long dormitories, where, in coffin-like bunks, travellers had to content themselves with the light of a single wretched oil lamp, through long, stormy nights, while booted Russian Jews or Italian accordion players sang folk songs.

Fifty years later, that is, to-day, the ship of three or four thousand tons has become the palatial floating hotel of 60,000 tons that we know, with its bar, its coon orchestras, its sports, its rich woodwork, its crystal and silverware. We see it coming into harbour at night, or lying to, or setting forth upon *de luxe* cruises, like some vast geometrical fairyland, like a floating ball room, like a modern show boat with the show given by the audience itself.

With its wide decks like public squares, with its four smoke-stacks slanting backward and smoking blackly, its promenade decks, the miles marked off in great white letters on the planks, its windlasses, its floor coverings of luxurious linoleum, its long mahogany corridors, parallels that finally meet in the distance and that groan like wicker baskets under the heavy thrusts of steel, the liner of 1929 has contributed more than anything else to making us proud of being moderns and of having made more material progress in fifty years than in fifty preceding centuries.

Who will write *The Comedy of Steamers*? It would be a comedy in a hundred, a thousand, acts; it would be burlesque, tragedy, farce; it would be picaresque romance. Who will deal with the effect of the great liners on manners and customs?

A few hours after leaving Sandy Hook the smoking room door opens; it is midnight. Soon low-voiced conversations come to an end, bridge games are suspended. The point is that a steward has just come in. In his hand is a tray; on this tray a liqueur glass, tulip-shaped, in the depths of which a topaz-coloured liquid trembles—brandy! At once one hears everyone laughing, singing, chattering. This liqueur glass is a symbol of holiday time. Already one is in Europe; play begins, the joy of living; constraint is forgotten.

All that the moralists, the experts, the psycho-analysts, have written concerning America ceases immediately to be true. The liners of an earlier time perpetuated at sea the stupid life of a British Sunday. Thanks to the Americans, their youth, their gayety, their infinite capacity for fun, the liner has become a gay and amusing place. One hears good music, one sees bearable motion pictures. Women no longer feel themselves obliged, because they are at sea, to wrap themselves up in hideous woollens. Here is another victory, among so many others, of the American woman!

IS there a more elegant beach, more picturesque Cannes, more extravagant Lido, than certain promenade decks between noon and one o'clock, while the pedigreed dogs of millionaires take their exercise, Chows or Airedales, before they go back to their delightful little grilled cabins, well aft? Where are you, you poor wives of the pioneers who shivered from fear and cold in the saloon a hundred years ago, wrapped in vast cashmere shawls, your feet on a hot brick? Would you ever have dreamed that your granddaughters would dance, swim, ride electric horses and camels, on these same waters?

The first liners, proud of their stability, pompously called themselves Atlantic ferry-boats. What is to be said of the ships of to-day, which the most severe storms cannot affect? It is no longer the waves that make passengers ill and cause them to remain in their cabins, but rather too much indulgence in *pâtés de foie-gras* or *crêpes Suzette*, and nights spent with paper caps on the head, waving balloons and shaking rattles. No one feels shut in; there is no sense that one is

(Continued on page 100)

ROCK AND KNOCK

How delightful, after being indoors all Winter, to sit down for a good *al fresco* gossip, a sort of pan-everything conference. And daylight saving gives one such loads of time to talk in, too!

THE NAIAD

With the rising temperatures of early Summer, the swimming pool becomes increasingly popular. Percy is trying out his new movie camera with lissome Lois as victim. One by one he will shoot all the débutantes for this is the reason Percy goes a-swimming

Drawings by
COVARRUBIAS

1929 GANYMEDE

On Sunday P. M. Sam's anti-Jones law activities reach the peak point during his working week. He is expected to be in several places at one time and, what with the many urgent calls and the dividends he consumes in transit, he feels giddily as if he were

THE TWO-SOME

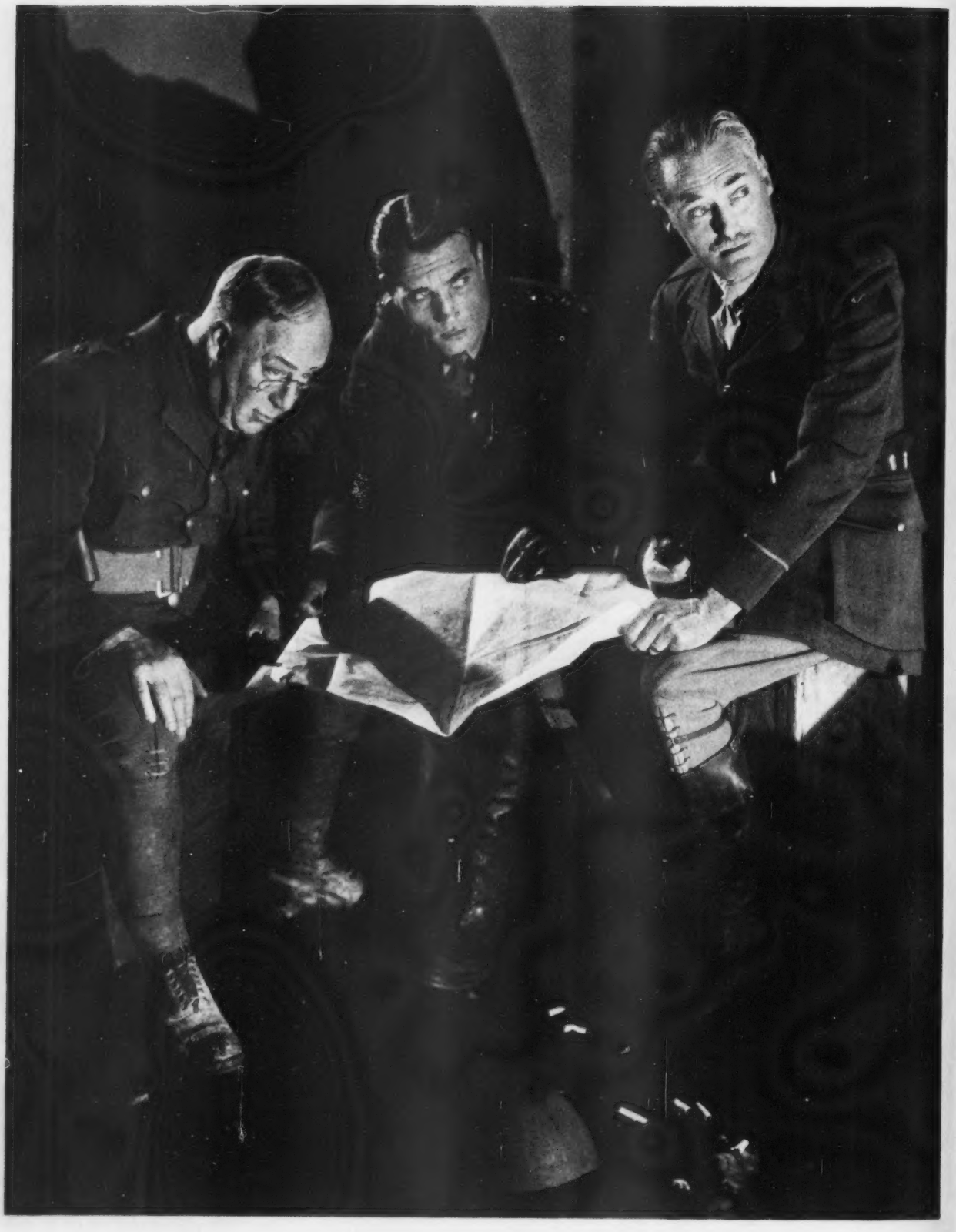
The fairway takes an awful beating every Sabbath, particularly at the hands of willowy Walter who has a wind-up like a big league hurler. Tubbs, his partner, who is usually on in two and down in the conventional four, is being bored by this Spring plowing

THE REAL SUFFERER

This apparently placid child is Bert, a Grade-A caddy, who is just completing his fourth eighteen, toting one of those dandy new sets of matched clubs. He feels about the Day of Rest as does many a dominie: only the collections make it in the least bearable

Sunday Afternoon at a Country Club

How American Citizens of the Much Better Sort While Away the Hours After Church—If Any



STEICHEN

Journey's End—A Saga of the War

Henry Wenman, Colin Keith-Johnston and Leon Quartermaine in the Season's Most Effective Drama

"God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen . . ."

A Few Lingering Praises of "Journey's End", One of the Eventful Plays on the New York Stage

By GILBERT W. GABRIEL

THE theatrical season in New York was barometrically ripe for the burst of *Journey's End.* Something sultry and angrily vacuous could be scented in the air above Broadway. An extraordinary play of any sort would whirl in surrounded by electrical salutes. An extraordinary war play would start a cyclone. A *Journey's End* would cause such storm as only a *Journey's End* could cause, this time of year, this season, any season, any place on earth where men have once gone forth to war and cannot yet forget their going.

This Journey's End is by all odds (and every artistic right, too) the most assertive success of the year in drama. It had been no sooner seen and cheered and enormously loved in London than a second company was on its way to a similar Spring festival in New York. Soon France and Germany, Italy, the Scandinavian countries, will all be in its path. Its fire has the velocity of gunpowder's. Its tragedy has the lilt in it of such ballad loveliness as all the present-day world must immediately memorize and sing in husky chorus.

I FEAR I may be making *Journey's End,* a fine little play about the Great War, out to be a great play against war. On the contrary, it is a play as emotional about that war as Shakespeare could be about Agincourt . . . emotional, comic, heroic, commiserative, terrific. Young Mr. Sherriff, I'm sure, wanted neither to praise nor to bury war. He had no intention to push us one sob nearer to pacificism, or to start any such wrangle as honoured another such war piece, *What Price Glory?,* a few years back. This had once been his life. It was now his play. He had, it seems, to write it.

The smallest occasion brought *Journey's End* forth. By now the incident is public property of how this R. C. Sherriff, an unmarked English insurance clerk scarce thirty-one years old, first composed it as a drama to save his local cricket and rowing club from having to pay royalties on their annual show. Before that he had tried it as a novel. The thought of eighty thousand words had bullied him down, he says. Wherefore, a play instead.

All this makes handsome press material —and Mr. Sherriff says it's true enough. He seldom adds that he was sixteen years old when he went to war and when all these things burned their way into his brain . . . these things which he retells so quietly, with such a rebellious simplicity, such grim delight and hard-lipped rue, in *Journey's End.* Sixteen is an open sesame to all one life's thereafter. Had these things happened to Mr. Sherriff at thirty-nine, would he—indeed, must he—have written them into such a play?

Every incident that is retold in this "dug-out in the British trenches before St. Quentin" truly happened. Mr. Sherriff need not have assured me of that, but he did. His thin, rather tight and anxious face lost its good looks for the moment. Youth and success and all laughter went out of his eyes. The pain of remembering pencilled his mouth suddenly with twenty black creases. Actually he was only telling how he had found his play's name, *Journey's End,* daubed on a door-plank over a German dug-out. Inevitably he was explaining how he had had to weed this play out of a dead, corrupting past—this play, and none other, and in no other or less self-raking style.

HE had not wanted to write a war play first and foremost, he said. He had hoped that the war would be taken only as its backdrop, as its flourish, whilst a trimmer and more saving conflict of man against man wrestled down-front in a manner that all great plays have learned from the Greeks. He had hoped we'd all see it as a clash of human personalities, war-time, peace-time, any time at all.

That may have been his hope. If so, the author must have felt his play a failure. The author alone is entitled to do so. The rest of us, even if to his chagrin, must go on seeing it primarily as the finest stage picture yet painted of the late war: of the mud and seeping glooms, bad food, bad nerves, the clumsy fellowship, the wry, barb-wired humour and whiskey-breathed heroism, that made this war of shop-clerks, farmers and minor poets the war of abysmal holiday it was for us all.

There have been war plays aplenty. There will be good ones to come, no doubt. *The Case of Sergeant Grischa* was a play before Zweig rewrote it into novel form—and before I see that play of Grischa translated and done for us over here I would reserve at least one or two trenchfuls of superlatives. But, to date, *Journey's End* tops them all, somehow smothers them lifeless, leaves them revealed as mere circuses and synthetic claptrap.

Mr. Sherriff knows how little plot he needs. That is wonder number one about *Journey's End.* To this dark, scabrous dug-out, home of a British infantry company's officers and many bewildered cockroaches, comes a brand new subaltern, a babe out of home, formerly schoolfellow of the captain. The captain is almost as young, a juvenile hero breaking under the strain, already a ruined souser. Their meeting is cruel. It has all the jaggedness of war-worn pride, the terror of just such terrible things as turned these golden lads into creatures of verdigris. The new boy is sent out almost at once on a raid. He is brought back shell-pierced, broken, for his hasty death. That, plot for plot, is about all.

But upon this bare, ironic truss of a tale the little group of characters—all men, of course, and almost all officers—are hung up in such full view, they cannot help taking on the looks of the last of the demi-gods. This wretched hole which has been scratched beneath the heaving ground is like a buried Ararat, ultimate refuge of a few living remainders from the hell that is fuming and flaring overhead. They, too, will finally all go out into it . . . up and out, to be shrivelled and torn in the same impromptu, almost jovial way of this man-made cataclysm. And the very dug-out itself, where even the young dead cannot be allowed to lie in peace—but here are Mr. Sherriff's own last stage directions:

" . . . The whine of a shell rises to a shriek and bursts on the dug-out's roof. The shock stabs the candle-frame; the timber props of the door cave in slowly, sandbags fall and block the passage to the open air. There is darkness in the dug-out. Here and there the red dawn glows through the jagged holes of the broken doorway. Very faintly there comes the dull rattle of machine-guns and the fevered spatter of rifle fire."

THE characters—there are but ten of them in all, eight in addition to the captain and the young lieutenant; and only a half-dozen with much to say. Minor officers and noncoms, mostly; men plucked out of London and vicinity and put down here in charge of the foolish fate of a company of other, unseen, unreckonable men. There is one among them who is, I do believe, the most exquisitely drawn of all men I've seen in the modern theatre. This is the gentle, oldish, grey-haired Osborne, second-in-command, commonly and affectionately known to the whole mess as "Uncle".

These "Uncles" were not peculiar to the English army. Our own was filled with them. They were salt of the earth, help-meets and guardians, comforters, mainstays, men of Indian summer chivalry and infinite understanding. In most cases—like this Osborne's —the very business of their joining up had had a touch of quixotism and automatic sacrifice about it. They were past the brass-band period of life. They weren't pounding out after glory. But, without them and the ballast of their natures, it would have been an even sorrier war for all.

This Osborne is the one who must accompany the new lieutenant on the first raid. It means death for Osborne; he knows it; he sits reading. There's a touch for you. He holds up the book—a little apologetically—for one of the inquisitive others to see. It is *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.* If there is a peep-hole Earthward from the Heaven to which Lewis Carroll's soul has gone, I'm sure its edges must be wetted nightly with the old Reverend's tears at that small episode.

But such episodes abound, and all as stabbing and bravely springy and poignant as that, and as finely sure of their effects. Listen to Trotter, a fat, red-faced Cockney lieutenant reminiscing into his coffee-mug and porridge:

" . . . I remember one morning last spring —we were coming out of the salient. Just

(*Continued on page 108*)

PHYFE

(Below)

ALEXANDER KIRKLAND

The Theatre Guild required a youth who'd look a genius and act a combination of imp and angel. He'd be the fated hero of *Wings Over Europe*—and, as Mr. Kirkland has proved, he'd be famous in one first-night

VANDAMM

ERIN O'BRIEN-MOORE

Popping in from occasional appearances in the worthier drama's hinterland, this pretty lady has swiftly added laurels to the shamrocks of her name. As the daughter of *Street Scene* she has won her big chance

VANDAMM

OWEN DAVIS, JR.

One of the handsomest of Owen Davis's many *operas* is the genial young man who tacks "Jr." to the family monicker. For him *Tonight at Twelve* was composed—and therein lay a younger generation's full holiday

(Below)

ZITA JOHANN

That grim formality of the early season called *Machinal* centered its sympathy on a lady who found it advisable to murder a dullish husband, and on Zita Johann, a beautiful young player discovered by Arthur Hopkins

DE BARRON

JACK HALEY

The most comical eyebrows in town turn out to be parked in *Follow Thru*, the golf-and-girl spree, wherein Mr. Haley shivers and shakes so at the approach of a pretty girl, whose name in this show is legion

BLAKEMAN-SHUTER

(Right)

HELEN KANE

In *Good Boy*, the Hammerstein musical, Miss Kane was pretty nearly everything, including originator of that baby-talk school of *bel canto* which threatens to send all the ingénues back to their swaddling days

MITCHELL

The Year's Best Young Ones

Half a Dozen Heroes and Hoydens Who Have Made Even This Theatrical Season Memorable

How to Read Books

Why Telling the Truth About Your Literary Tastes Is the Only Good Course to Follow

By HAROLD NICOLSON

ADVICE about reading books is a subject which must be approached with delicacy. No decent person likes to be told what or how to read. And yet it is a matter in which a little frankness, a slight absence of pretension, may possibly assist the uncertain and stimulate the weak. There are certain rules which can and should be applied. I trust that I shall be forgiven if I indicate such rules.

In the first place avoid being impressed by the recorded experiences of the eminent. There is no such subject on which the great manifest such duplicity as on this subject of their early reading. We are all familiar with the Great Poet who in childhood dragged the infolio Spenser from his grandfather's library and sat small and immersed under and in the *Faerie Queene*. This meandering and inconclusive poem is doubtless of great importance in the history of English prosody. There are moments, even, when those Spenserian stanzas elope with such consummate ease that they convey the impression of important poetry. Nor should I deny the charm of Spenser, an unhappy man, who, in that bleak tower of Kilkolman, struggled through dark ways.

BESIDES, he was a friend of Raleigh and Philip Sydney, and wrote some charming things on the subject of Chaucer. A desirable man, and not one whom I should wish to deride. I contend only that that long poem of his, with its reiterant melody, is not a poem which should appeal to any healthy child. And yet—take any autobiography of any leading poet, and you will find the bit about the Spenser folio dragged along his childhood. It simply isn't true.

I prefer myself some frankness on the subject of one's early reading. I prefer what Tennyson said to one of his more importunate admirers. "What," this sycophant had asked, "was the poetry which first, Lord Tennyson, revealed yourself to yourself?" The Laureate, in his muffler and his large and dirty hat, grunted. He paused to think. "My own," he thundered eventually, "at the age of five." I like that remark, mainly because it was strictly true. Tennyson as a child was obsessed, as are most intelligent children, by the problem of personal identity. He would toddle among the wolds of Lincolnshire, repeating "Alfred" to himself and again "Alfred." Shortly afterwards he evolved, or imagined that he had evolved, the line: "There is a whisper in the wind." Thereafter this formula came to mingle with his earlier incantation. "Alfred, Alfred. There is a whisper in the wind. Alfred. Alfred." That was the subsequent formula. I can conceive of no sequence of words which could have had a greater formative influence on Alfred Tennyson's poetry, or be more illuminating in regard to their eventual content.

Take the opposite combination of evasions. Byron, as is evident, was immensely and, until *Don Juan*, permanently affected by Chateaubriand. The earliest portrait of the Pilgrim of Eternity is evidently moulded upon the only then existing engraving of Chateaubriand. It represents the young, the very young, Byron landing from a boat, with his hair *en coup de vent*. Even his nose (not a very powerful feature in Byron's face) is given that wabbly look which we associate with the author of *Le Génie de Christianisme*. And yet, among all the many people and influences mentioned a hundred times in Byron's books and letters, *M.* de Chateaubriand is only mentioned twice. All this again is *just not true*. It is as big a lie, if you are Mr. Ruskin, to say that your literary taste has been moulded by the *Faerie Queene*, as it is a lie, if you are Lord Byron, to suppress the fact that you have been moulded by Chateaubriand.

Things do not work out that way. The fact is that a man is in general influenced by the books which first gave him a taste for reading. These books, in most cases, are not the great and good in literature, but some purely adventitious rubbish which happened to strike him at the age of eight, or again at twelve, or again at puberty, or when he went to Oxford. What is important is firstly that he learnt to like reading, and secondly that having absorbed this lesson, he came to discriminate. But the biographies of the great are as silent about the bad books they read and liked as they are silent about the good books they were made to read and did not like.

I AM fully aware myself of the books which went to form that exquisite literary taste which today gives me a certain arrogance and independence when talking to the illiterate. I can remember the pity and terror aroused in me by "Froggy would a wooing go." It was deeper and more soul-moving than any similar emotions subsequently aroused by Shakespeare, Sophocles or Ibsen. There was a picture of the event, a gullible and greedy duck, and the large spindle legs of the frog twitching downwards towards a gullible death.

I loathed that story and that picture. Fat and clumsy fingers would, when the page arrived, struggle to turn it over, to pass on to more agreeable subjects. The sense of tragedy, the conviction that such things were only permissible if accompanied by a happy ending, was born within me. Taste, in tragedy, was formed. Comedy also dawned for me in a form which, if I could fully remember it, would be pitiful and humiliating to relate. It was some parody of "The boy stood on the burning deck." It was about a boy who ate so much that he broke in pieces. I was so impressed by the wit of this rendering of Felicia Hemans that I copied it out for my father in place of the Sunday letter which on Sundays I dutifully and inkilly composed.

Fiction came to me in a gentler form. There was a book, which I read three times, called *The Angel of Love*. It was bound in blue and there was a representation of stars upon the blue cover. It made one feel good. It was all about consummate virtue in nursery life. Virtue, so far as I can recollect, triumphant. I loved that book. No work has had so profound an influence upon my development. Then there was Scott, whom my father wished me to like, and Dickens, who was my mother's special favourite. I loathed—I still loathe these authors. I read G. A. Henty and Merriman and Marion Crawford and Marie Corelli and Anthony Hope. These are the great masters to whom I owe my initiation to literature. And then later there came Wilde and Pater and Swinburne. And finally Beerbohm. All of these, except of course the last, are authors whom I condemn today. Now were I an important figure, and were I, as such, to be questioned regarding my early influences I should say, after a short passage about the large folio of Spenser under which (a tiny tot) I struggled from my grandfather's library—I should say that it was, that they were, Goethe, Shakespeare and Dante,—and then I should smile affectionately and add—"and, of course, Max."

THERE was a book also by Mr. Lewis Hind (or was it Mr. Louis Hynde) called *The Education of an Artist*. It was a soppy sort of book about a young man who strolled, all philistine, into the gallery at Antwerp and forty minutes later undulated out of that gallery a confirmed æsthete, having been converted by a little drawing of St. Anne visiting a Cathedral. Yes it was a very moving book. I had the pleasure, many years after, of expressing my gratitude to Mr. Hind (Hynde?); and, my word, he was surprised.

The main point, therefore, about reading is to read. The first thing to do is to make absolutely sure that you really do like reading. The thing is supposed to be, and often is, a pleasure: there is no possible reason why it should be elevated into a duty. You should begin by reading very ill-written books and those which your more literate friends decry. Well-written books often require some effort on the part of the reader, and if you are only just beginning, this effort is sheer waste of time. The test of whether you honestly enjoy reading is a simple one. If you leave your home and take your own book with you, it means that you are one of those who read sincerely. If, on the other hand, when you leave your home you rely either on the railway book-stall or on the books which you may, or may not, find there when you arrive, it means that you do not care for reading. If you belong to the latter class, all that I advise is never, in any circumstances, to discuss literature. If you belong to the former class there is much more to be said.

Firstly, read only what you honestly enjoy. In this rudimentary stage—when once, that is, you have passed my test of being a sincere reader—it is of no importance whatever what sort of book you read. If you like Mr. Arlen's books (and they are far better than is supposed) then read them voraciously until the edges of your appreciation begin to fray.

(Continued on page 102)

Love in an Armory

The Story of a Young Gentleman Who, on One Occasion at Least, Played the Rôle of Benefactor

By SANDOR VOROS

ALTHOUGH Ferenc Kemeny was admittedly not a man of thought, the ladies of the land would certainly have united to acclaim him a man of action. He himself did not miss the joys of the cerebral life; indeed he had hardly had time to spare from his strenuous and unremitting campaigns to wonder on what it would be like to think. But tonight was a time appointed for action; he had completed his preparations, and the hour for the charge had been named.

He could not but feel confident of the outcome. Mimi the Divine, not unresponsive to his masculine beauty, alarmed by the ardour of his devotions and genuinely impressed by his magnificent appreciation of her art (he had not missed one of the ninety-nine performances of *Gypsy Life*, of which Mimi was the star, although they both agreed that the book was uncommonly dull and the music hardly better than mediocre), Mimi the Divine had at length agreed to celebrate her one hundredth performance by coming after the theatre to inspect his collection of mediaeval arms.

Ferenc was not at all dismayed by the fact that his collection was confined to a few rusty spurs, a dented breast-plate and two sabres of rather contemporary make. He felt sure it would satisfy the limits of Mimi's antiquarian curiosity; charming women before her, equally keen in their interest in mediaeval arms, had found his collection really distinguished and had returned again and again to exhaust the variety of its marvels.

HE found that he had but ten minutes to prostrate himself for the hundredth time (only figuratively, of course, since the gesture of submission had always taken place in a reserved seat, the first from the aisle, third row orchestra) at the feet of the divine Mimi; and he was at the door on the point of departure when the telephone rang. His annoyance turned to surprise when the voice of Gizi Vago came over the wire; and this in turn gave place to amazement when she peremptorily notified him that she was taking a cab and would be with him in ten minutes. She hung up before he could tell her that it would be impossible to receive her. So great was his astonishment that it displaced for the moment all thought of Mimi. What could she want? It had seemed to Ferenc that her voice sounded as though she had been crying. Perhaps her husband needed his help. But no, that was unlikely. Although Oscar Vago was a club-mate of his, there had never been any intimacy between them. They had played cards together, but that was all. He had never been invited to their home and now she was in a cab on her way to him.

Ferenc remembered her as an exceedingly pretty young woman who was madly in love with her husband, who in turn adored her. Last summer in Baden he had had occasion to note her perfect figure, a pouting mouth and a lovely face framed by the most gorgeous auburn hair he had ever seen, luminous blue eyes and a skin so velvety that a summer's bathing had not blemished it. She had been bronzed like an angel, Ferenc thought, overlooking the fact that angels were seldom if ever known to be sunburnt. But she had never taken him seriously and he was convinced of the sincerity of her indifference. He knew that she was telling the truth when she said that no man existed for her but her husband. He looked nervously at his watch. He was due to prostrate himself before Mimi in two minutes and he must wait for another woman. His quest for a motive that would justify this excursion of *Mme.* Vago's was fortunately broken—for a headache invariably followed his rare ventures into the realm of abstract thought—by the doorbell.

GIZI entered without a glance at him, marched to the centre of the room and pivoting sharply announced in the accents of melodrama: "Here I am!" Indeed, thought Ferenc, there she is. Now she extended her arms in one of the three gestures of tragedy and her ermine wrap slid from her shoulders to the floor. But Ferenc, stunned by her behaviour and the beauty of her appearance, felt himself unable to utter a word in reply.

"I am here," she repeated, though in a slightly different tone, in which a note of annoyance had displaced the melodramatic. And indeed, thought Ferenc, she was right again.

"How do you do, I am happy that you have come," Ferenc murmured in more than adequate proof of his good breeding. "I am exceedingly happy to see you," he added, but without emphasis, to show that even breeding has its limitations. Having said so much, he was silent, feeling that it was for Gizi to take up the burden of the conversation.

Gizi was paying little heed to the conversational amenities, and lay now on the couch drumming her heels furiously. She made an animated and not unattractive picture, and Ferenc was forced to concede her a good measure of admiration.

"Gizi!" he exclaimed in consternation. "What in the name of Heaven are you doing here? You can't stay here—you know you can't. What is the meaning of this visit? May I ask what your intentions are?"

Madame Vago gave him a long, curious look. "I am beginning to think you dull-witted, Ferenc," she said at last.

"I demand an explanation," Ferenc said. "And, since you will give me none, I owe it to myself as a gentleman to withdraw and leave you here alone. If you wish, I shall send you a doctor and a nurse and communicate with your husband. I should have done so sooner, but you have taken me rather by surprise. Now I see clearly where the path of my duty lies. . . ." At last Ferenc felt that he was getting the situation under control. This was not a rôle with which he was familiar, and he felt his nobility beginning to wear a little thin. But he added: "You understand, of course, that I cannot remain here in this compromising position with you."

"I thought," said Gizi a little sadly, "you were a man of the world. I hope you're not going to force me to change my opinion. You were the only man I felt I could depend on."

The sands of unselfish respectability began to slide from under Ferenc. He was not unaffected by the beauty of his guest. But what was her visit all about? Nothing like this had ever before come his way. He was accustomed to success with women, sometimes hard won, sometimes easily, but always preceded by advances on his part. He had never operated as a passive and irresistible lodestone for women and in all humility he doubted whether he had suddenly taken on magnetic properties.

"You have certainly changed," Gizi was saying. "I remember how ardent you were in Baden."

Then the explanation came to Ferenc in a flash. He was ardent with every woman he met and he supposed that he had not made an exception of her. It was perfectly simple. The ardent attention he had paid her in Baden took effect only now. He remembered reading how it takes time, usually a few seconds, for a sensation to reach the brain. With her it took a year. Strange, no doubt, but this was the age of science, everything was explicable, and stranger things had been known to happen. Why, take clocks, for example: some go fast and some go slow. "She," he concluded, "goes slow, that's all."

But then he thought of Mimi. Mimi would never forgive his failure to attend tonight's performance, tonight of all nights, and that failure must permanently quench her interest in medieval arms. He flinched at the thought of having seen a dull play ninety-nine times for naught. He looked at Gizi and hesitated . . .

GIZI opened her eyes and tears were in them. "I had always thought you a gentleman, Ferenc," she said and began to cry softly.

What power he had to dry a lady's tears he began to put at her disposal and so assiduous was he in his ministrations of mercy that he did not hear Gizi murmur: "It serves him right!"

That Mimi steadily refused to look at him when, weeks later, he appeared in his customary seat and posture of devotion at the theatre, hurt Ferenc less than did Gizi's unaccountable behaviour. For Gizi had persistently refused to answer his telephone calls, sent back his letters unopened, and when, unable to bear the suspense any longer he called on her, she received him with the utmost frigidity. When he sketched in with fervent inspiration the nature of the passions that were tormenting his days, he elicited nothing but the reply that she loved her husband dearly. And when, unable to tolerate her pose of indifference—for what else could it have been but a pose?—he moved to take her forcibly in his arms, she rose and drew away with an appearance of genuine indignation.

"Sir, your conduct is inexcusable," she said

(Continued on page 98)

CECIL BEATON

Texas Guinan, Self-Impresario

A Golden-Hearted Little Girl Who Makes the Dawn Rosy-Fingered For Broadway and the Farm Belt

OUT of a noise, a perambulating night-club, an Irish wit, a knack for always landing on her feet and a genius for finding words to throw into any void, Texas Guinan of New York has issued as a nationally known trade-mark for indoor fun after midnight. Her battle-word is "Curfew shall not ring tonight" and her current night-club (this magazine is not responsible for change of address without notice) draws to its Musical Mornings those who know they're wise and those who are willing to get wise; the very young and the very middle-aged. With the technique of a circus "spieler", Miss Guinan makes her revival meetings a melting pot for Broadway and the Farm Belt. She sits atop the piano in a kind of savage Parcae glory, throwing rattles and paper snowballs at the customers, nursing her eye as they return to her, maintaining an unceasing and genuinely funny running comment, keeping everything going at one and the same time—and somehow actually rejuvenating the weary formula that all the world loves a butter-and-egg man. Hardly more interesting than her customers, this Circe remains the eternal, hopping, screaming, tireless Life of the Party, but the life of the party, be it remembered, *every night from eleven to seven*

MS. Found in a Bottle

Containing a Complete Statistical Survey of Life on a Deserted (Except for the Author) Island

By COREY FORD

WHEN you mention Deserted Island to some people, their only reaction is to raise the left eyebrow a little and murmur dubiously: "Gee, slick, but what do you do for golf?" Their entire conception of insular solitude seems to be limited to Staten Island, and a couple of novels by Beatrice Grimshaw. As far as they are concerned, life in the tropics is just one native after another.

It is in a conscientious effort to correct this widespread ignorance that I have spent the past month as the entire, so it happened, population of South Bimini in the Bahamas. During this period I have made a minute study of this population, investigating my customs and morals and tabulating carefully my principal industries, percentage of insanity, mean temperature, native languages, and automobiles per capita; and after considerable effort (it was all I could do to lift this typewriter onto my knees), I am now enabled to offer for the first time a complete statistical survey of life on a deserted island.

IN the first place, I have found that the percentage of English-speaking people on South Bimini since my arrival is practically 100%; and of these the nationality seems to be predominantly American. After filling out an elaborate questionnaire, which I distributed to myself, I estimated my exact distribution of races to be as follows:

Nationality	*Number*
American	1
Lithuanian	0
Lett	0
Montclair, N. J.	0
Eskimo and other races	0

In addition, 86% voted that Beatrice Lillie was their favorite actress, 98% smoked a pipe, 72% felt that a college education was worth while, as long as you were in college, 3% had never been kissed, and 69% agreed that Bishop Cannon was the most outstandingly objectionable figure in public life today, with Senator Borah, Mrs. Willebrandt and John Roach Straton tied for second place. Will Rogers was elected Class Bore.

The average height of the population of South Bimini is 5′ 11½″. The average weight is 145 lbs. The average color is tan, except on the nose, which is bright red and still peeling. This nose has peeled on an average of three times already, and the population as a whole is pretty sick of it.

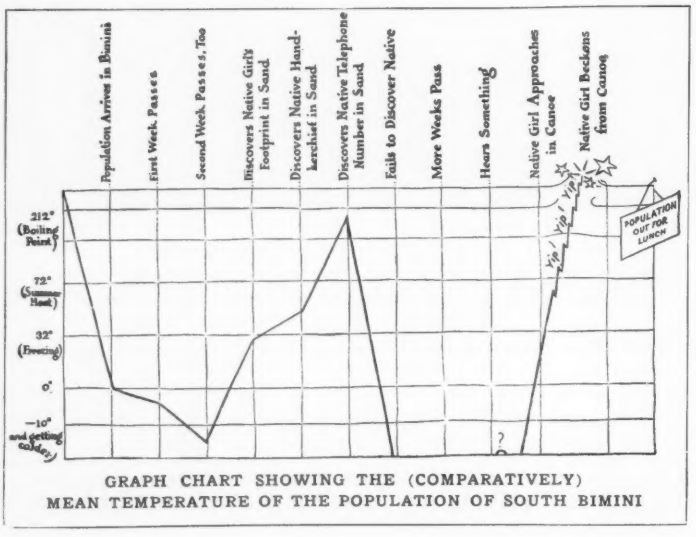
The average occupation is fishing. ("Fishing" is a native word, which means much the same as our own word "sleeping'.) The average costume consists of a pair of white sailor-pants, sneakers, and a pipe. The population consumes an average of twenty-two pipefuls of tobacco and 3¾ boxes of matches daily. The average food, he is forced to cook it himself, is terrible.

The average house in which the population lives is one story high, and consists of four rooms, a *patio* (native word meaning the patio house you don't use much), kitchen, and practically no roof since the '28 hurricane. It was constructed several years ago by a race which subsequently disappeared; and the population upon his arrival moved bodily into this last-year's-bird's-nest. Several rolls of tar-paper and a little discreet screening have succeeded admirably in keeping out the average mosquito.

The most unpleasant feature of the population of South Bimini is the fact that the average percentage of males to females on the island runs about 1 to 0 (and runs like sixty, you may be sure). This situation might become the least bit monotonous in time if it were not for the fact that North Bimini is not more than a half hour's sail away.

On certain occasions the population has made it in twenty-five minutes.

There are two other objections to life on South Bimini: sand-fleas, and the fact that Florida is only fifty miles distant. The sand-fleas disappear whenever there is a slight breeze; but it requires a small hurricane to prevent occasional inhabitants of Florida from crossing the Gulf Stream and anchoring in Bimini harbor for a glass of beer. (As a matter of fact, the population of South Bimini was under the impression at first that sand-fleas and inhabitants of Florida were one and the same thing, except that inhabitants of Florida will sting you a little harder; and several real-estate dealers from Miami were rudely exterminated with kerosene before the population realized its mistake.) After studying the problem from all its angles, the population has concluded that the whole thing could best be solved by instituting an elaborate drainage system, in which the United States Government would build a canal across Florida from Jacksonville to the Gulf of Mexico, and sink everything south of it.



GRAPH CHART SHOWING THE (COMPARATIVELY) MEAN TEMPERATURE OF THE POPULATION OF SOUTH BIMINI

The only other solution seems to be to tow Bimini a little farther out.

Bimini actually consists of two islands, North Bimini and South Bimini. North Bimini derives its name from the fact that it is north of South Bimini. South Bimini, on the other hand, is named after Oscar L. South of 134 State Street, Perth Amboy, N. J., said to be the only man who upon hearing the name Bimini did not start immediately to hum: "Down ta Bimini, down ta Bimini, down ta Bimini Ba-aa-ay . . . "

YOU have seen Nassau. You know the colourings of that most exquisite paradise, only sixty hours' run on the *Munargo* from the so-called climate of New York. You have seen the blue of the water there, the cobalts and ultramarines and vibrant turquoises that have no equal anywhere. You have seen it, on that rare day when the sun is not shining, become a veiled apple-green; or you have seen the sunset dapple it with lilac and with royal purple in the little hollows of the waves. You have watched the tropical fish twist and shimmer in jagged colours, flashing and disappearing like a copper penny under water, slipping in and out amid the magic foliage of the restless sea-gardens on the coral-reefs. You have seen the palms, and the white sand of Hog Island, and the yachts in the harbour; you have sipped a Planter's Punch beneath a striped awning on the terrace of the New Colonial; you have fished for barracuda, or played a round of golf, or motored at night over smooth roads under the low-hanging stars, in a semi-tropical climate that Florida would give fifty years of her life to possess. Or, if you haven't, at least you have read all this sort of thing in the advertisements.

Take this blue of Nassau. Add a new shade of blue-green at the very edge of the sand, and an electric blue farther out beyond the shoals, and an unknown blue that is between purple and black, at the horizon's edge. Paint the surf rose and faint mother-of-pearl, where it washes in a thin seethe along the shore. Take the white sand of Hog Island, and stretch it for three miles along a sheltered beach. Take (to be perfectly fair in your comparison) enough sand-fleas to prevent you from appreciating all this colour except on rather breezy days. In place of your golf-course substitute a mangrove swamp; in place of your motor-roads substitute the packed sand of an untrammeled seashore; exchange the cool punch sipped luxuriously beneath striped parasols for a bottle of ale on one of the crude liquor-barges anchored permanently in the harbour. Put all these advantages and disadvantages together, they

(Continued on page 94)

(Top) DECORATION

Be your own decorator. Why pay others to do what you can do better yourself? The delicate tints of the simple palette, the use of the dainty pencils and brushes, all this is quickly mastered. And your mirror is your model. Send for our illustrated booklet, *The Face Value of Art*

ADVERTISING

Have you ever thought of entering the advertising field? If you are socially or professionally prominent this is easy. All that is needed is a silk scarf, a package of cigarettes and a sense of smell. Send for illustrated booklet and confidential instruction, *Blindman's Bluff*

Silhouetted by ERMA PAUL ALLEN

(Below) FINANCE

Marvellous opportunities await our women in the world of finance. Have you some securities in your home and are you getting the highest possible yield? Do you know how to increase your earnings by the "touch system"? Send for booklet with a premium fountain-pen

SOCIAL SERVICE

The demand was never greater for social service workers, young women who can devote their evenings to this work and who will put their hearts in it. Recreational athletics offer many advantageous social contacts. Send for booklet, with diagrams, *Steps to Success*

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

Are your tastes scientific? Do you enjoy chemical reactions and fascinating experiments? Try our home course in "cupboard chemistry". The results will surprise you and an exhibition of your prowess will delight your guests. Send for booklet, with formulae, *Over the Bars*

Open Roads for Ambitious Women

Our Bureau of Self-Help, Especially Adapted to the Varied Abilities of the Fair Sex

A Nightmare

Showing the Delicate and Thoroughly Satisfactory Solution a Lady Brought to a Difficult Situation

By FRÉDÉRIC BOUTET

IT was three o'clock in the morning, and after lying in bed since midnight, restless, feverish, with twitching nerves, Odette Auberive could no longer control her long anxiety. In the silence of the night, in the growing excitement of her insomnia, it was becoming a blind transport of horror.

She rose by the light of her bedside lamp, having left it burning for fear of the darkness. In front of her mirror, almost mechanically, as a matter of habit, she smoothed her short golden curls and dabbed at her face with a powder puff, for the tears had lent a suspicious brilliance to her delicate features. She then slipped on a filmy negligée, which revealed the charming outlines of her body, and then opened the door to an adjoining bedroom.

It was that of her husband, *M.* Noël Auberive, who was twenty years older than his wife. As a condition of their marriage, she had insisted on their occupying separate rooms.

ODETTE, as she entered, saw by the glow of the night-lamp that her husband was asleep. She had expected as much, she thought with a bitter smile. Sunk in the deep slumbers of a fat man who enjoyed comfort and rich food, he was lying in bed with his nose in the air, his beard bristling, his thin fringe of hair tangled over his bald-spot, and his mouth agape. He never snored, and this was the only virtue his wife had conceded him during the eight years which had passed since their wedding day. She had always been an attractive girl; she had managed to be well-dressed, and had never lacked for suitors, but most of them were as poor as Odette herself. *M.* Auberive had been the one exception. And so, after looking with a dispassionate eye at the social necessities of the future, after considering her own expensive tastes and listening to the sensible advice of her family, she had consented to this disagreeable but useful bargain.

To-night, as she stared at this man over whom she had reigned haughtily and serenely for the last eight years, he suddenly assumed a new importance. For the first time, he was something more than a banker who paid her bills. For the first time, she wondered if he ever thought of anything more refined, more emotional, than the joys of the table, the delights of bridge, and the profits of the industrial enterprises for which he furnished the capital. . . . She turned to leave, with a sudden start of pride . . . but she was too frightened; advancing toward the sleeping man, she touched his shoulder with her fingertips. *M.* Noël Auberive grunted, stirred. She touched him again. This time he looked at her with bewildered eyes.

"Wake up, do you hear me? Wake up! I have something to tell you," said Odette in a curt voice.

"To tell me, dear . . . at this time of night?" he stammered. "Just a . . . minute. All right. All right, I'm ready."

After a series of grunts, he sat up slowly in bed, and without revealing the surprise he doubtless felt, looked at his wife with his habitual air of placid submission which had never failed to irritate her.

"I have a lot to say, so please don't interrupt me," she continued nervously. "A terrible thing has come into my life . . . yes, into my own life, my private life. I am in danger."

"In danger?"

"Please don't ask stupid questions; it's hard enough already. Yes, I'm in danger. . . . Somebody borrowed money under false pretences, and it's quite possible that I may be compromised. It was Michel . . . yes, Michel Fersanne, my cousin, if you must know the truth. . . . You still don't seem to understand. Perhaps I haven't made myself clear. But . . ."

She stopped, her cheeks bloodless, her hands clenched. Then suddenly she burst out:

"Michel is my lover. He has been my lover since he came back from Africa, three years ago next week. Even when I was a girl, I loved him a little. I should certainly have married him if he'd only been rich, like you. And now—now that I'm your wife and Michel is my lover, I'm sorry I didn't take him, poor as he was. I should have been happier that way. . . . "

There was a silence. *M.* Auberive had listened to his wife's angry confession without any sign of feeling. Odette would have preferred a jealous rage to this dead calm of his; it disconcerted her; it roused her temper.

"You know very well that I never loved you," she continued violently. "How can any woman love a man who forces himself upon her simply because he's rich? Of course, when I married you, I had every intention of being a faithful wife . . . but you never understood my tastes; you never tried to make me happy."

SHE paused once more; this accusation was really too unjust. Accordingly she changed the subject.

"I didn't mean to make excuses. I know that I'm at fault. But you must realize that I'm doing penance to-night by this confession. I've been doing penance since four o'clock this afternoon, when Michel told me the terrible thing he had done. Didn't I say that we've . . . been seeing each other for the last three years? Well! He needed money to furnish his apartment—our apartment; he needed money for clothes, so he wouldn't disgrace me when we went out together. He must have had a thousand expenses that I never even suspected. . . . Of course he never told me about his financial troubles. I thought you were paying him a good salary for his work. And besides, he said he'd been winning money at cards. . . . It wasn't true. He'd been losing, and risking larger sums each time, hoping to win everything back, but he only kept sinking deeper and deeper into debt. I saw him this afternoon. He was nearly out of his head. He confessed everything. He had committed a forgery. . . . He had imitated your signature—yes, your own signature, do you hear? I couldn't quite understand what it was all about, but he had turned it over to a loan-shark, and now this man is persecuting him; he's trying to blackmail Michel . . . Michel and me. He wants to make a scandal. He threatens to tell you the whole story to-morrow, and then go to the police. Michel has no money to pay him. I have no money myself, as you know very well. . . ."

Her voice choked. In a frenzy of shame and anguish, she wrung her hands, but her eyes were dry.

"Now, dearest, really, you mustn't be so upset," *M.* Auberive interrupted in his slow voice. "I don't want you to work yourself into a fever. And besides, your revelations were quite unnecessary. Two years ago I received an anonymous letter that accused you of being your cousin's mistress. You had discharged a chambermaid the week before, and I always thought she wrote it for spite. However, I made a thorough examination and found she was telling the truth. . . . As for the forged signature, the money-lender brought it to my office yesterday afternoon. I told him it was genuine; I paid him and tore up the document. So please don't worry . . . and tell him not to worry."

Odette stared at her husband with a look of bewilderment.

"You knew? . . ." she stammered.

"YES. Maybe I felt unhappy about it; I won't say. When you reproached me for trying to buy your love, you should have remembered, dear, that I often reproach myself for the same reason. My wealth is my only attraction; I'm old, fat, bald, and tiresome; I like good food and comfort. . . . It's not my fault, but neither is it yours. Years ago, when I saw how matters stood, I ceased to force my attentions on you. I left you free; I did my best to satisfy your whims. I love you too much to let you be unhappy. And it's really a pleasure for me to know that you're pretty and gay and dressed in the sort of clothes you like to wear. That's why I said nothing. If I had accused you of being unfaithful, what would have happened? Your character being what it is, you would have left me forever. That was a prospect I couldn't bear, and I should never have spoken except for this incident to-night. There's only one thing I regret. Yesterday I really should have told you there was nothing to fear. In that way I could have spared you some anxious moments, but I wasn't quite sure that you knew the whole story."

He paused. Odette had listened in silence with her eyes fixed on the ground. Shaken by a tempest of conflicting emotions, she was too astonished and bewildered to reply. *M.* Auberive, moreover, seemed to expect no answer.

"If you don't mind, I'm going back to sleep," he said after a moment in his usual tone of placid submission. "I advise you to

(Continued on page 116)

SHEELER

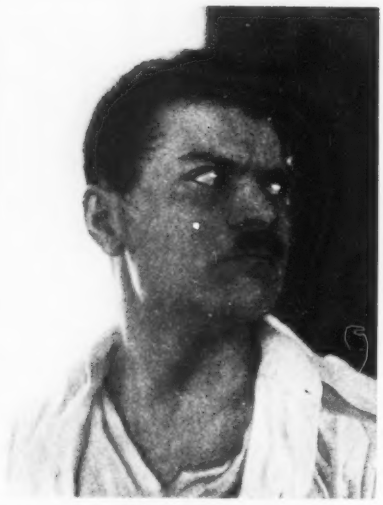
A Needle's Eye View of Miriam Hopkins

Latest and Blondest of Guild Ingénues in a Comedy by the Czech Playwright, Frantisek Langer

THIS side of Paradise no damosel is said to wear such a platinum halo as Miriam Hopkins, the newest of the younger school of heroines who have won invitations to join in the decennial revels of the Theatre Guild. Miss Hopkins has one of the chief parts in *The Camel Through the Needle's Eye*, a comedy by that same versatile Czech, Frantisek Langer, whose madly tragic *Peripherie* was done for us here last season by Herr Professor Reinhardt's troupe in a sweetened version. Philip Moeller, specialist in the adaptation of these Central European plays into suave and sprightly Americanese, sees to it that Miss Hopkins skips prettily through the aperture of Langer's comedy. From the South Miss Hopkins hails, and veils her vibrancy behind a soft, sub-Mason-Dixon-Line voice. She has hitherto been heroine to many plays, including *An American Tragedy*, *Excess Baggage* and the ill-fated *Garden of Eden*. Her forte is the flapper, her fair aim the glorification of the wild young beauties of this or any other land. Her last previous appearance was in *Flight*, the quaint romance of a gilded miss with two or three possible fathers of her impending child, thereby proving perhaps, that, on this or that side of the footlights, gentlemen prefer Miriam Hopkins

COVARRUBIAS

The caricatures of Miguel Covarrubias, who had his first American successes at eighteen, are already well-known to the readers of *Vanity Fair*, but what is not so well-known is that for the past eighteen months he has turned to painting in oil, in addition to his stage settings, designs for ballet, and book illustration



OROZCO

José Clemente Orozco, called the "Mexican Goya", has brought to painting an extraordinary vehemence, and a shrewd and seeing interpretation of the Mexican people. Perhaps his finest works are his murals in the National Preparatory School in Mexico City

TAMAYO

Rufino Tamayo is one of the most important figures in the group of younger Mexican artists, among whom he has remained the most insusceptible to foreign influences. His paintings have been shown in America at the Weyhe Galleries and at the Art Centre

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHERRIL SCHELL

(Left)

CHAVEZ

The compositions of Carlos Chavez, Director of the National Conservatory of Music at Mexico City, have already been performed in America by the Philadelphia Orchestra and at the Copeland Sessions Concert. Diego Ribera and Covarrubias have made designs for his two ballets, *Four Suns* and *New Fire*

(Right)

HIDALGO

Luis Hidalgo, the friend and contemporary of Covarrubias, has made his own the satirical art of wax-portraiture. His astonishing *figurines* employ anything that comes to hand, hair, glass, whatnot, and a gallery of his caricatures of celebrities was recently on exhibition at the Arden Galleries in New York

Men of Mexico

Practitioners of Four Arts Who Are Outstanding Decorations of Contemporary Mexican Culture

THE five men presented on this page may serve as an introduction to the present culture of Mexico, where two of the most ancient civilizations of Europe and the Americas have decayed, passed jointly through their Dark Ages, and now, the Spanish and the Indian strains commingled, are beginning to assert a new and unified culture. It is a strange, rude, violent land populated by a strange, dark, soft-seeming race, probably one of the most virile races alive today. The work of these men has not been refined and made palatable by a spinster society, it has only that peace and balance that is arrived at by violence, the calm at the vortex of the whirlwind. Mexican art is far nearer the earth, intimately and mystically, than the art of any Nordic tribe can ever come. And it remains finally inexplicable. Covarrubias, Orozco, Hidalgo, Tamayo, and Chavez, these men, in whatever forms they work, express a basically identical spirit, sensuous, amoral, rejoicing in objectivity, understanding the appearances of people and things and from the completeness of this understanding intuitively competent to adduce the interior meaning. Though it is impossible to say the final word, they have the excellences of a deep peasant shrewdness, and a highly aristocratic sensibility

A Strange Disappearance

Being the Case of a Prominent Jurist Who Vanished Mysteriously in the Early Days of the Republic

By EDMUND PEARSON

At dusk, on a stormy December afternoon, a gentleman of venerable appearance descended into the lobby of the old City Hotel in New York. He was strongly built, rather tall, and dressed in black, with a tight-bodied coat in the style affected by the Quakers. His hair was powdered, and he carried a huge umbrella.

The old gentleman was an honoured patron of the hotel, and the hall-boy carefully brushed his coat, before opening the door for his departure. He walked out into the twilight, and vanished from human sight.

On the twelfth of December, 1929, precisely one hundred years will have elapsed since Chancellor Lansing left the City Hotel, and to this day nobody knows what happened to him. Of all the mysterious disappearances, this alone concerned a man really distinguished,—familiar by name to the whole community, and by sight to most of it.

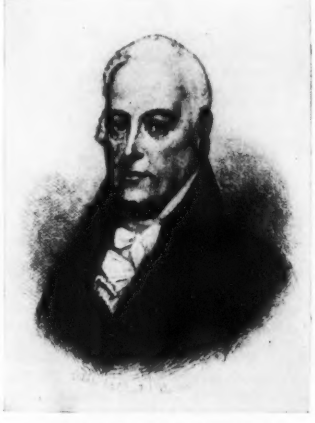
John Lansing, then aged seventy-six, was as widely known to his day as Mr. Elihu Root or Mr. Charles Evans Hughes is to ours. He had served in the Revolution, as military secretary to General Philip Schuyler; had been elected again and again to the Assembly, and had been Speaker. He was once Mayor of Albany. With Alexander Hamilton and Robert Yates, he went to the Constitutional Convention at Philadelphia. His course there was not his most useful service, for then and thereafter he nearly kept New York out of the Union. John Fiske calls Lansing and Yates "the two irreconcilables", but a more friendly view credits them with helping to secure the first amendments to the Constitution, known as the Bill of Rights.

Lansing was once nominated for Governor, but declined to run. His most valuable work was done in his twenty-four years as judge. He occupied the posts of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New York, and Chancellor. He presided at the extraordinary trial of Levi Weeks for the murder of Miss Sands, in 1800. For fifteen years he had been retired from public office, and was living in his native city of Albany.

THE Chancellor came to New York the morning of Saturday, December 12, 1829, and stayed at the City Hotel, on Broadway, near Trinity Church. He had breakfast there, and also dinner,—the latter meal probably at about two in the afternoon. After dinner, he went to his room, and wrote some letters.

It has sometimes been supposed that when he left the hotel he was going to take the five o'clock boat back to Albany. This is improbable, because he left his luggage in his room, and also because he had an engagement for tea, at six o'clock, with Mr. Robert Ray, at 29 Marketfield Street, near the Battery. It is reasonable to guess, however, that he may have intended to go first to the boat, in order to mail the letters he had been writing. At all events, he was never seen at the boat, or at Mr. Ray's house.

If such an eminent man vanished today, we can imagine what the newspapers would do about it. There was the greatest concern and excitement over the Chancellor's disappearance, but for more than two weeks the New York papers utterly ignored the event. This may have been because local news was supposed to be known by everyone, and therefore was not worth printing; or it may have been for considerations of good taste. At last, on December 29th, the *Evening Post*, the *Spectator* and the *Commercial Advertiser*, alluded to the mystery, in notices of about three lines in length. This was done almost apologetically, and merely to call attention to an inconspicuous advertisement, offering the modest reward of $100. for information concerning the missing man's whereabouts.



CHANCELLOR LANSING
This is a likeness of John Lansing, distinguished American jurist, whose disappearance almost a century ago, remains an insoluble riddle

The advertisers, Jacob Sutherland and Edward Livingstone, suggested, as a possibility, that the Chancellor might have mistaken his way in the storm, and fallen into the river at the foot of Marketfield Street. They described his appearance, and added that he carried an old-fashioned English gold watch, of which the outer case had been lost. A large white carnelian seal was attached to the watch chain or ribbon. He also carried a large magnifying glass, to be used instead of spectacles in reading. He was in good health, and had never suffered from any mental infirmity. The reward, however, was unclaimed, and the Chancellor, living or dead, remained undiscovered.

Now, there are two events which provoke even more interest than a notorious murder. One is the abduction of a child for ransom, —a crime often more cruel than murder, and more certain to cause public wrath. The other is the unexplained disappearance of an adult person, who has no apparent motive for flight or self-destruction.

One reason for the perpetual interest in disappearances, is that the possible causes are so many: the field is open for such a variety of guesses. There is abduction, murder, accident or suicide. To some owlish people there is only one explanation: a scandal. They nod their heads with the profound wisdom of the Complete Cynic.

"Oh, it's perfectly well known what happened to him—or her!"

If it is a man, there are difficulties about money; if a woman, surely a shameful love affair. The Complete Cynic is always in style, but, since we all are permitted a surmise, I should like to offer a guess that some of the disappearances are, on the part of the missing person, quite innocent. The forcible abduction of an adult person, who comes from the ordinary, respectable class of society, is a very rare thing. But an undetected murder, or an unexplained accident is not an impossibility. Nor, if the body of a missing person is never found, is there proof that the police, or the relatives, are concealing knowledge. Because the bodies of suicides are usually discovered, and the bodies of murdered persons are very hard to conceal, it does not follow that concealment is not occasionally successful.

There was something of a panic in New York in the winter of 1829-30, following the disappearance of the old Chancellor. The terrible stories of Burke and Hare, the Edinburgh murderers, had recently come across the ocean. Doctors were supposed to be snatching not only dead bodies from the grave, but living people from the streets. One tale, which went about, was that children had been found in houses, seated in chairs, their feet immersed in warm water, an artery cut, and the poor creatures left slowly to bleed to death.

WOMEN and children were not allowed to go out at night, even to walk a few steps to church, without a male protector armed with a cudgel. Mr. George Halsey remembered coming out from an evening service with his father, and observing that his parent was only one of a number of men who carried big hickory clubs. The negroes were especially alarmed, and some of them recalled for years thereafter, the sensation of terror which often kept them indoors altogether after night had fallen.

More than half a century after all attempts to find Mr. Lansing had been given up, the curtain was half raised, and then let fall again in an exasperating fashion. The story recalls one or two books by English police officials, in which the authors hint that they knew who Jack the Ripper really was!

In the early 80's, there were published the memoirs of the journalist and politician, Thurlow Weed. The author, Mr. Weed's grandson, says that his grandfather was the confidant for many secrets, and that one day there came to him "a gentleman of high position", with some documents. These papers

(Continued on page 106)

CAMOUFLAGE

A Turk transformed is Ali Ben Azzam, dealer in Oriental antiques. Al finds that his Western goggles create instant kinship with American customers. He has intelligently done away with the lenses which interfered with his business

CHASSE AUX DAMES

How skillfully metamorphosed by his horn-rimmed dimmers is that experienced *boulevardier, M.* le Comte de Coulisses. They give him a benevolent air, making innocence approachable and modesty less timorous. This is the Idea

BUSINESS AS USUAL

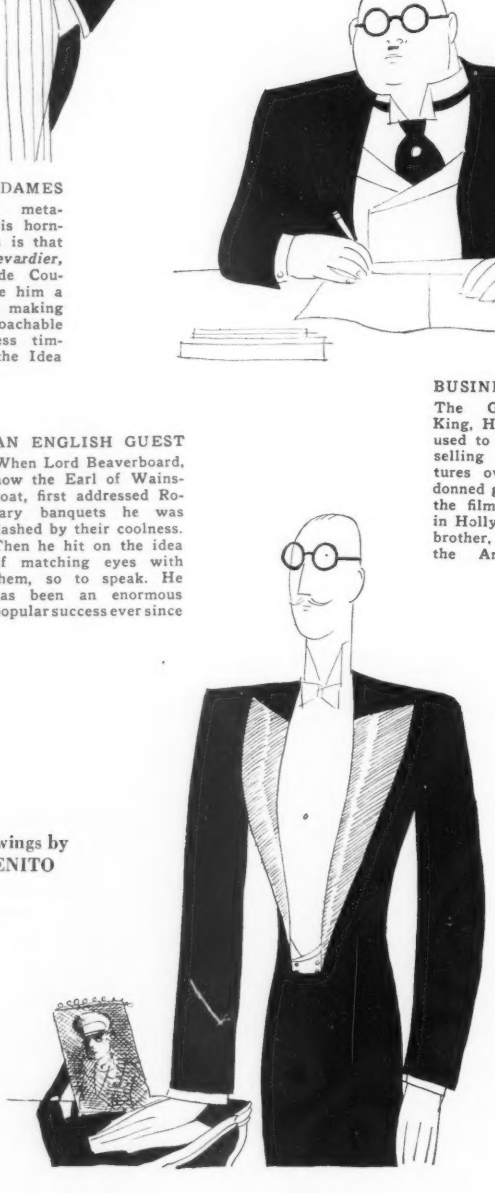
The German Cinema King, Herr Von Graffitz, used to find difficulty in selling his feature pictures overseas until he donned glasses like those the film magnates wear in Hollywood. Now, as a brother, he has flooded the American market

A MYOPIC MATADOR

Can you imagine a more nervous person than Rodriguez, Idol of the Madrid arenas, when he discovered he was so near-sighted he could see the bull only when it was practically too late? Thank goodness for his new American wind-shields

AN ENGLISH GUEST

When Lord Beaverboard, now the Earl of Wainscoat, first addressed Rotary banquets he was dashed by their coolness. Then he hit on the idea of matching eyes with them, so to speak. He has been an enormous popular success ever since



Drawings by
BENITO

Europe Through Horn-Rimmed Glasses

Showing the Tremendous Influence of an American Innovation Upon the Aspect of the Old World

Speaking of Islands

Wherein Especial Reference Is Made to Manhattan and the Drinking of Djerba's Lotus Blossoms

By LOUIS GOLDING

I INSIST to myself frequently that it is illogical to be so spellbound by islands as I am, and to be the more abjectly under their spell the more inaccessible they are. After all, islands partake of the nature of land in general, the same sky is over them, the same rock and earth constitute them. All you have to do is to pretend that the sea is round the next corner or washes the hinder slope of the hill you have just descended. If you pretend firmly enough, you can perhaps enjoy the experience of feeling yourself on an island without the inconvenience of actually getting there. Nor need you diet yourself sparsely on dry toast and tea; nor swallow furtive prophylactics against sickness when your hearty friends are not looking.

But it will not do. You cannot so deceive yourself. An island is an island. It is even more bravely an island if you must pay for landing there with much tribulation. And the scientists and sociologists will tell that an island is not merely a lump of mainland surrounded by water. If you artificially convert Indiana into an island tomorrow, it will develop its private modifications in fauna and flora, non-human and human. Its dialect will acquire its own subtle inflections. Its air and water will strike the nostrils and the palate adventurously.

I CONFESS that to me an island is consummately an island when it is one of the islands visited by Odysseus in his wayfaring. For which reason I am convinced that Odysseus must have preceded Verrazano—or was it Christopher Columbus?—in the landing upon Manhattan, which is one of the world's two supreme islands.

It was a whale of a wind that blew him so far out of his course from Ithaca. But then, of course, it is just possible that the Authoress of the Odyssey (please consult Samuel Butler) meant *Rhode Island* when she wrote *Ithaca.* And has not Manhattan exactly the characteristics of the Odyssean islands, any of them? Do not the sirens sing in Manhattan? If they do not, it is not Mr. Ziegfeld's fault. Does not Circe send her lovers rooting for truffles in the thick loam of Wall Street? Do not Aeolus and Polyphemus . . . no, I hardly think I need labour the point. It is in one respect only that Manhattan does not fill the bill of any of the Odyssean islands. And that is, there are no lotus-eaters here. This is a land where it is never afternoon. And in order to eat lotus (or drink it, to be exact) you must go across the Atlantic and through the Pillars of Hercules into the Mediterranean, and so along the coast of Tunisia, to the Gulf of Gabes; till you come at length to Djerba, the Island of the Lotophagi. But that is the other supreme island. We will get over there shortly.

I said that a man falls the more abjectly under the spell of islands the more inaccessible they are. And Manhattan, of course, is the most inaccessible of them all. There is no doubt that Giovanni da Verrazano thought so. (It was not Christopher Columbus, was it?) And there is no doubt that you think so, too, if you live in Flatbush Avenue, which is (I understand) in Brooklyn, and you need to get into a Manhattan office, and away from it, every morning and evening. Moreover, they say that in the Bronx . . . but this, after all, is a respectable journal. . . .

Closely bound up with this devotion to islands is the impulse to buy one, to own it all yourself. The idea of buying Manhattan, of course, becomes increasingly chimerical, though I have met a large number of policemen and a small number of police lieutenants whose bearing suggests that if they have not bought Manhattan, they at least own it. But perhaps the island one would like to own would have to be a little lonelier. Not that the concept of solitude is in itself attractive. Nobody ever gets any satisfaction from the thought of being marooned in the middle of a continent. But to be left in supreme isolation on the last island of Polynesia is a destiny for which children would abandon all their dreams of being firemen or Presidents of Corporations, and old men would throw overboard all their gilt-edged securities. Not long ago a distinguished business-man in England bought up Lundy Island, over against the coast of Somerset. He tried to deceive himself and us that he embarked on it as a purely commercial proposition. But I do not doubt that for years a dæmon has whispered in his ear at the hushed moment of midnight, and the voice will no longer be gainsaid. And now, should he desire to make himself a crown out of seaweed and a necklace out of cockle shells and fashion his royal sceptre out of a spar of driftwood—he is the King of Lundy Island. Who shall say him nay?

THE important thing about the island you buy is that it be very small; so you would certainly deduce from the experience of Compton Mackenzie. He had gone a long way towards possessing himself of the island of Capri—this was in the days when the extraordinary women were still heaping bowls of incense before the vestal fires. Then, realizing that Capri was too large, he bought Herm, which is one of the Channel Islands, and found Herm also by several acres too large. Whereon he bought Jethou. For the circuit of the perfect island is such (he explained) that you must be able to recite *The Raven* once forward, once backward, then spit three times, and so find yourself at the point you started from.

The ancients deemed that no bliss transcended the blisses of the Hesperidean Islands. We ourselves are as insular in our teleology, for in our contemplation of Heaven, we imagine ourselves seated upon little separate islands of cloud, smaller than Jethou, with wings in place of fins to bridge the distances. But for myself, I should like to anticipate that remote felicity by a real island of rock and grass, with blue waters lapping into its tiny caverns. As a boy, it was an island in Derwentwater, in Westmoreland, that captured my fancy:

On Friar's Crag my body will lie down,
On green grass and earth brown.

But so far as I remember I only wanted to die there, and seeing that the island in question has now passed into the possession of the nation, I shall be denied even that satisfaction. The waters of the English Channel are too green and choppy for my dream, so that I shall set up no rival island to Compton Mackenzie's.

Where then? The South Seas? But I should hate to have to bathe from my own island in a costume of cast iron for fear of sharks. No, there are no seas more Elysian than the Mediterranean.

Capri? The competition is a little violent. Stromboli? The island that stands northward from Sicily, crested with flame and smoke? I can see lots of uses for a nice tame volcano. What an admirable place for week-end parties consisting of people you do not like. "This way to the crater, gentlemen!". . . But it might be a little disturbing to get up one morning and find your vegetable garden entombed in twenty feet of hot lava.

NO, not Capri, not Stromboli. It shall be Djerba, Island of the Lotus-Eaters, the other supreme island, Manhattan's antithesis. Perhaps, in point of fact, Odysseus never landed upon the island of Manhattan at all. I must confess there was a sort of heavy playfulness about my suggestion. But there is no doubt about Djerba. Of that sole island can it be stated with certainty, by all the theorists, that it was that place and no other the poet intended, when he deposited his hapless sailors there. Whether Capri was the Island of the Sirens or Ischia was Circe's Island, is by no means sure. But sure it is that the wind of Djerba is rhythmic with the sublime hexameters. Djerba is for me, therefore, more than an island, if the language and my mind can rise to such a conception. It is an altar, a Holy of Holies. It was the last of the Odyssean islands I visited and has that essential characteristic of the best islands—it is as inaccessible as Manhattan itself. I hardly think it is much easier to get there now than it was in the days of Odysseus. Twice or three times a month a snorting little steamboat sets out thence from Tunis. Or you may take the long train journey by Sousse and Sfax and into the arid south, where the palms of the oasis of Gabes rise against the shallow sea. Thence the noisiest public automobile in Africa proceeds into its most mysterious territory—the country of the troglodytes, the cave-dwellers, whom Herodotus encountered here some centuries before Christ, and whose furniture and garments now are no more complex than they were then.

You halt for an hour or two in the incredible town of Medenine, where I will not allow my pen to linger lest I never arrive

(Continued on page 126)

Next to Nothing

How a Silly Woman, After a Shopping Delirium, Expiated Her Lie Before It Became the Truth

By MICHEL CORDAY

"COME along, my dear. You must not miss such an opportunity. Just think, Lanoix is selling out his summer models. They are absolutely new dresses. Really, they can be bought for next to nothing."

And little Mrs. Gale finally yielded and allowed her friend to drag her off to the shop of the great *couturier* Lanoix. To still the reproaches of her conscience, she assured herself under her breath that she would just go to look around and would not buy anything. For it wouldn't be fair at all. She knew that her husband was killing himself with work, and that they were still far from being well off.

But how resist temptation when confronting these marvels of taste, these smart inventions, these miracles of freshness? During vivacious and tumultuous consultations among friends, one becomes animated, one gets excited! This taffeta! That gabardine! And everything at such exceptional prices! Mrs. Gale could hold off no longer. She could not let this rare opportunity escape her. It cast a spell over her—and she bought two dresses.

Alas! She was not long in regretting this moment of folly. After dinner the same evening, the maid placed a huge cardboard box on the table, in Monsieur's presence. Mrs. Gale would have liked to gain time, to delay her confession until some more propitious moment. But her little daughter Lucienne was fidgeting with curiosity. She wanted to know what was in the big box. And she was the charming little tyrant who ruled over this house. Her husband, who had become suspicious and uneasy, seconded the child's questions.

"What is that?"

MRS. GALE lowered her eyes.

"It is . . . from Lanoix."

"A dress?"

"Yes. . . That is to say . . . two dresses." And she hastily began extolling the rare opportunity that it was, the sale of the summer models.

"What price?"

She pronounced a sum which seemed to her enormous, now that she was no longer in the shop. And in fact the wrinkles did increase on her husband's forehead. He said nothing. He sighed. But this resigned silence was still more painful than violent reproaches would have been. Mrs. Gale was fully aware that she had done something stupid. Her little heart was filled with remorse. Tears tugged at her eyelids.

Then in order to drown her regrets in pleasure, she opened the box, while Lucienne raised an impatient little snout above the table. Alas! Mrs. Gale could hardly recognize her dresses. How could she have thought them so bright in the *salons* of Lanoix? Why—they were horribly faded! It was obvious that they had been used as models for a whole season. The colour, the material, had been corroded by the light. They were no longer dresses, they were spider webs. They would probably fall apart the very first time she wore them.

And her combined indignation and remorse gave her the courage of a supreme resolve, a resolve of which she would not ordinarily have been capable: she would return the dresses.

But how cancel the purchase? For she had undeniably bought these deceptive tatters. It was too late to retract. She sat before the open box, deep in thought. Suddenly, an inspiration struck her. And immediately she wrote without pause:

"Gentlemen:

A sudden unforeseen period of mourning makes it impossible for me to wear the two dresses which I selected to-day at your summer sales. I should be grateful to you if you could let me know whether you are willing to take them back.

Very sincerely yours,

Mrs. Gale."

AFTER LONG HOURS

By Charles A. Wagner

AFTER long hours of journey,
After long rain
And the mist of many rivers
I return again.

I am no longer easy
To your slow torment,
My pack is high with living
And my woe all spent.

My shoes are clay and clover,
My eyes are strangely clear
And somewhere on the highway
I lost your beauty's fear.

My hat is brimmed with laughter,
My hands are hard with pride
And sorrow did not leave a stain
Of all that you denied.

After long days of journey,
After long rain
I come to fill my empty heart
With your neglect again.

Ah! That was a good piece of work done. The maid went to post the letter immediately, so that it might go off the same evening. Mrs. Gale herself would put her little Lucienne to bed.

She undressed her, a song on her lips, deliciously relieved and hopeful. Her husband would be pleased when he learned that she had cancelled her order for the two dresses. . . She dreamed, smiling.

But what was the matter? Lucienne, who had been so lively and cheerful a short while ago, was groaning softly in her little bed. She laid the back of her hand against her. Her whole body was burning. Her eyes were gleaming. Her cheeks were on fire. She was shaken with a little dry cough. Was she going to be sick?

Mrs. Gale promptly called her husband. Leaning over the child, united in their anxiety, they watched the progress of the disease. The mother became frantic. This incessant whimper was breaking her heart.

And of a sudden, a hideous fear shot through her mind like a flash of lightning. *She had lied about being in mourning, she had invented this period of mourning—and now it was to become a reality. Her lie had brought death into her home! . . .*

The next morning the situation was worse. The doctor, who had been called the first thing, shook his head and was not able to conceal his uneasiness. He hesitated to declare himself. He said that he would return in the evening.

Then followed those frightful hours in which one dwells upon the most dismal thoughts, revolving them over and over again, weary and disheartened with life. The unhappy woman was ceaselessly and pitilessly haunted by the premonition that she had predicted her own state of mourning.

THEN the doctor returned. He did not hesitate this time. Diphtheria had asserted itself, the illness which is the terror of mothers despite the miraculous discovery of serum. Without any further delay the doctor proceeded to give an injection.

But the poor mother hardly dared hope, she was so stricken with superstitious dread. And while she was waiting to learn the effects of the injection, the maid informed her in a low voice that a clerk from Lanoix had come for the dresses. . .

Then she sprang up impulsively, went to this woman in the next room, and yielding to an irresistible need of absolution, she burst out:

"Listen to me. I wrote that I was in mourning It is not true. It was an excuse. The dresses were too expensive. I will keep them if necessary. But I am not in mourning. . . I am not in mourning. . ."

Then, as she broke into sobs:

"Excuse me. . . My little girl is sick."

The clerk from Lanoix was keen and sensitive enough to understand this little drama. And she answered gently:

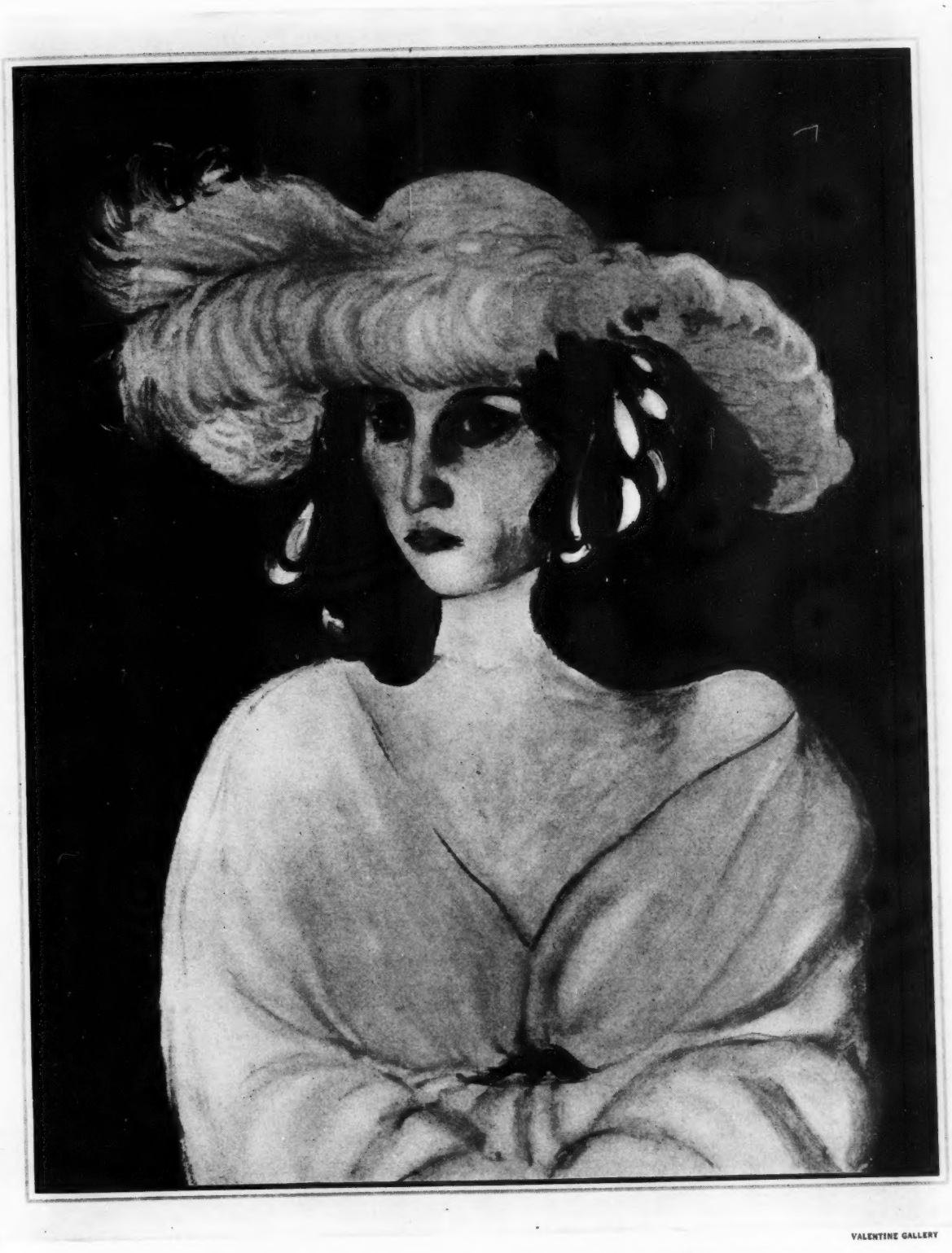
"Oh! The reasons that people give, you know, don't matter. I will take back the dresses just the same. It is nothing. The sale is still on."

Mrs. Gale breathed more easily. Now that she had confessed, it seemed to her as though she had erased her lie, that she had averted misfortune.

And on returning to the sick-room, she was not greatly surprised when the doctor smiled and whispered proudly to her in a hushed voice:

"She is saved."

But Mrs. Gale was at the end of her strength. Her happiness was more than she could bear. Ah! she would never be caught trying to take advantage of rare opportunities like that again!



VALENTINE GALLERY

Lady With Plumes—By Henri Matisse

A Portrait by the Great French Modernist, Which Has Just Been Acquired by an American Collector

THIS portrait, *Lady With Plumes,* was painted in 1919 by Henri Matisse, who is now generally accepted as the leader of the modern movement in French art. Beyond its characteristic "simplification, organization and colour expression" (the Matisse credo in its entirety), the picture is memorable for its audacious and amazingly felicitous colour-scale. Against a beet-red background is imposed the yellowish-white of the hat, the cream white of the dress and the delicate flesh tints in the face and throat, the whole apparently detonated and at the same time integrated by the black plumes at the cheeks. The canvas was sold, in New York, for a record price to an American collector. Despite the comparative antiquity of his first fame, Matisse is still attacking the problem of painting with unchecked force. He, Picasso and Derain seem to be the most active members of that advancing, many-phased company which includes Braque, Segonzac, Bonnard, Dufy, Pascin, Modigliani and Laurencin, from which the world, a decade hence, will select the great masters of the present. Indeed, there is to be, in October, a notable exhibition of the work of all these artists, when we shall have an opportunity to weigh their quality and importance

From a Note-Book

How an Author Lost His Chance of Happiness—and Three Short Tales Without a Moral

By FERENC MOLNÁR

§ I

IT happened in Venice, in a café in the San Marco. A party of German tourists was sitting at the table next to mine. It was composed evidently of members of two families. They talked about a man whose name I could not quite catch, although, as their conversation progressed, I very much wanted to learn who he was. The name sounded like "Anspea" to me. It could have been a carelessly pronounced "Hans Beer" or "Franz Beer", or a hurriedly pronounced "Ansperger", as it could have been a combination of initials, something like "Hans P. A." I don't know.

Anyway, Anspea or whatever his name was, emerged in my life that afternoon and disappeared again when the German tourists departed. I have never seen them again. But, for a long time thereafter, I have been thinking of Anspea longingly, yearningly, enviously. He has been to me what the soaring wild duck was to the wabbling goose in Maupassant's beautiful poem.

The first fact I learned about Anspea was that he recommended a cheap yet excellent hotel in Venice to one of the two families. The family was extremely satisfied and, as far as I could gather from their conversation, they paid about half the price I did.

"ANSPEA knows his way about in Venice," they declared. And they smiled as if they had said: "Is it possible that there is a spot anywhere in the world where Anspea does not know his way about?" Then they talked about Anspea in more detail. In a short while I learned quite a bit about him. I put down only those facts I could still remember that evening. But there were many more. Many, many more.

It appears Anspea knew a shop in Venice where leathergoods were forty per cent cheaper than anywhere else. Anspea knew a shop in Vienna where ladies' bags were rejuvenated for ten shillings a-piece. Anspea had a "subscription" arrangement with a tailor by which he got fifty-two new suits a year. Anspea could secure Austrian cigarettes which were manufactured under the State Monopoly for members of the Automobile Club only, at the regular retail price. These cigarettes were known to be superior in quality to those sold in cigar stores. Anspea knew how to register one's baggage on trains without having a railroad ticket. The dollar stood at 18 *lire* at that time; Anspea knew of a bank where they paid 18.20. The mosquitoes ate up all the visitors in Venice that summer; Anspea burned some small cubes in his room and the resulting smoke drove out the mosquitoes. Sometimes the terrific stench drove out everybody else too, interjected one of the ladies, but, as a matter of fact, the mosquitoes vanished. Anspea knew of a physician in Treviso who cured *ischialgia* in three days—a guaranteed cure. Anspea knew how to travel home from Venice free of charge. Anspea recommended a laundering method which made those little bubble-like protrusions on starched shirt-bosoms impossible.

Anspea shaved himself with a safety razor that consisted of only three parts. (Mine has four parts.) Anspea had a fountain pen from which the ink never spattered, not even when one tried. Anspea recommended the following cure against bronchitis: mix milk and honey at the ratio of two to one and drink one gulp of the compound every half an hour. Anspea had a device which did not cut off the end of a cigar, only punctured it. Anspea knew a *portier* who sold subscription tickets to the motor-boats of the Excelsior Hotel; one could get twelve rides for the price of ten. Anspea had a little steam-device which cleaned the dirtiest pipe in a minute. Anspea knew restaurants in Venice which sold Munich beer and places in Florence which sold Pilsen beer. Anspea had a cigarette lighter which the wind could not blow out; on the contrary, it burned better in stormy weather.

Anspea boarded his family in a pension and he paid as much for five persons on the Lido as I did for myself alone in Venice.

Anspea had a notebook with washable pages, he never needed an eraser. Anspea knew of a salve which prevented sunburn. Anspea knew how to address railroad porters and waiters in any language. Next Autumn Anspea was going to get a chauffeur, for one of the families, who had been serving in the same place for nineteen years and who repaired the motor himself.

THE party left the café before I did. But they continued to expand the Anspea-legend. For a second, I wanted to go after them. I hesitated. I thought of getting acquainted with Anspea to live in whose proximity would mean clear sailing in life, to enjoy whose friendship would mean a long succession of sunny, wise, calm and careless years—in one word: happiness.

But I did not follow them and so I lost Anspea forever. I was left behind with all the thousand and one little troubles of this world; I was left behind in an expensive hotel, with a bad safety razor in my trunk, sadly tortured by mosquitoes, with bubbles on my stiff-bosom shirts, with a leaking fountain pen in my pocket, with a lighter that would not light for anything in the world, with a touch of *ischialgia*, compelled to drink terrible Italian beer, with a soreness due to sunburn, and stupid every time I needed a railroad porter in Italy.

The happy Germans went away taking Anspea with them, Anspea who knew everything, almost everything, who spread wisdom and happiness among his acquaintances, who helped all who came to him for advice.

Now I know how difficult it is to live without Anspea! Ever since that afternoon, ever since I first heard the Anspea-epic, I have been lonely, miserable, awkward and lost. This world, as it is arranged now, is Anspea's world—not mine.

§ II

I was browsing about among some old volumes in a second-hand book-shop. The proprietor suddenly turned to me and pointed at a long row of handsomely bound volumes.

"Look," he said, "here's a bargain for you."

I went to the shelf and looked at the set. It was a well-known German *History of the World* in forty volumes, beautifully bound.

"I can let you have it very cheaply," said the bookseller.

"Thank you," I said, "I don't want it."

"It's a beautiful set, an extraordinary bargain. Very nice binding. As clean as if it were new."

"Thanks, I don't need it," I repeated.

"This set comes from the library of the Baroness W., you know, the wife of the famous banker."

I became nervous:

"Do you think you will impress me with this statement? Do you think that just because it once belonged to the famous Baroness I will want it any more?"

He smiled patronizingly and paternally:

"No, I don't think so. I merely wanted to give you convincing proof that the set in question is spotlessly clean, that no human hand has ever touched it."

§ III

AN old, white moustached Hungarian gentleman was sitting with some friends in a railroad compartment. They were engaged in an animated conversation. I was sitting in a corner, alone, forlorn, silent.

In the course of the conversation, the old gentleman remarked:

"I am sixty years old, but I have never seen anything like it."

Whereupon another gentleman remarked:

"Pista, don't lie. You know you are sixty-three."

Short silence.

"But I am *sixty as the crow flies*," said Pista quietly.

I repeat this remark because it is more and better than a mere jest: one could not possibly express more crisply and more tersely the fact that the great events are those that make up one's life and not the many little detours which might as well have been left out altogether.

§ IV

When Michael Bohnen first sang at the Vienna Opera House after the war, he scored such success that the ticket speculators bought up all the available seats for his second appearance and sold them at ten, even twenty times the box-office prices. But for his third appearance, they could manage to get hold of a few tickets only, and despite the fact that the value of the tickets had risen to even greater heights, they did not sell their tickets but went to the Opera instead to hear Bohnen.

That is what I call "success".

OGLE

Aerial Sculpture; or From Flagpole to Street

A Bird's-Eye View of the Statue Crowning the Façade of the N. W. Ayer Building in Philadelphia

The Lecture Rush

How the Visiting Hordes of British Novelists Have Been Searching for a Gold Mine in America

By COMPTON MACKENZIE

THE gold-rush to California will probably remain the classic example of men travelling a long way in a great hurry to get rich quickly; but the rush of British authors to lecture in the United States during the years immediately after the war should always keep a conspicuous place in the annals of human endurance, and I look forward to reading in the obituaries of some of my distinguished contemporaries (if I may thus express myself without being misunderstood either by fate or by them) some such epigraph as this: "Z— was one of the first authors to cross the Atlantic during the famous lecture-rush of 192—. With characteristic enterprise and originality he pegged out a claim to the title *Aspects of the English Novel*, which at least twenty of his fellow adventurers had chosen for their theme, and he delivered this lecture in over a hundred of the chief towns of the United States. 'There were giants on the earth in those days.'" At first most of these autopioneers were novelists; but later on there was a demand for the popular biographers of the moment, which is perhaps to make a distinction without a difference. The poets like the poor were always about, and a few memoir-writers and professional young men like Mr. Beverley Nichols made up what may be called the quota.

THE adventurous side of human nature has always much attracted my ambition, and I used to fancy that I was going to sit for hours, in the approved style of the hero in the first chapter or two of a romantic novel, listening with open eyes and tightly closed mouth to the tales of returned lecturers.

There was a thrill in going down to lunch with my publisher in the Strand and being told that some old friend with whom I had been accustomed to debate the menu would not be with us to-day because he was off to lecture in Philadelphia in the morning. The news would bring a whiff of fresh air into the restaurant; I would let the menu drop idly from my fingers and sit there to dream for a few moments of my colleague rehearsing to the wild Atlantic winds, the opening sentences of his lecture, dream of him telling the customs officials that he had nothing to declare, he would have so much to declare, dream of his clear eyes scanning the great open spaces before him, except when he was actually lecturing, on which occasion the hall would, of course, always be uncomfortably crowded, dreaming of him sitting down to a Barmecide breakfast in a Middle-Western hotel, dream of him laying down the literary law in his sleep while the train went clanging through the night toward Chicago, dream of him voluble upon a peak in Darien, dream of him coming back, not bronzed but gilded, to live rich and happy ever afterwards, until by this time the waiter would have grown tired of waiting for me to order my lunch and would have administered a light subtly suggestive cough to the back of my extremely sensitive neck.

Usually an impenetrable obscurity would surround the words and deeds of the lecturer from the moment he went up the gangway of the liner at Southampton until the moment he descended it a few months later. At intervals rumour in the shape of a press-cutting would reach one of us from the heart of America and we would learn with what piety a colleague had buried our reputations in Kalamazoo or demonstrated in Oshkosh the weakness of our literary position. We would feel that our colleagues were often rising on stepping-stones of their dead shelves to higher things, of which there was nothing to complain, since after all, though dog may not eat dog, there was no reason why a lion should sniff at such a meal.

But what there was seriously to complain about was the unimaginative behaviour of the lecturer when he descended the gangway at Southampton on his return. Beyond a few stories about the lack of success enjoyed by rival lecturers, we at home would be left without an inkling of his adventures. He might merely have been fiddling round the world like Kreisler or playing about it like Paderewski. No doubt he might be feeling a little piqued at first by the icy reserve of the English spring, but it is definitely the business, nay, the duty of a novelist to invent exciting adventures if he cannot experience them, and as for a biographer of the present mode if he cannot compose a good story . . .

IT was ridiculous to plead, as nearly all these returned lecturers insisted on pleading, that they had eaten too much or drunk too much or spent too many nights in the train or shaken hands with too many people. They had time to recover from any amount of that sort of thing on the voyage back. Marco Polo, Casanova, Trelawney, Herodotus, Baron Münchausen, none of them ever made bodily fatigue or stomachic repletion an excuse to shirk a good lie about his travels. We did not expect to be told that the natives of Iowa all had three heads or that in South Dakota rubies and emeralds were commoner than pebbles on Brighton beach; but we did expect to be given at least as fantastic an account of America and Americans as we had to presume from many of their novels and biographies they would have given to an American audience of Great Britain and the British. Some of them, it is true, did issue their impressions of the United States when they returned; but such of these books as I read mostly confined themselves to observations on steam-heating and the comparative discomfort of sleeping along the train or across it. We stay-at-homes hoped that one of our representatives would do for America what Henry James did for Europe. We wanted to see America mirrored in the clear eyes of our novelists and biographers and poets, we who in Europe had so tiresomely beheld it in eyes that were filmed. We knew that fools were apt to rush in where angels feared to tread; but we did not feel that when Columbia saw our lecturers she would say like Pope Gregory the Great of the captive Anglo-Saxons in Rome, '*Non Angli, sed angeli*', and so we found no reason why they should step so timorously.

And then the other day after years of deferred hope my sick heart beat with all its old vigour on hearing that Francis Brett Young had published a book called *My Brother Jonathan*. "Eureka," I cried, as I dashed off a postcard to my bookseller. I did not actually cry aloud the word itself. And what is more I do not believe that anybody ever has cried it aloud quite like that since Archimedes jumped out of his bath in Syracuse and ran home without drying or dressing himself to test the alleged gold in Hiero's crown. What I actually muttered to myself was, "I wonder what Francis does think about America and the Americans." The disappointment was acute when I found that there was not a word about America in the whole book, which was all about another young physician in Birmingham, and that not Birmingham, Alabama.

I SHALL not be caught again; if even Arnold Bennett should write a book called *My Uncle Sam* I shall make sure before I read it that his hero is not an emigrated brother of the old wives. It was Arnold Bennett who set the fashion of those books about the superior domestic arrangements of American houses; but Arnold Bennett has always been lavishly interested in that sort of thing. He found in America an Utopia of sanitation and heating and lighting and labour-saving appliances, and he purred like an expensive car about this Utopia when he came back to England; Arnold Bennett's dreamiest castles in Spain have a telephone in every room. For him ordinary life like a home of many-coloured glass stains the white radiance of eternity. His Muse was never more tender and intimate, yet withal discreet and housewifely, as with deft fingers she guided his pen to a judgment of New York in *Your United States;* and it was only when he essayed a judgment of Paris that she, like other immortals, felt impelled to take off her clothes. It became trite, however, when lecturer after lecturer gave us impressions of the United States which were nothing more than impressions struck from Bennett's original die. Charles Dickens came back from a visit to the United States and wrote the American scenes in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Would he have written them if he had gone there to lecture? Whether those scenes were or were not an absurd caricature of American life does not matter. He left himself free to use his pen. He had not travelled all over the country, explaining how novels ought to be written. He suffered indeed from a fidgety obsession that life was more interesting than literature. He wanted to live in order to write, and so many contemporary writers apparently want to write in order to

(*Continued on page 108*)

THE LOVE LYRIST

Professor Rexford, author of *Notes on Love*, takes a romantic view of the whole matter. In his lecture, *The Mating Season*, he says, "Love needs today less passion and more poetry"

1000% PURE

Author of several notable volumes on Sex Hygiene, Dr. Grace Grimmer is popular with earnest Parents' Leagues. But a few fathers present are wondering where she got her material

THE PRODIGY

At the age of eleven Emma Swinebeck literally bowled the literati over with her poem, *Wet Wash*. She has practically lived off it since, later productions being considered not so good

Drawings by
GEORGE LUKS

RED MEAT

As a writer of swash-buckling tales under the pen name of Eric Darkle, this old party is a veritable holocaust. But, really, he should not appear in public without a make-up

FOR THE KIDDIES

Would you believe that this creature lives by writing verses for children in the dainty manner of A. A. Milne? He is reciting his favourite, "Why do you bumble, little bee?"

A Page of Platform Performers

Leading Luminaries of the Current Lecture Season, All Experts

The Facts of Life

A Young Gentleman Discovers That There Are Other Things on Earth Than Amorous Conquest

By HENRI DUVERNOIS

At nine o'clock Luchardon was ready for the masquerade. He had chosen a costume that was both amusing and inexpensive: he wore on his head a sugar-loaf, the rest of the costume being a sort of rough linen sack. A sign hung from a cord around his neck, reading "Kick me."

"Jeanne," he called, "may I come in?"

Without waiting for her answer he pushed open the bed-room door. *Mme.* Luchardon was pinning a bouquet of violets on her dress. At sight of her, her husband showed his admiration plainly by his expression.

He murmured, "You really look lovely!"

It was no more than a just tribute, for his young wife had never before seemed so pretty. She was disguised as a royal milkmaid of the *Trianon* in a short skirt of changeable taffeta, a pointed fichu and a lace bonnet. At the corner of her mouth was the traditional beauty spot. Her eyes were shining, she was so happy to escape from the ordinary routine of her life for an evening. Through the magic of a costume the wife of a timid *bourgeois* no longer existed and a princess was leaving this squalid apartment for a palace.

"My legs show, but they're pretty, aren't they? And don't you think these slippers with bows are becoming to my feet? Don't be worried, Casimir, tomorrow I'll be modest again, but tonight I'm a new person!"

"I'm a bit ashamed of myself," Luchardon confessed. "I think my funny costume may not get across."

"You're perfectly fine," Jeanne reassured him. "There's nothing sillier than a serious costume on a man. And it's ridiculous not to be disguised at all at a fancy dress party."

"MY poor darling," said Casimir, "this party won't be anything to rave about. Blique, the assistant accountant who earns 1800 *francs* will be there with his wife, in hired costumes that are sure to smell of cleaning fluid. I wish I could take you to a smart place . . . even there you'd be the most beautiful woman of all!"

Shrugging her shoulders, *Mme.* Luchardon made him be still. He was robbing her of her dream! She had dressed with infinite care, trying to forget that the guests would be minor employees and their wives, that it would be a shabby ball, danced to the music of an old piano which a woman pounded noisily all evening for a hundred *francs*.

"*Madame*, your carriage waits below!" Jeanne cast a long glance around her as if she were saying a final goodbye to the now faded room she had once loved so much. Farewell to the spaniel Faust, sulking in the darkest corner of the kitchen and to the dilapidated sideboard and the chairs with their broken seats. Goodbye to her round-faced son Tonton, with his father's angular nose, snoring fiercely in his little bed.

The Mihys' staircase was made glamourous by the sound of a Strauss waltz, and Jeanne felt the fear and exhilaration of a débutante at her first ball. The sounds that reached her were really the confused clatterings of a very prosaic gathering, but still she imagined there was the magic and perfume of pleasure.

"Isn't she lovely? She's a *Marquise*, isn't she? A milk-maid! She'll have plenty of customers! And Luchardon is priceless. His squeaky voice simply kills me. I'll arrange an introduction for you."

M. Mihy was really painful. He had on an old house dress of his wife's and a tobacco-stained false nose. Around his head was a cleaning cloth and he was chewing an unlighted cigar.

JEANNE LUCHARDON was certainly the brightest spot of the party. All the other women were frantically jealous, so they criticised her, deciding that she was terribly stuck-up with her arrogant airs. She hardly noticed their hostility, she felt so far apart from them, like a stranger or a member of another race. She had never before seen that they were so ugly and so tawdry. An old jade of sixty, disguised as a cooch dancer flaunted her lean legs proudly; a fat man dressed as a wrestler was very pleased with his tri-coloured tights. Sad musketeers tried feebly to be gay and thin virgins evoked memories of the desolation of a rainy *Mi-carême*. This, then, was the pleasure she had looked forward to and for which she had practised so many little household economies. *M.* Blique, fairly bursting out of a tight waistcoat, asked her for a waltz, but she refused curtly, "I'm too old, and besides you can't waltz." Then *Mme.* Mihy, dressed in something like a crinkly paper lamp shade, came up to Jeanne bringing a young man with her.

"My dear, I should like you to meet *M.* Lucien Dondigneulles, who is our lawyer."

M. Dondigneulles was really attractive with his red coat, white vest and black silk breeches. He had smiling eyes and charming manners. Jeanne suddenly felt weak, intimidated and strangely moved. Something long dormant in her awoke under the interest of his look, and she was frightened by it.

"*Monsieur*, excuse me. . . . "

"You can't leave me like this, *Madame!* I beg you to stay. I shall leave if you don't and the Mihys will be angry."

She stayed and he talked to her of many things. Jeanne listened as she had never before listened to anyone. She felt intuitively that something out of the ordinary was happening to her. There are moments when even the narrowest existences turn into pure romance. A waltz. She danced with him and she forgot everything but his fascination. The man's every gesture was like a caress to her. He pressed her to him a little, and she blushed at his embrace. He talked incessantly, then suddenly stopped, for he felt her trembling in his arms. He vaguely realized that none of his other conquests had ever been so complete as this one. He read in her eyes, prayer, terror and joy at the same moment. She begged him at last, "Let's stop, please." For some moments they had been waltzing alone, the others stopping to watch them. . . . And under the ochre smeared on his face, her husband paled.

Lucien Dondigneulles, although accustomed to success, was embarrassed by this lightning conquest. Of what bitterness, of what disillusion must so rapid an abandon be born! But, good lawyer that he was, he never let fortune pass him by. He had expected to be terribly bored and he was amused! He liked Jeanne. True she was a little *gauche*, but still a real *Parisienne* and charming.

"Do you go in for sports, *Madame?* Do you like the theatre?"

"Yes indeed, *Monsieur*."

Her sports consisted in polishing her parquet floor frequently and the truth about the theatre was that Casimir occasionally took her to some old operetta because he liked to hum the airs after the singers. When their neighbours complained, he said, "I've paid as much for my seat as you have for yours." But this was an evening of illusion. Lucien was saying tender things to her, taking her hand stealthily and squeezing it.

A SORT of intoxication swept over her; she spoke with a throaty voice not her usual one and laughed rather hysterically. As a stratagem he shifted the conversation to commonplaces, then suddenly leaned toward her and let her drink in his burning words, "I love you."

From a far-off doorway, her husband made little signs and beckoned to her. Was it possible that this fellow with the sugar-loaf hat was her husband? What did he want?

Lucien smiled. "Have you ever noticed that the uglier men are, the more ridiculous they make themselves? He's disgusting!"

She nodded assent. What did anything matter to her so long as she was not torn from this enchantment?

"Someone is going to interrupt us," murmured the lawyer. "Tell me quickly if you have an at home day."

A day? A day at home? Jeanne hadn't but she lied.

"Certainly, Wednesdays."

When he had left she went directly to the drawing-room where Casimir was waiting for her.

"Let us go. Let's go at once!" she commanded.

Then it seemed to her that a sort of dismal and unending night began.

Four successive Wednesdays she waited in vain. Dondigneulles did not come. He had a fickle mistress who took all his time. Jeanne waited, benumbed, staring with vacant eyes. At last she slowly began to recover. She would seize her son and hug him with a savage violence. Casimir, disturbed at this, yet as though he understood, spoke often of Lucien, "that handsome young man who fell for you,

(*Continued on page 108*)

(Left)

M. ARNAUD

This portrait bronze, with the other three on this page, all masculine subjects and all life-size, has been accomplished by Charles Despiau in Paris within the past five years. Despiau, works slowly and makes not more than eight replicas of any one of his bronzes, which are thus difficult to obtain

(Below)

M. THOMAS

Despiau's sculpture conveys no shock of "chic" or "style"; but the bronze and stone that comes from his hand is wrought into forms of unaffected and compelling life, as shown in this portrait with its fealty to truth and the inwardly conceived character of the subject

(Below)

M. DESHAIR

The strangely living quality of the bronze below and now on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, is reason enough for the fact that, though Maillol may be considered the greatest sculptor for full figures Despiau is held to be the master for portrait busts

(Above)

LULU

Two of these bronzes, the head with the brown patine, entitled Lulu and reproduced above, and that of *M.* Deshair, are now on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum, the first masculine portrait heads by Despiau ever to be seen there

Portraits in Bronze: By Charles Despiau

Studies by the Noted French Sculptor, Two of Which Are Now at the Metropolitan Museum of Art

More Unwritten Reminiscences of Capri

In Which Compton Mackenzie Is Gently Reminded of Some Things Which He May Have Forgotten

By FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG

IT was in the Autumn of 1919, on the eve of my first winter out of khaki, that the question of taking my African malaria for a trip to the South was raised by my publisher, Martin Secker. From a publisher's point of view there is no author like an absent author; all Secker's authors had been drifting back, one by one, from trenches, jungles, seas and deserts, expecting to be taken out to lunch and talking about new books that ought positively to be published next week for the sheer love of Literature, to say nothing of harrowingly intimate War-Diaries and poems scribbled, on the point of death, in the place which they considerately left vacant for you to write your will on at the end of the Field Service Pocketbook—all Secker's authors, I repeat, were descending on him in a bunch, and when he saw the chance of getting rid of one of them for six months, he thanked God (I hope) for malaria, and, almost too eagerly, suggested Capri. "You'll find Compton Mackenzie there," he urged. "He'll get you a house in no time. I should go there as soon as possible and get on with your book. You've no idea how easy the journey is. You can travel second-class. It costs next to nothing to live there." And Secker, who not only loved to think of his authors living on next to nothing but honestly believed it was their duty to their artistic consciences to do so, grew quite emotional about the cheapness of cab-fares on the island. "But we can't live in cabs for six months, my dear Secker," I protested. "Even *Madame Bovary* . . ." So Secker, who felt, I feel sure, that an author of sufficient distinction to be on his list ought, at a pinch, to be able to live anywhere, but didn't really mind where I lived as long as it was far enough away to prevent my calling at his office and worrying about figures, undertook, with ill-concealed zest, to write to Mackenzie about us.

VERY promptly and most charmingly Mackenzie replied, suggesting that we should take *Rosaio*, a cottage belonging to Edwin Cerio, the author of *That Capri Air*, which was occupied at the moment by Respighi, the composer, but would soon, he said, be vacant. His letter, he concluded, was as vague as one that he'd heard Henry James dictate about six jars of marmalade that he wanted from the Stores. It was anything but vague: the letter of the quite admirable man of business that he is. He told us all about Capri, its flies and mosquitoes included. He even enclosed a number of photographs of *Rosaio:* pictures of vine-wreathed pergolas and white Saracen roofs against a background of gleaming mountain-side. The little place looked ravishing—so ravishing that we showed the photographs to Bernard Shaw who descended on us, enveloped in a chorus of female Fabians, for tea—or rather for milk and water, for tea he eschews—the following week. Shaw scrutinized the photographs apparently unmoved by our ecstasies. The chorus waited for him to speak. "But what are you going to do at Capri?" he asked at length. "We're proposing to live there," I told him. "To *live* there?" he repeated. "But my dear fellow, people don't go to Capri to live; they go there to elope." I showed him another of the *Rosaio* photographs, a veritable *Enchanted April*. He shook his head sadly. "I thought as much," he said. "This confirms my worst suspicions. Let me know if you come back together," he added gloomily.

As for us, we had no suspicions. A dream of opulent wistaria surrounded us. Laden with mosquito-nets and insect-powder to counter what, apparently, were the only flies in the ointment, we set out and sat up (second-class) for two days and nights on the journey from London to Naples. Secker, unfeignedly thankful to get at least one rising author out of sight, waved us a grateful good-bye. Mackenzie, he said, would certainly meet us at Capri.

HE didn't. That wasn't his fault. An attack of sciatica which tortured him, had him by the heels; but he did the next best thing, which was to send his gardener to conduct us to *Casa Solitaria* (another of Cerio's houses) in which he was living. We found him, haggardly vivacious, in sky-blue Harris tweed, with a flaming orange necktie and floral decorations to match. Our house was all ready; a servant had been engaged; the gardener would take us up to Anacapri, etc., etc. Tobacco? He released the secret of a smoking-mixture, compounded of one local and one imported brand, that was guaranteed not to burn the most delicate tongue. He had invented this himself, and, apropos of inventions, he had just invented the *Coming Romantic Revival*, which recently, in *Vanity Fair*, he has fathered on me. Categorically, here and now, looking backward to that first day on Capri when I made myself so inconspicuous a part of a colour-scheme in sky-blue, white and orange, I disclaim all responsibility for its parentage, and give notice that I shall resist all affiliation proceedings. That *Coming Romantic Revival* was conceived in 1911, as the result of a *Passionate Elopement*. "A Romantic Revival," Mackenzie said, "is bound to come."

And looking at the man himself, so romantically featured, so romantically clothed, against a background of stupendous rock and sea that was simply shatteringly romantic, I agreed with him passionately. I couldn't conceivably do otherwise; for there, at our first meeting, he was so gracious as to depute to me a minor share in the resuscitation of Romance. "You and I . . ." he said (or was it "I and you"?) In any case before I left *Casa Solitaria*—how's that for the Romantic? —I was filled with the exultant conviction that the future of the English Novel which, up to that moment, had rested (according to *Punch*) on Mr. Mackenzie's shoulders, was now, in a limited sense, supported by my own. In the proportion, roughly speaking, of one to ten: two thousand copies, say, to twenty thousand. I told him how, in the days before the war, we had read his enormous *Sinister Street* over a peat fire in the ruins of Llanthony Abbey. It was, he admitted, a nice little work. And so was that book of mine—what was the name?—ah, yes, *The Dark Tower*. But wait . . . ! If he lived, and could once overcome this exhausting sciatica, he had that in his brain which would make the bulk of *Sinister Street* look small, the plan for—oh no, not another *Rougon-Macquart*—avaunt all Realism!—for a modern, romantic and English *Comédie Humaine*. "The mantle of Balzac?" I asked. He smiled discreetly.

But, indeed, romantic or realist, nobody in the wide world could have been kinder, more helpful, or more picturesque than my new partner in the rehabilitation of Romance and the support of the English Novel. Everything that an experienced neighbour could do for us, Mackenzie did. There was wisdom in his original choice of *Rosaio* for us; for it meant that we lived at one end of the island and he at the other and that neither interfered with the other's literary scene. The partnership continued smoothly; we admired each other like anything—and I hope do so still. When the first proof of his *Vanity Girl* came up to Anacapri for correction, the sheets of my *Tragic Bride* were being read in Solitaria. "If you'd cut it in half," Mackenzie said, "it would make one of the best short stories in the language." Sometimes we would meet, so to speak, on neutral ground, at the Capri café which in those days was really Morgano's. Mackenzie would come there in a sombrero and a huge cape, appropriate to Henry Irving in *Faust*, and lined (if I'm not mistaken) with bright blue velvet. He managed it as the great Victorian actresses managed their trains. When I asked him if that were the mantle of Balzac, he seemed to wonder if I were poking fun at him. Or was it that he had just acquired a new one? A few days later an Italian told me that Mackenzie was *il Dickens moderno*. And indeed, with regard to certain qualities, he wasn't entirely wrong.

SO I, on my mountain, settled down to write *The Black Diamond*, and Mackenzie, on his headland, turned night into day with *Poor Relations*, and *The Romantic Revival* went merry as a marriage bell until November, and, with it, gales and torrents as would wash and blow the bottom out of any Romance. If Bernard Shaw could have seen *Rosaio* then, with its dank walls, its dishevelled pergolas and its smoking fire of wet olive-wood, before which we sat facing the alternatives of freezing or asphyxiation, he wouldn't have chosen it as a place to elope to.

We sent down an S. O. S. to Mackenzie, whose house, seven hundred feet below ours, was quite ten degrees warmer. I told him that if something wasn't done about it we should freeze to death in *Rosaio* and remain

(Continued on page 114)

STEICHEN—LOS ANGELES

A Screen Dynasty—Dolores and Helene Costello

The Fair Daughters of Maurice Costello Have Followed in Their Father's Footsteps to Fame

NOT since their sister act in the George White *Scandals* in the days before Dolores Costello was Mrs. John Barrymore and a heroine of the cinema and Helene Costello a film comedy actress, have the blonde daughters of Maurice Costello, that early Apollo of the nickelodeons, appeared together. As the perennial extras for child parts in the old Biograph days, they had become inured to the studios and publicity before their names went up in electric lights. But neither the pensive Dolores nor the capricious Helene lost thereby that illusive quality celebrated as feminine charm. After modelling for James Montgomery Flagg and dancing in the *Scandals*, Dolores was discovered by the Warner Brothers and has never left them, while Helene has wandered about the various Hollywood lots. It was Dolores Costello, by the way, who will go down in the glorious annals of film history as the first heroine of the talking pictures, in those pre-historic days before ***Noah's Ark***, when the talking consisted of five minutes of concentrated loud-speaking before the final close-up. And now look what's happened!

The Battle of the Century—Old Style

How the "Game Chicken" Won a Championship for Himself and a Wager for My Lord Say and Sele

By CAMERON ROGERS

MY Lord Say and Sele, meeting His Highness William Henry, Duke of Clarence, upon the steps of Crockford's, rammed home a thumb's freightage of especial rappee, bowed and said pleasantly, "The Game Chicken, Your Highness."

"Nonsense, Say and Sele," said His Highness, "a thousand with you. Ogle, what are the odds?"

"Five to four," said Colonel Ogle, "on the Chicken." He received a quick enough response.

"Monstrous. Four thousand to your five, Say and Sele?"

"Done, Your Highness."

His Highness went away smiling and My Lord Say and Sele went into Crockford's to play until dawn, when he partook of bones and brandy and made a book of his winnings.

Two days later, upon a wide common three miles from Barnby Moor in the West Riding of Yorkshire, Jem Belcher, retired undefeated champion of England, was to box Hen Pearce of Bristol, the Game Chicken, claiming champion, in a match for 500 guineas a side, play or pay, and national interest in the result was so great that the French wars were quite forgotten. Everybody, from princes of the blood to potboys, were betting upon one man or the other, and it was known in Bow Street that a hitherto honest chairman in the Holborn had broken a house for loot to cover wagers.

THE CHAMPION

This print shows Hen Pearce, the Game Chicken, who defeated the handsome Jem Belcher in a famous eighteen-round championship struggle

THE CHALLENGER

This is a likeness of Jem Belcher, retired undefeated champion, darling of the fancy, whose vanity drove him to return to the prize-ring

JEM Belcher, backed by Mister Fletcher Reid, amateur pugilist, had once been incontestably the finest fighter in the Isles, the darling of the fancy and the pet of the Corinthians, but in 1803, two years before this date, he had retired. Having lost an eye while playing at racquets, and having three times running so badly beaten Joe Berks, the logical contender, that the Shropshireman had declined to fight again, Jem had seen no further profit in milling and had turned publican, maintaining "the Jolly Brewers" in Wardour Street. Retiring undefeated, he had personally selected his successor in Pearce, a man of Bristol where Belcher had himself been born. Pearce had immediately succeeded. Called "The Game Chicken" he justified the fancy's faith in him by twice beating Berks, then Elias Spray, the Coppersmith, and finally John Gully, a famous fast boxer on whom the Duke of Clarence had the misfortune to lose above a thousand guineas. His Highness thereafter disliked the Game Chicken. It was always his contention that in the 30th round the Chicken, upon his opponent hitting and falling, had dropped on Gully and severely injured his ribs, a contention, however, much mocked at by amateurs like Say and Sele who were familiar with His Highness's reluctance to discharge his obligations. After this match the Chicken's reputation was become so great that he was readily acknowledged champion, a fact that, without any reasonable cause, embittered Jem Belcher. Though he had retired voluntarily and now lived at his ease, Jem's vanity compelled him to return to the ring to fight a man much fresher than himself and in far better training as well.

The fancy favoured the Chicken, though only slightly, Belcher's reputation being still so great that his name alone was almost sufficient to level the odds.

The Chicken, being under obligations to Jem and fond of him besides, was immensely put out by this challenge. He wavered for a time between resigning his title and defending it, in the end deciding for the latter only because of the bucks and Corinthians who were backing him to win.

On Friday, December 6th, 1805, the odds, as verified by Colonel Ogle, stood at 5 to 4 on Pearce, at which they were to remain until the second round of the battle. The excitement in London was intense and in the clubs gentlemen unable to leave town executed lotteries upon the outcome. The fortunate drove north, as did My Lord Say and Sele, Captain Mellish, Lord Eardley, Captain Halliday and the Honorable Berkeley Craven, in their own chaises, with hampers of champagne and game pastries and equipped with silk handkerchiefs in the colours affected by their choices. Those backing Belcher tied yellow and white streamers to their whipstocks while those who favoured the Chicken made a like use of blue silken strips spotted with white. They arrived at the country seat of Captain Mellish, a short half mile from the site selected for the match, in the evening of December 4th, and were all that night at cards and wine and additional hot betting. His Highness, the Duke of Clarence, was not of the Company, a fact keenly disturbing to My Lord Say and Sele, a bettor who liked to have those with whom he gambled at hand when outcomes were decided.

At eleven on the morning of December 5th the Game Chicken, accompanied by his father, left the Blue Bell Inn on Barnby Moor and proceeded to Blythe, the seat of Captain Mellish, where he was met by Lords Eardley and Say and Sele, Captains Halliday and Mellish, and the Honourable Berkeley Craven. These gentlemen conducted him across the park to the ring, a roped enclosure twenty feet in diameter, encompassed within another ring forty feet in diameter designed to keep out strangers. Here they found Belcher who immediately took off coat, waistcoat and shirt and finally his hat, which after tenderly smoothing its nape, he laid upon his clothes. He then saluted the lords and gentlemen, nodded to his one-time protégé and leapt over the ropes into the ring. He was at once greeted by a waving of striped yellow silks and beseechings to rattle the Chicken's nob, courtesies which Jem received amiably while Will Ward, his second, and Bill Gibbons, his bottle holder, took his corner.

THE Game Chicken, following, received an equal ovation but seemed depressed. Joe Ward and Dick Whale, his seconds, said their man was cold in spite of the mulled ale which had largely constituted his breakfast. Nevertheless, when, at half-past twelve, the men shook hands and got to their work, Pearce seemed the stronger. Though only 5 feet nine inches tall as compared to Belcher who was just under six feet, he had the wider shoulders and the heavier muscles. His weight was thirteen stone, or 182 pounds. Belcher weighed less than 168 pounds, was built beautifully but, in comparison to Pearce, slenderly, and, it must be remembered, had but the one eye. Considering his two years' inactivity, however, he appeared to be in excellent training and his footwork, for which he had been famous, seemed unimpaired.

The fight, round by round, developed as follows:

I. Belcher, boxing carefully, hooked his right hand to the Chicken's head, cutting his left eye and drawing blood, at which the Chicken missed with his left, closed and threw his man.

(*Continued on page 118*)

Talkie-Talkie

A Near Tragedy, Which Ends Well, Wherein an Unknown Playwright Comes Into His Heritage

By GEOFFREY KERR

New York February 1

Aaron Brokenburg
23a West 43rd Street New York City
WHEN ARE WE GOING TO MARRY MUST BE SOON NOW YOUR
Rosie

New York February 2

Miss Rosie Pinckisch
540 West 108th Street New York City
DONT WORRY ME I HAVE TOLD YOU
Aaron

New York February 4

Aaron Brokenburg
23a West 43rd Street New York City
THE WORRY IS ON THESE OTHER FEET WHEN I ASK YOU WHEN YOUR
Rosie

New York February 5

Miss Rosie Pinckisch
540 West 108th Street New York City
WHEN I HAVE TEN THOUSAND BUCKS HOPE IDEA WILL COME TODAY
Aaron

New York February 6

Aaron Brokenburg
23a West 43rd Street New York City
PLEASE WOULD RATHER MARRY HONEST MAN YOUR
Rosie

New York February 7

Miss Rosie Pinckisch
540 West 108th Street New York City
SUCH SELFISHNESS BECOMING HONEST WOMAN SHOULD SATISFY YOU HAVE GOOD IDEA IF LUCKY
Aaron

New York February 7

Louis Silverstein
Delue Picture Corporation Hollywood Cal
I AM EXCLUSIVE AGENT FOR TALKING PICTURE RIGHTS OF ALL PLAYS BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Aaron Brokenburg 23a West 43rd St NYC

New York February 7

Miss Rosie Pinckisch
540 West 108th Street New York City
BE READY ANY TIME NOW TO SKIP QUICK
Aaron

New York February 9

Louis Silverstein
Delue Picture Corporation Hollywood Cal
PREVIOUS TELEGRAM MUST HAVE GONE ASTRAY STOP TELEGRAM SAID I AM EXCLUSIVE AGENT FOR TALKING PICTURE RIGHTS OF ALL PLAYS BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Aaron Brokenburg 23a West 43rd St NYC

New York February 9

Miss Rosie Pinckisch
540 West 108th Street New York City
BETTER KEEP GRIP PACKED READY
Aaron

Hollywood February 10

Aaron Brokenburg
23a West 43rd Street New York NY
WIRE FURTHER PARTICULARS
Louis Silverstein

New York February 11

Louis Silverstein
Delue Picture Corporation Hollywood Cal
I AM EXCLUSIVE AGENT FOR TALKING PICTURE RIGHTS OF ALL PLAYS BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE STOP INCLUDING BIGGEST SUCCESSES SUCH AS JOHN BARRYMORES SMASH HIT HAMLET STOP JANE COWLS BOX OFFICE SENSATION ROMEO AND JULIET STOP FLORENCE REEDS TRAGEDY WOW MACBETH STOP GEORGE ARLISSS TRIUMPHANT STARRING VEHICLE THE MERCHANT OF VENICE STOP AND MANY OTHERS STOP ADVISE QUICK ACTION OWING TO COMPETITION
Aaron Brokenburg

Hollywood February 12

Aaron Brokenburg
23a West 43rd Street New York NY
IS HAMLET DRAMA OR COMEDY
Louis Silverstein

New York February 13

Louis Silverstein
Delue Picture Corporation Hollywood Cal
BOTH
Aaron Brokenburg

Hollywood February 14

Aaron Brokenburg
23a West 43rd Street New York NY
WOULD IT SUIT REGINALD DEVERE AND CLARA LANGWISH
Louis Silverstein

New York February 15

Louis Silverstein
Delue Picture Corporation Hollywood Cal
SURE MIGHT HAVE BEEN WRITTEN FOR THEM
Aaron Brokenburg

Hollywood February 16

Aaron Brokenburg
23a West 43rd Street New York NY
SEND SCRIPT
Louis Silverstein

New York February 18

Miss Rosie Pinckisch
540 West 108th Street New York City
LOOKS LIKE I AM LUCKY SWEETIE BUT MUST HAVE TYPEWRITTEN COPY OF HAMLET BY SHAKESPEARE BY MONDAY BE GOOD GIRL AND GET LITTLE BROTHER ARTHUR TO WORK ON HIS CORONA
Aaron

New York February 19

Aaron Brokenburg
23a West 43rd Street New York City
SEND COPY OF PLAY ARTHUR SAYS HOW MUCH YOUR
Rosie

New York February 20

Miss Rosie Pinckisch
540 West 108th Street New York City
GET COPY AT PUBLIC LIBRARY WILL GO TO THREE DOLLARS BUT GET BEST PRICE POSSIBLE
Aaron

New York February 22

Aaron Brokenburg
23a West 43rd Street New York City
CALL FOR MANUSCRIPT TONIGHT BRING ONE SEVENTY FIVE FINAL PRICE YOUR
Rosie

New York February 23

Louis Silverstein
Delue Picture Corporation Hollywood Cal
HAVE FORWARDED SCRIPT
Aaron Brokenburg

Hollywood February 27

Aaron Brokenburg
23a West 43rd Street New York NY
SCRIPT RECEIVED BUT CANNOT UNDERSTAND SAME SEND SHORT SYNOPSIS OF PLOT
Louis Silverstein

New York February 28

Louis Silverstein
Delue Picture Corporation Hollywood Cal
HAMLET YOUNG PRINCE HIS FATHER BUMPED OFF BY BROTHER NOW KING HAMLET SUSPICIOUS AND IN LOVE WITH WILD GIRL CALLED OPHELIA GREAT CLARA LANGWISH PART HAMLET CONDUCTS PROBE AND HAS TROUPE SLEUTHS REENACT CRIME LEADING TO BIG SCENE WHERE UNCLE TAKEN FOR RIDE GREAT SEQUENCE WHERE HAMLET PRETENDS TO BE NUTTY GOOD CHANCE FOR COMEDY STOP ADVISE SPEEDY PURCHASE AS WARNER BROTHERS FAMOUS METRO ALL AFTER IT
Aaron Brokenburg

Hollywood March 1

Aaron Brokenburg
23a West 43rd Street New York NY
WIRE PRICE
Louis Silverstein

New York March 2

Louis Silverstein
Delue Picture Corporation Hollywood Cal
TO YOU ONLY TWENTY FIVE THOUSAND
Aaron Brokenburg

Hollywood March 4

Aaron Brokenburg
23a West 43rd Street New York NY
TOO HIGH STOP KINDLY NOTE PLAY REQUIRES CLEVER ADAPTATION AND ALL NEW DIALOGUE
Louis Silverstein

New York March 5

Louis Silverstein
Delue Picture Corporation Hollywood Cal
HAVE GOTTEN AUTHORS PERMISSION TO DISPOSE OF RIGHTS FOR FIFTEEN THOUSAND CASH
Aaron Brokenburg

Hollywood March 6

Aaron Brokenburg
23a West 43rd Street New York NY
WILL GIVE TEN
Louis Silverstein

New York March 7

Louis Silverstein
Delue Picture Corporation Hollywood Cal
OK
Aaron Brokenburg

New York March 12

Louis Silverstein
Delue Picture Corporation Hollywood Cal
CHECK RECEIVED I THANK YOU
Aaron Brokenburg

(Continued on page 106)

Beauty in 1929

Wherein a Quality Alleged to Be Skin-Deep Is Shown to Reach Into the Recesses of the Soul

By ALDOUS HUXLEY

AUTOMOBILES, Movies and Bootlegging are the three biggest American industries. After these, I suspect, comes Beauty. Look through the advertisement pages of any popular American magazine; you will find that at least one page in every three or four is devoted to Beauty, soaps, skin-foods, lotions, hair-preservers and hair-removers, powders, paints, pastes, pills that dissolve your fat from inside, bath salts that dissolve it from without, instruments for rubbing your fat away, foods that are guaranteed not to make you fat at all, machines that give you electric shocks, engines that give you massage and exercise your muscles for you, systems of physical training—how many millions are annually spent in advertising such commodities, how many more millions are spent on their purchase! And the beauty parlours, the beauty specialists, the masseurs and masseuses! Their name is legion, and the legion prospers.

IF Beauty is less boomingly a great industry in Europe, that is due not to any reluctance on the part of European ladies to cultivate their faces and figures; it is due to the fact that Europe is relatively poor. Beauty is a luxury. A face can cost as much in upkeep as a Rolls-Royce. The most that the majority of European women can do is just to wash and hope for the best. Perhaps the soap will produce its much advertised effects upon their skin. Perhaps it may transform them into the likeness of those ravishing creatures who smile so rosily from the bill-boards. Perhaps, on the other hand, it may not. In any case, the more costly experiments in beautification are still as much beyond the means of most of them as are high-powered motor cars and electric cigarette lighters.

But the March of Progress, if slow, is sure; and we may confidently expect that Beauty will some day take its legitimate place among the basic industries of the Old World as it has taken it already among those of the New. At present it ranks quite low in the list, along with such things as Boots or Cotton. When they spend as much on their faces and their superfluous fat as they now spend on their alcohol and their motor cars, Europeans will be able to regard themselves as truly civilized.

But, joking apart, there is something genuinely significant about the recent growth of the cult of physical beauty. Enormously much more money is now spent on the attainment and preservation of good looks than was ever spent in the past—at any rate the recent past. This is partly due, as I have already hinted, to the general increase in prosperity. The rich have always cultivated their appearance. The diffusion of wealth now permits those who would once have been ranked among "the Poor" (even "the Undeserving Poor") to do the same. But this is not the whole story. The modern cult of beauty is a function, in the mathematical sense of the word, of other things as well as wealth. It is symptomatic of the changed status of women, of the new attitude towards "the merely physical." Women are freer than they were in our fathers' days—freer not only to perform the generally unenviable social functions hitherto reserved to the male, but also freer to exercise a more pleasing and, I like to think, more naturally feminine privilege: the privilege of being attractive. They have the right, if not to *be* less virtuous than their grandmothers were, at any rate to *look* less virtuous. The British Matron, not long since a terrifying monument of jet and swelling bombazine, now does her best to achieve and perennially preserve the appearance of what her predecessor would have described as "a Lost Woman." She succeeds. But, in spite of her carefully preserved face, her slim figure, her well-shaped and much-exposed legs, we do not regard her as "lost". For we now admit much more freely than did our fathers that the body has its rights. And not only rights—duties. It has a duty to do the best it can for itself in the way of strength and beauty. Christian-ascetic ideas no longer trouble us. We demand justice for the body as well as for the soul. Hence the fortunes made by face-cream manufacturers and beauty-specialists, by the vendors of rubber reducing-belts and massage machines, by the patentees of hair-lotions and the authors of books on the culture of the abdomen.

WHAT are the practical results of this modern cult of beauty? The exercises and the massage, the health-motors and the skin-foods—to what have they led? Are women more beautiful than they were? Do they get something for the enormous expenditure of energy, time and money demanded of them by the beauty-cult? These are questions which it is difficult to answer. For the facts seem to contradict themselves. The campaign for more physical beauty seems to be both a tremendous success and a lamentable failure. It depends how you look at the results.

It is a success in so far as more women retain their youthful appearance to a greater age than in the past. "Old ladies" are already becoming rare. In a few years, we may well believe, they will be extinct. White hair and wrinkles, a bent back and hollow cheeks will come to be regarded as mediævally old-fashioned. The crone of the future will be golden, curly and cherry-lipped, neat-ankled and slender. The Portrait of the Artist's Mother will come to be almost indistinguishable, at future picture shows, from the Portrait of the Artist's Daughter. This desirable consummation will be due in part to skin foods and injections of paraffin wax, facial surgery, mud baths and paint, in part to improved health, due in its turn to a more rational mode of life. Ugliness is one of the symptoms of disease, beauty of health. In so far as the campaign for more beauty is also a campaign for more health it is admirable and up to a point genuinely successful. Beauty that is merely the artificial shadow of these symptoms of health is intrinsically of poorer quality than the genuine article. Still, it is a sufficiently good imitation to be mistakable for the real thing. The apparatus for mimicking the symptoms of health is now within the reach of every moderately prosperous person; the knowledge of the way in which real health can be achieved is growing and will in time, no doubt, be universally acted upon. When that happy moment comes, will every woman be beautiful—as beautiful, at any rate, as the natural shape of her features, with or without surgical and chemical aid, permits?

THE answer is emphatically: No. For real beauty is as much an affair of the inner as of the outer self. The beauty of a porcelain jar is a matter of shape, of colour, of surface texture. The jar may be empty or tenanted by spiders, full of honey or stinking slime—it makes no difference to its beauty or ugliness. But a woman is alive and her beauty is therefore not skin deep. The surface of the human vessel is affected by the nature of its spiritual contents.

I have seen women who, by the standards of a connoisseur of porcelain, were ravishingly lovely. Their shape, their colour, their surface texture were perfect. And yet they were not beautiful. For the lovely vase was either empty or filled with some corruption. Spiritual emptiness or ugliness shows through. And, conversely, there is an interior light that can transfigure forms that the pure aesthetician would regard as imperfect or downright ugly.

There are numerous forms of psychological ugliness. There is an ugliness of stupidity, for example, of unawareness, (distressingly common among pretty women). An ugliness also of greed, of lasciviousness, of avarice. All the deadly sins, indeed, have their own peculiar negation of beauty. On the pretty faces of those especially who are trying to have a continuous "good time" one sees very often a kind of bored sullenness that ruins all their charm. I remember in particular two young American girls I once met in North Africa. From the porcelain specialist's point of view, they were beautiful. But the sullen boredom of which I have spoken was so deeply stamped into their fresh faces, their gait and gestures expressed so weary a listlessness, that it was unbearable to look at them. These lovely creatures were positively repulsive.

Still commoner and no less repellent is the hardness which spoils so many pretty faces. Often, it is true, this air of hardness is due not to psychological causes, but to the contemporary habit of overpainting. In Paris, where this overpainting is most pronounced, many women have ceased to look human at all. Whitewashed and rud-

(Continued on page 116)

CARLO EDWARDS

Farewell to the Opera

Lucrezia Bori and Beniamino Gigli Take a Final Bow as the Metropolitan Season Closes

SUMMER SCHOOL

Professor Blanchard, the sheep specialist, convenes his sketch class, composed of ladies who follow the master's methods with a unanimity characteristic of the animals they depict. Their technique, too, is curiously woolly

A Group of Painters

Intimate Glimpses of In-and Out-Door Artists, at Their Labours—Professional and Amateur

By ADOLF DEHN

THE COPYIST

An indefatigable worker in the great galleries of Europe is Henri Pelisse. Oblivious to the crowds which breathe down his back, he copies the Old Masters at incredible speed. Mass production is his idea; his slogan, 'A Madonna a day keeps the landlord at bay'

BUSINESS FIRST

A. Bertram Ashdown, fashionable portrait painter, realizes that his occupation has nothing to do with Art. His contacts are solely with rich business men and their women-folk. His attire and manner, therefore, are scrupulously free from any touch of raffish Bohemianism

AQUARELLES

Miss Sopwith dabbles in the difficult medium of water-colour and annually creates many open-air puzzle-pictures which she gives her friends at Xmas time. She often exhibits at the Independent Show where all items are hung by the Committee and drawn and quartered by the critics

MINIATURES

In the delicate field of miniatures, Miss Dart has won renown. She is particularly successful in capturing the elusive charm of children, "the dears", of whom she requires but a single sitting. There are members of her guild who say all she really needs is a good photograph, . . . the cats!

Rockabye, Joan

Recounting Some Further Exploits of Capt. Riddell's Hard-Boiled Daughter, and Other Atrocities

By JOHN RIDDELL

from THE INNER SHRINE *of*
BUYER *and* BOOSTER
Gold Bricks Our Specialty

Such excitement today—106,337 copies already—the Inner Shrine can hardly contain itself—201,001 more copies for Macy's. Dick, get quick on the wire—in offering here, for the first time ROCKABYE, JOAN, the new Best Seller by little Joan Riddell, which has already sold how many?—331,056 copies, my God, just since this column was started. God only knows how many more copies before it is over. Millions, anyway. Lincoln, telephone for you.

And the Inner Shrine wants to state that this autobiography by Skipper Joan (471,002 just now, Dick, or I'm lying to you. Brentano's) is an absolutely true and authentic account of her life at sea, with the exception maybe of one or two minor discrepancies, such as the use of the word "sea" instead of "land". On the other hand, it can be proved by witnesses that Miss Riddell spent three hours once at a party on the *Ile de France*. Just hold the wire, please, Mr. Colcord.

Even though Joan Riddell has altered a few insignificant facts—how can I give this out to the papers when my poor head is buzzing with figures, 769,029 before you could say Trader Horn—the essential integrity cannot be basically impaired—989,996 copies, yi yi yi, one million and we raise the price—by these minor discrepancies. (Lincoln, the Rook-of-the-Month Club wants to know if we got another good book for them next month. How about THE ART OF THINKING?)

Anyway, what does the public want for $2.75—the truth?

ANANIAS

ROCKABYE, JOAN

I.

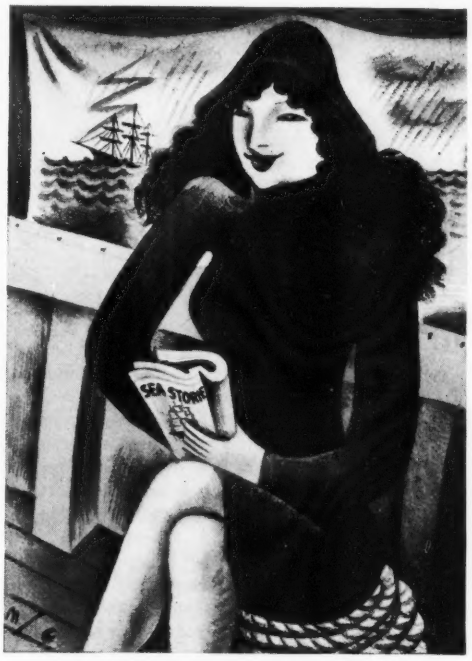
"Rockabye, Joan, publicity's swell.
While the wind blows, the 'Cradle' will sell.
When the news breaks, the 'Cradle' will fall,
And down will come Simon and Schuster and all. . ."
—Old South Sea Chantey

"YOU see this here fish, Joan? This here fish is called a sucker. It's called a sucker because it will swallow anything. There are hundreds of thousands of these suckers, Joan, most of them belonging to the Rook-of-the-Month Club. It's just one more of the mysteries of the sea."

It was old Stitches talking, and he was explaining to me some of the mysteries of the sea while I lay curled upstairs in the mizzen boom of my father's schooner, trying to reef a gaff tops'l. Old Stitches was also responsible for teaching me many other mysteries of the sea, such as how I could attend Berkeley High School while I was in the South Seas, and how my father's ship could burn three miles out and be found tied to a dock ten years later in perfect condition. I was only two or three weeks old, however, and I could hardly have been concerned with these mysteries of the sea at that age. After all, they were my publisher's worry and not mine. I was perfectly content just to lie about my father's boat—a habit which has persisted in later life.

I cannot remember when I was not on a ship. (Not here, anyway.) My father was master of the *Minnie A. Cain* for fifteen months, and during this time I managed to spend seventeen years aboard her, from 1909 to 1917. My father taught me all the mathematics I ever knew.

My father, old Trader Riddell, was the son of James Russell Lowell and a Turkish princess named Mezzanine, who met my grandfather while she was performing in an ice-skating team then playing the Boston vaudeville circuit. I inherited from my grandmother the habit of skating on thin ice. Whenever I did anything of which my father did not approve, he would turn me upside down and give me a spanking. Sometimes he would spank me fifteen or twenty times a day. It was a hard education, but it brought a healthy glow to my cheeks, and it served to keep me on my toes all the years I was at sea. When he had finished spanking me, he would give me a dose of salts. Then he'd laugh.



THE CRADLE OF THE DUPED

An impression by Covarrubias of Miss Joan Lowell, the sea-going authoress of an autobiography (autobiography in its fullest sense, you know) entitled *The Cradle of the Deep*. We understand that Miss Lowell is preparing a sequel, *Believe it or Not; or 20,000 Leagues Away from the Sea*

My life aboard ship started when I was only a couple of hours old. In fact, my earliest recollection was of being dangled upside down by the heels, while the doctor spanked me two or three times with his open palm. It seemed to me that spanking was starting early, and I objected in my childish fashion.

"Here, you ——, no damned son of a —— can get away with *that!*" I lisped, and with that I swung on him with all my strength. Two hours later I reported aboard the *Minnie L. Carn* with my duffle wrapped up in a triangular piece of white linen.

That night, while my father and the crew were drunk downstairs, I hoisted the keel and sailed the *Mary L. Cohen* out of San Francisco Harbour alone.

II.

I Spit a Figure Eight in the Wind

When the *Carrie L. Maine* steamed out of San Francisco Harbour, I headed her north across the Pacific toward Australia. (Australia is due north of San Francisco, right next to Spain.) At that time we were engaged in the copra trade between the islands of the South Seas and Australia. This was a rather dangerous trade, for as everyone knows the copra is deadly poisonous, and indeed my earliest childhood memories are of listening to these vicious copras in the hold, hissing and darting their forked fangs.

In exchange for these copras, we used to bring back oakum, which we shipped to America to be used in the manufacture of travel books and sea-stories.

Although I was then less than a year old, my father insisted on dressing me in a sou'wester and slicker— "just in case some photographers should come aboard", as he used to say—and I stood my tricks at the wheel like the rest of the sailors. Despite the fact that the crew were always ready to play Post-Office and other kissing games with me, I missed the companionship of children my own age; and to amuse myself I used to invent imaginary trips back home, during which I would pretend I lived in Berkeley for a number of years, and attended the Garfield Junior High School. So real were these visits, in fact, that a number of friends still remember me as a member of the Class of 1918 at this school. It is just one more of the mysteries of the sea.

My father sensed this lack of companionship, and in order to make up for it he allowed me to keep a number of pets on board, including several sea-serpents, a female shark, and seven Norwegian sailors that I found drifting in a lifeboat; but the only pet I ever really cared for was a small waterspout named Gladys.

On the day that Gladys arrived, I had been stationed on the taffrail scupper to keep a sharp look-out for ice-bergs (we were just crossing the Equator, and the ice-bergs were getting fierce) when Father's voice shook the air with a "Strum the m'n'tch! Avast with the poop, and br'f'g in the blizzzz'm'brghtwch!"

"Aye, aye, sir," everybody replied, having no idea what he meant.

"Luff up a bit!" shouted the mate to me; so I put my arms around his neck and luffed

(*Continued on page 122*)

On Giving Up the Game of Golf

Thoughts Prompted by the Recent Death, in England, of a Redoubtable and Well-Loved Golfer

By BERNARD DARWIN

FROM our golfing world over here in England there has just passed, a notable and picturesque figure, Mr. Mure Fergusson. He was for many years one of our leading amateurs and his name belongs more particularly to the epoch which is also adorned by those of Mr. John Ball, Mr. Horace Hutchinson, Mr. Laidlay and Mr. Leslie Balfour Melville. Though he never actually won the Championship, he was beaten in two finals by two truly redoubtable conquerors, John Ball and Freddie Tait and there was another year in which he was in all probability robbed of the prize by a sudden attack of gout when he had reached the semi-final. I shall say no more of his various achievements because they belong to a past that seems to many people rather dim and a younger generation of golfers in another country cannot be expected to take any great interest in them. I may however use him as a text for a more general discourse.

MURE, as he was called, was a link between several generations of golfers. As a boy and a young man he was playing golf at St. Andrews in the early seventies and playing it with Young Tommy Morris, Davie Strath, Jamie Anderson, Bob Martin and others who made that period the golden age of St. Andrews golf. He won for the first time the autumn medal of the Royal and Ancient Club in 1874 and he won it for the last time in 1913. Incidentally it is interesting to note, as showing how golf and its clubs and its balls and its courses have changed, that when he was nineteen years old he won with a score of 91 and when he was fifty-eight years old he won with 76. That is a long golfing career but it did not end with the War for he was still playing hard till within a year or so of his death and he died at seventy-three.

It is really this last phase that constitutes my text. After the War Mure's golf left him not because his strength failed but because rheumatism got him in its grip and he could no longer twist that broad back of his. He could still putt. It had been said of him long since by another famous golfer that if he had the choice of the whole world to hole a critical short putt for him he would instantly choose Mure as his deputy. That compliment he continued to merit. He treated a short putt as I suppose, though it sounds impossible, it should be treated, namely with a measure of contempt; he stood bolt upright a long way from the ball and drove it into the hole. This putting of his remained a gesture as effective as it was awe-inspiring but from the rest of his game all length and power had departed. He was not by nature a man of patient or serene temperament and yet he went on playing the game with an extraordinary serenity, in a way that filled everyone with admiration.

Not to play so well as he did when he was younger is the common lot for which every golfer must be prepared, but most of us may hope that the descent will be made tolerably easy for us—a gentle slipping gradual enough to be but faintly perceptible. Here was a terribly sudden drop for one who had kept his fine game so late into life—to cease to give some particular adversary three or four strokes is one thing; to have to take a third from him is another. The loss of a certain amount of length is only natural but to have to play short with a driver of bunkers that could once be treated as negligible with a mid-iron, is hard. These things befell Mure and he went on playing with his own rather dour form of pleasure and without complaint; or if he did complain it was not of his infirmities; it was only, in a true spirit of humility, of the bunkers being placed just where they caught his best shots. He re-adapted his point of view to that of the great mass of humble short-hitting folk to whom a cross-bunker at 150 yards or so is a real menace and, when carried, a source of joy. He was told by a small urchin of a caddie that he might become quite a decent player, if only he could learn not to drop his shoulder. This was on the course where he had won medals for forty years and he retailed the story with a grim enjoyment of it.

It may be said that golf is just a game, that it is played for fun and hence that this was but the sensible way in which the inevitable descent should be accepted. Yes—but how many people are there who will so well accept it? How many are there who could continue to get fun out of that mere game? Not, I think, so very many. There are certainly some—perhaps a large number—who would rather put their clubs away forever and that brings me to the title of my article, *On giving up the game of golf.*

GOLF is unlike other games in this, that when a man begins it he may hope, given reasonable health, that he need never give it up. It is otherwise with the more active and athletic games. There the player knows that the "abhorred shears" are waiting for him and he will soon have to be watching where once he was playing. Yet men do give up golf—I have known them to do it for all sorts of reasons. There was one who found himself suddenly attacked by a strange nervous disease; he could get his club easily enough to the top of the swing but wild horses could not pull it down again; there the thing impudently remained suspended. So he gave it up, very wisely, and was happier afterwards. There was another who having been made the secretary of a golf club, became nauseated once and for all with the eternal talk about the game, as is, so we are told, the pastry-cook's apprentice who is allowed to eat as many of his master's cakes as he pleases. He was a good golfer and so was another of my acquaintances, a naturally gifted game-player who, when the handicapping standard was less exacting than it is today, found himself rated at "scratch" after he had played for only one year. Yet he found golf so intensely exasperating that he decided that the game was not worth the candle, in the shape of loss of temper and patience and he retired from the links forthwith.

I remember one other friend whose story has a happier ending. I really do not know why he ever thought of abandoning golf, for he lived in a country of great seaside links and could play games with an enviable placidity. Yet he wrote to me one day that he had given up golf and found more pleasure in gardening and playing Badminton. I wrote back laying my heaviest curse upon him: I prayed that his garden might rot and that old ladies might beat him at Badminton. Whether my curse took effect I cannot say but after an interval he returned to the game and has even been captain of his club, resplendent on festal occasions in a red tail-coat.

SOME of those whom I have cited were much better players than others and it is to the good player, and most of all to the ex-champion that there must be the greatest temptation to retire, once the hand has lost some of its cunning. I have known some very fine players thus to write "Finis" to their golf and abide by the resolution. One is inclined to attribute it to something of vanity and also of lack of courage but that is a superficial diagnosis. One of the very bravest of great game players that ever lived said to me once of his own game, "The fact is I don't play as well as I did and I don't like it." It is then, I suppose, just a matter of temperament. No doubt the hardest time to bear is that when the champion is just beginning not to win championships. He has slipped a little, yet not so much but that his friends criticize and are disappointed in him. A little more time passes and the bitterness should have gone; he is no longer expected to win, fine player though he still is; if he nearly wins or does anything good, everyone is delighted and if he fails there is no criticism, only a little gentle regret. Our great triumvirate of Vardon, Braid and Taylor, may now be said to have reached this happier stage. They can still play on occasions gloriously well but it is not human to expect them to win through the strenuous days of a championship. Whenever they play, all hearts are with them, and with every good round the whole world exclaims what wonderful old gentlemen they are.

I do not think that anyone who ever saw it will forget what we must suppose will be the last round ever to be played by Mr. John Ball in an Amateur Championship. It was in 1927 on his own Hoylake and he lost his match, but only after fighting characteristically with his back against the wall. Moreover he swung his club so gracefully and youthfully that the years seemed to have

(Continued on page 124)

We Nominate for the Hall of Fame:

BIEBER—BERLIN

VSEVOLOD PUDOVKIN

Because he is a Russian actor and film director whose fame has recently spread throughout the world; because he believes in stark simplicity and bars make-up; because he directed *The End of St. Petersburg* and Gorki's *Mother*, and finally because he has just won acclaim for his playing in the film made from Tolstoy's *Redemption*

HAGEMEYER

ROBINSON JEFFERS

Because he is one of the first among contemporary American poets; because he has embodied the vitality of the California coast in his poems of tragic terror; because his epic works have won him the title of "the new Whitman", and finally because his poem *Cawdor*, recently published, is the final part of a powerful modern trilogy

WIDE WORLD

RUTH McCORMICK

Because she is one of the most influential women in national politics; because she is the daughter of Mark Hanna and the widow of Medill McCormick; because she is an authority on dairying and runs a model farm, and finally, because she is the new representative in the U. S. Congress from Illinois

ABBOTT—PARIS

ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED

Because he is, perhaps, the first European since Bryce to become an authority on America; because he is an economic expert in the French Foreign Office; because he is a propagandist against standardization, and finally because his book *America Comes of Age* has had a tremendous influence

HALMI—BUDAPEST

COUNT BÁNFFY

Because he is the most versatile of Hungarians; because he was director of state theatres and operas; because he is a stage designer and an illustrator; because he is a successful playwright and was minister for Foreign Affairs of Hungary, and finally because he is the dean of the literary aristocracy

Impressions of America

A Visitor From Europe Finds New York Cosmopolitan But Still Our Most Representative City

By CLAUDE ANET

AN empire, and what an empire! All our European ideas of a world power are overturned. I have to go back to pre-war days, when I was travelling in Russia, to recall a sensation, although one weak by comparison, similar to that which I experienced in visiting the United States. How formidable the strength and the rhythm of life are in America!

Looking at Europe from these trans-Atlantic shores is like looking at it through the large end of a telescope. One sees a confusion of little, struggling powers, quarreling among themselves and insisting on making themselves heard. But that very noise dies away before it reaches the American coast, and the feeble echo that does survive is smothered immediately in the extraordinary clamour of New York.

It is quite in vain that the Metropolitan newspapers publish occasional dispatches, sometimes very well written, from their European correspondents. One American in a hundred perhaps, in a thousand more probably, glances over these, and if he thinks about them at all, which is unlikely, he says: "Oh, will they ever settle down and be quiet?" Be assured that he won't say: "Are they never going to leave me in peace?" For he has peace, the *Pax Americana,* and he fully intends to enjoy it without letting himself be disturbed by foreign Jeremiads.

THE American has plenty to keep him busy without concerning himself with Europeans. Between the oceans that bound this empire there is an immense theatre for his activities; its possibilities, as Americans say, are infinite. The war did at least enrich one power, the one that was already the richest of all, the United States.

All the gold in the world has accumulated there. Business has grown to an extent that has surpassed the most optimistic hopes. Almost everyone makes a good living, and everyone hopes to become rich. Opportunities are equal for all in a society which has no real castes. The envy that is rife among the people of Europe seems not to exist. The rich are praised every day in the newspapers. They are the gods of this new world.

"Why can't I be one of these gods?" the young man who is starting out in life asks himself. The Treasury Department has announced through the press that nearly three hundred American citizens have made a tax return showing that they have incomes of more than a million dollars. Among these fortunate people, how many are there who have incomes of more than five million dollars? You would hear an appalling outcry in a whole section of the press of Europe if it were possible to draw up a similar list in our countries. Could we hope to escape barricades in the streets? Not so in America; nothing of the sort. Each newspaper reader congratulates himself on the enormous power of the wealth that these adroit and clever men have known how to amass, and hopes to secure his own share of it before he passes on.

I apologize for dealing in figures, but in such an amazing country one acquires the habit in spite of one's self. An American of the middle class—let us leave out the élite—is, too often, a living cash register who pours out accounts and statistics as soon as one touches a key. But it is not a matter of figures. One need only keep one's eyes open to become aware of an impression of power that nothing can efface.

Your arrival in New York and your first walks in the city are enough to convince you that you are entering a country the like of which the world has never seen. These enormous buildings reaching toward the sky, these buildings of thirty and forty stories, pierced by thousands of windows, these streets, so narrow that, in the lower part of the city they seem to be cut between the buildings; nothing here is on the European scale, on the human scale.

If one arrives at night the spectacle is admirable, what with the frequently broken outlines of the skyscrapers. The details of architecture, too often, in themselves, mediocre, disappear; one no longer sees anything but mysterious towers, with a thousand gleaming points of light, climbing to the heavens. Where are we? In the home of the giants, no doubt. One feels that one has come to live in one of the stories of Gulliver.

New York is the capital of the modern world. At home, in Europe, one is always conscious of history, of the past—of decaying, the carping would say. In New York everything is new, and boasts of being new. Europe is proud of its monuments of antiquity. New York takes its pride in its newest structures. Nothing is supposed to endure there. An American said to me: "Our Opera House is too old, it was built in 1883, it ought to be torn down." The French think that the Opera House in Paris, which was built sixty years ago, is too new.

THE city is a changeling. When I came to New York twenty-five years ago Fifth Avenue, its central artery, was flanked between Forty-second Street and Sixtieth, by ugly little two-story brownstone houses. Not one of them remains. Huge buildings, upon strong foundations, have replaced them, each of which harbours, in a day, the population of a small town. Strength, wealth, power—that is the cry all along the streets of New York.

Ah, it is enough to take a walk here to understand how completely the American is detached from the affairs of Europe. What use has he for us Europeans? He is a world unto himself.

What an amazing city! Fifth Avenue is a river of wealth, a narrow valley of luxury. As soon as one goes a few blocks, either east or west, one comes upon meaner quarters. Ugly trains run deeply buried underground, others like them are overhead. The neighbourhood of the two rivers that border on the island of Manhattan shelter, for a great length of the city, a restless population of stevedores, smugglers, vagabonds, criminals in fear of imprisonment. Yet a few yards away is the most dazzling luxury.

Dostoievsky would have liked these contrasts, and I can see him, turning his back upon the brilliantly lighted streets and wandering, with an insatiable curiosity among those dark sidewalks where pale, blond children and little negresses play, a short way from Fifth Avenue.

There is lacking here the clearly defined line between the rich quarters and the slums that one finds in Paris, in London, in Vienna. They are side by side, they touch everywhere, and, at night, everyone jostles and mingles on "the Great White Way", Broadway, where one may see better at night than by day: Broadway, where, between Fortieth Street and Fifty-seventh Street a hundred motion picture houses, a hundred theatres, a hundred restaurants, a thousand cafés, dubious taverns, night clubs, drug stores (and in its adjoining side-streets speak-easies) are concentrated.

And, in the centre of this crowd drawn by the search for pleasure there is a secret life, a mysterious life, of criminal gangs, well organized, at war with one another, which have their law, the law of the jungle, the final appeal of which is to the pistol, as it is curiously called in America.

NEW YORK, the gigantic city, capital of the modern world, is now Cosmopolis. It is made up of ten united cities. There is the black city, Harlem, the gleaming negro city, which has developed uptown, well above the park, but close—always the eternal contrast!—to Columbia University. Harlem, full of shows and of noise, of sensuality and rhythm, where even the wailings of the sidewalks betray the broken cadences of jazz.

And, fifteen kilometres away at the point of the island, there is the yellow city, Chinatown, with its banners and lanterns, its tall yellow men with agate eyes wandering in the streets. There is the Russian quarter, that of the Poles, the Czechs, the Levantines, the Syrians, I don't know how many others. There are corners in which vice is as open as in Port Said, and, next to them, a Baptist church. New York is the largest of Italian cities, too, and, finally, it is the greatest Jewish city there has ever been since there have been any Jews. One can find there Jews of every country and of every estate—Jews miserably poor, though, one may well believe, not to remain so very long, and incredibly rich Jews, who reckon their fortunes in hundreds of millions.

Anyone who wants to follow the swift rise of a Jew to riches need not seek him in the muddy plains of Galicia, follow him slowly across Germany and Alsace, and see him come, finally, to success in the West of Paris, at sixty. Let him, rather, seek his Jew in the lower East Side of New York, just off the boat, perhaps with earrings still in

(Continued on page 116)

STEICHEN—BEVERLY HILLS

When the Stars Speak—Ruth Chatterton

This Actress Is One of the First Converts to the Talking Screen and Leading Lady to Emil Jannings

"The Thrill That Comes Once in a Lifetime"

A Few Interesting and Unusual Slam Bids That Have Been Played in Recent Contract Tournaments

By R. J. LEIBENDERFER

WHENEVER Contract players get together, the inevitable post mortem begins and before long some one tells about the grand slam bid that he will never forget, and then they are off. Every player has his own pet slam story—and how he loves to dwell upon it! All of us must confess to more or less of a thrill, when we bid and make any kind of a grand slam, even when it is justified by the cards and therefore to be expected, but when the result is unexpected and due to a freak distribution that turns an apparent rout into a glorious victory, it is only natural to experience the thrill that comes once in a lifetime.

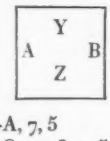
Here are some hands played and discussed at recent Contract tournaments. They are all interesting and, if you can get the player's viewpoint in each instance, you are sure of a sympathetic thrill, just from reading about them.

♡-none
♣-none
◇-A, Q, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 3
♠-9, 8, 5, 3

THE foregoing hand was held by the dealer of a goulash hand when both sides were vulnerable. It didn't seem worthy of an original bid, so the dealer passed and was not surprised to hear a two heart bid on his left. The dealer's partner passed and a five heart bit on his right made the dealer's situation seem even more hopeless. There was nothing for him to do, however, but pass and hope that his opponents would not bid for a slam. Six hearts was bid, however, and passed up to him. He was practically certain that this heart bid could be made, so he decided to make the sacrifice bid of seven diamonds, not with any hope of making it but praying that he would not be set more than three tricks. The bid was doubled, of course, but when the dummy hand went on the table the situation shifted with great rapidity. By a twist of fate the dummy held the following hand:

♡-10, 4, 3, 2
♣-9, 8, 5, 4, 2
◇-K, J, 4, 2
♠-none

With all the remaining diamonds and no spades in dummy, the dealer easily made the bid. No one could blame the dealer for remembering that hand with affection.



♡-A, 7, 5
♣-Q, 10, 8, 7, 5, 4, 2
◇-8, 5, 4
♠-none

The foregoing hand was also a goulash, both sides were vulnerable and were playing the Vanderbilt Club convention. Z, of course, passed. A passed and Y bid one club (thus indicating at least three quick tricks). B then bid five diamonds and Z began to take notice. His partner was a very sound player and he felt sure that his bid of one club really meant what it said, three quick tricks. These three quick tricks must be in the other three suits than diamonds. If they happened to be in clubs and hearts, the hands would fit perfectly so Z decided to take a chance and bid six clubs. A and Y passed and B bid six diamonds. Z still felt that the chances of making a big club hand were better than of defeating a six diamond bid, so bid seven clubs. He really had very little hope of making it, but figured it would be a good sacrifice bid even if he did lose. He also had no hesitation about driving B to a possible seven diamond bid for he felt that Y's original club bid should guarantee at least one trick. A and Y passed the seven clubs and B doubled.

Y's hand was as follows:

♡-K, Q, 8, 2
♣-A, K, J, 9, 6
◇-none
♠-J, 10, 9, 4

Needless to say, Y Z made the grand slam doubled so that Z's hand that started off like the proverbial lamb ended up a veritable lion.

♡-A, K, Q, 10
♣-7
◇-A, K, Q, 8
♠-A, K, Q, J

THIS deal was not a goulash, but both sides were vulnerable and were playing the Vanderbilt Club convention. Z dealt and bid two clubs (thus indicating a club suit and less than three quick tricks.) A's hand was so gigantic that game was certain, but A was one of those marvels of the game who always tries for the maximum on every hand and usually succeeds. Instead of bidding one of his four card suits or doubling the two club bid, he bid three clubs, the only way he could possibly have paved the way for what was to follow. Y was a clever player also and sensing what A was up to, tried to block his plans by bidding four clubs. This released B from bidding and Z also passed. A, however, was determined to carry his plans through and bid five clubs. Once again Y tried to block proceedings by a double of five clubs, which again acted as a release of B's obligation to bid. He passed, as did Z, but A was too crafty to be beaten thus easily, so redoubled. Y had no answer to this stratagem, so was forced to pass. B's hand was as follows:

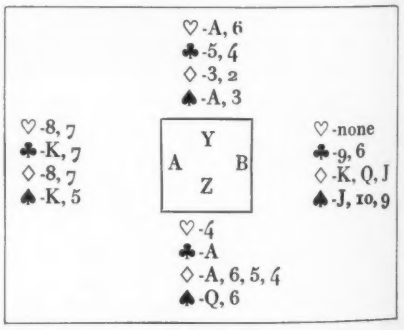
♡-7, 5
♣-5, 3
◇-J, 10, 9, 7, 5, 4, 2
♠-4, 2

It was very evident to him that A had been trying to force a bid, so he obediently bid five diamonds. When Z passed, A carried his plans to their logical conclusion by bidding six diamonds which, of course, was easily made. It was a perfect example of Reverse English applied to Contract and the brilliant results that follow such original methods.

♡-Q, J, 7, 5, 3
♣-A, K, Q, 10, 7, 6, 2
◇-4
♠-none

Both sides are vulnerable and playing the Vanderbilt Club convention. Z bid one heart and A bid one spade. Before going any further with this hand, figure out how you think Y should have bid his hand and then learn how mistaken you would be. This young man was not only a most brilliant player, but also a gay deceiver and his plans were Machiavellian in their psychology. After A's spade bid, Y doubled, to confuse the enemy and thus give no impression of his void spade suit. B was properly fooled and proceeded to take his partner out of the double with a two diamond bid. Z now bid two hearts and A passed. Here again Y showed his genius by bidding diamonds. The purpose of this bid was to pretend that he was void of diamonds and thus encourage Z to try for a slam. B passed and Z bid five hearts. When A passed, Y considered that the stage was now properly set, so bid seven hearts. B and Z passed, A doubled and Y redoubled. All passed and A had the opening. With both the ace of spades and the ace of diamonds in his hand, he was forced to guess which one to lead and his only guide was the bidding. Y's strategic bid of three diamonds worked to perfection for A's only logical deduction from the bidding was a void diamond suit in Y's hand. Acting on these deductions, A led the ace of spades, which Z trumped in Y's hand when the grand slam became a simple matter. The gay deceiver was certainly entitled to remember that hand so full of brilliant and deceptive bidding.

That the thrills in Contract are not all restricted to the bidding, however, is well illustrated by the following end-play.



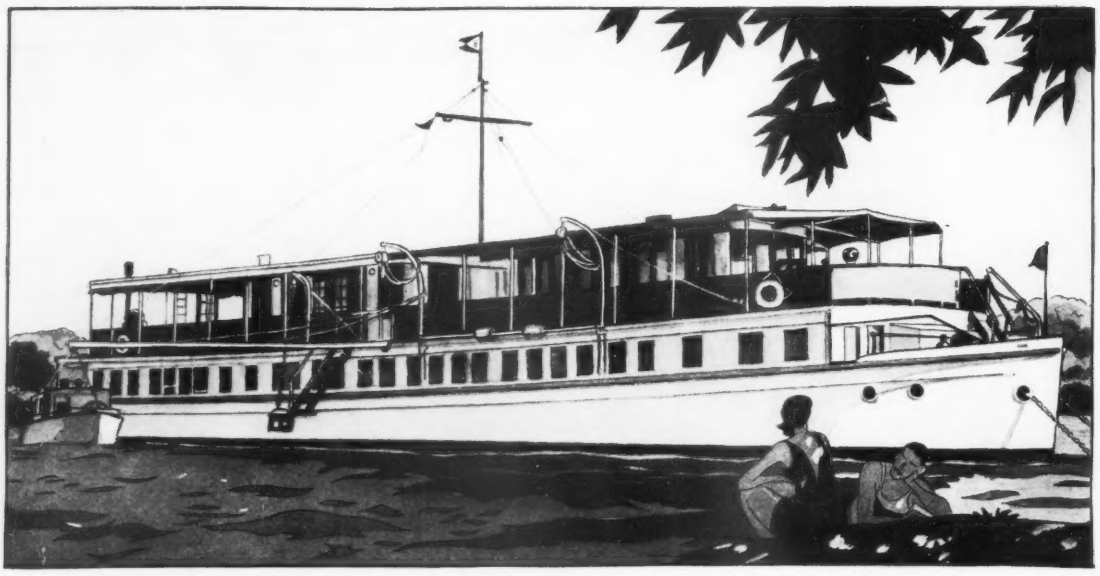
There are no trumps and Z is in the lead. How can YZ win five of the eight

(Continued on page 94)

The Well-Dressed Woman at the Shore

Casual Nonchalance Is the Keynote of Chic on the Smart Summer Beaches

THIS comfortable little scene depicts the congeniality that reigns among the feminine contingent at the beach during those men-scarce days, when rivalry sinks into oblivion and vicious fingernails gracefully cease their figurative clawing,—Monday to Friday. In that period, almost fanatical attention is paid to *citronnades sans sucre* and to a complete abandon to the burning rays of the sun—this, so that a dazzling tawny beauty may greet arrivals Friday night. Standing, (at left centre) is Madge, whose *forte* is a disarming naïveté. In consequence, she wears a white jersey bathing suit of Jane Régny which, like children's garments, buttons up the back; from Lord & Taylor. On the sand beside the parasol Nancy, adamant in her determination to become nut-brown and charming in a white jersey Vionnet suit, backless and almost frontless, wears a woolly beret; from Best. Nora, next to her, has always envied her male companions the freedom of trousers, so lounges comfortably in Nowitzky pyjamas with blue jersey sailor trousers and a white silk blouse; from Lord & Taylor. Her striped canvas sandals are from Best. Oriel, at right, protected from the sun, wears a rough straw hat with multi-coloured streamers, a monk's-cloth cape, and a Vionnet bathing suit with an orange jersey top and black taffeta trunks; from Best



OLD RIVER

The 130-foot houseboat designed by Henry J. Gielow, Inc., for approximately $150,000, and owned by C. K. G. Billings, carries out the Civil War motif and theme in its interior decoration

The Motor Boat Epidemic Spreads

Concerning Million-Dollar Yachts, and the Growing Vogue of the Small Outboard Motor Boat

UP at Bath, Maine, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan is having built the most luxurious, the most expensive and the largest power yacht in the world, for delivery next January. This leviathan of the pleasure seas will be 354 feet long—approximately the equivalent of one and a half city blocks, three college swimming pools or a regulation size football field.

All over America adolescents of both sexes, of families of considerable means and less, are buying little boats for from $75 to $1300 and outboard motors to propel them from 10 miles an hour to, well, let's be reasonable, 45 or thereabouts. And four years ago the world's record for outboards was 16 miles an hour!

Between the extremes of Mr. Morgan's colossal dream of marine luxury and the tiny thrill-boats of young America there are countless other motor craft rapidly passing into the hands of the American public which has, during the past few years, seized upon this worth-while sport of motor boating. It is rapidly dotting our millions of miles of beautiful protected waterways with double cabin cruisers, swift, sportive runabouts and all the other motor boat types which have been so quickly and so efficiently developed to meet the growing demand.

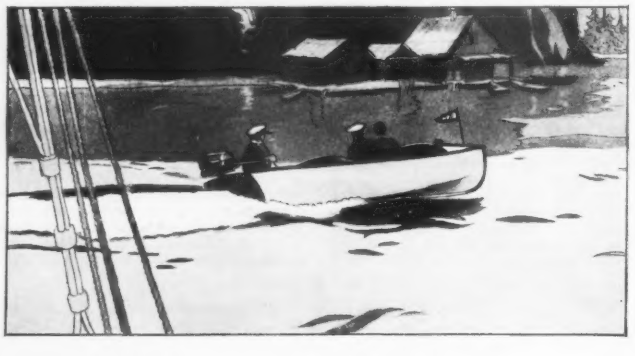
New pleasures, new areas and new types of activity, new ways of resting which counteract the new ways of being strenuous and nerve-wrought, new playthings and new types of old toys—so goes the rapidly changing age in which we live. The era of machinery rewards us with new things—all manner of new things and recompenses, beyond the hopes of other years.

The age of machinery has brought us new ways of resting which counteract the new ways of being strenuous. The motor car did its part until congestion made motor touring as nerve-racking as the stock market. But it took people out into the open air. It broke up the old inhibitions against the out-of-doors which formerly possessed most of us when we reached the voting age. Now comes the motor boat—a new way of resting to counteract the new ways of being strenuous.

So, it is that, as additional thousands of folk flock to the motor boating sport for diversion, it, too, grows strenuous in certain aspects. Yet it retains much more than motor touring, a real recreational value. The extensive waterways of our country for a long time hence will still allow us to go far away from the marine race courses and thundering speed demons aboard our own motor yachts or cruisers, and lie at anchor in quiet inlets and coves where only the night wind in the trees ashore and the lap-lap of water against the hull, break the silence. Nerves? Not there. You simply can't avoid a feeling of peace and contentment in such surroundings.

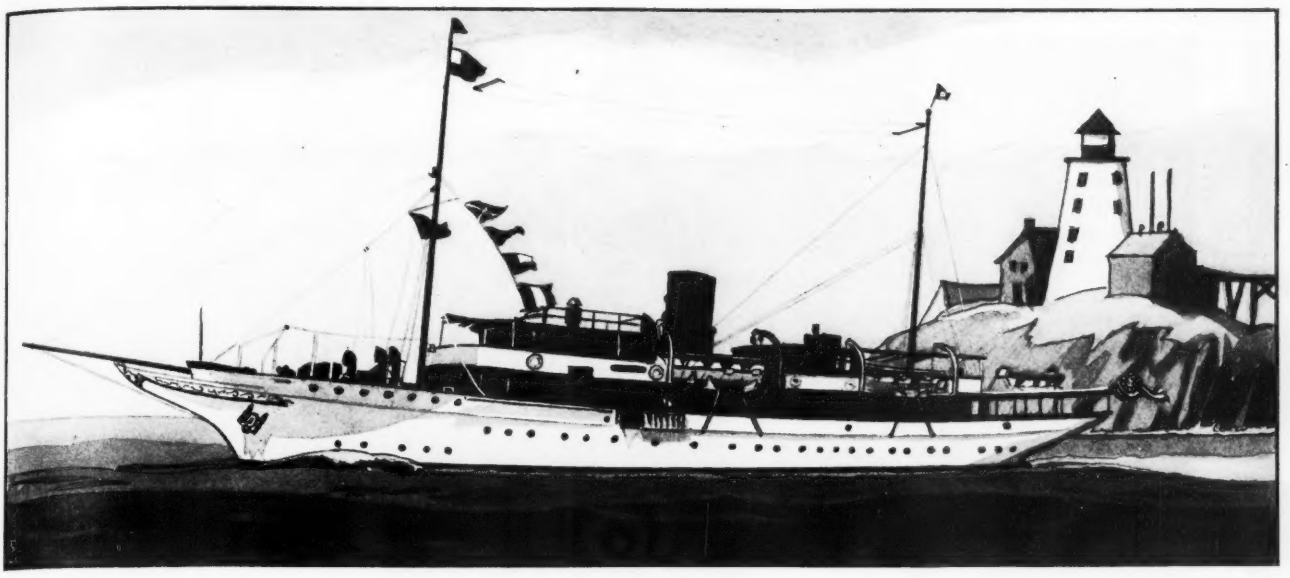
But there comes a time when you have had enough of resting, fishing, swimming and lazing, even in ideal spots where few intrude. Then you weigh anchor and come back to more active things. Your boat will carry you on any kind of cruise, from one regatta to another, from the social activities of one yacht club to another. And when you have to get back to the "office" to see that it is still operating in spite of your absence, you can tie up the motor cruiser at some yacht club conveniently near a railway station, and commute for the remainder of the summer or any part thereof that suits your fancy. The family can remain aboard and enjoy the water sports, the cooling breezes, and new surroundings, and you come back to the dock every evening. At the dock the launch takes you out and you climb aboard, and there you are—back in vacation time once more.

The 1929 motor boating season is certain to be the greatest in the history of the sport. Some experts say that the public is just discovering the real values in the life afloat, others that the industry is only now evolving types of boats in sufficient variety of kind and price as to have a widespread appeal. Others



OUTBOARD

This 16-foot runabout *Super Buzz* is made by the Penn Yan Boat Company. The craft costs $225, will carry five people comfortably and is Evinrude-powered

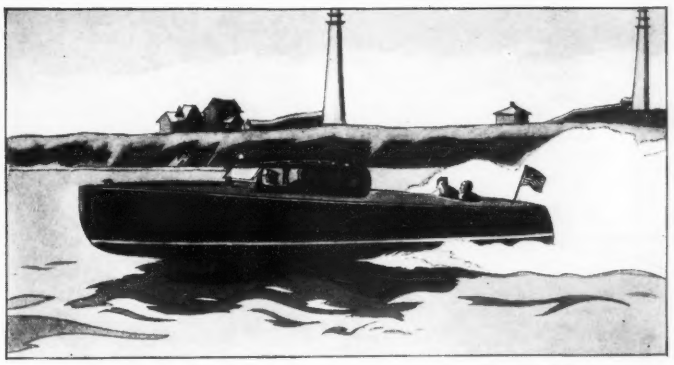


SEAWORTHY
The *Coronet*—180-foot Diesel yacht, designed by Cox and Stevens and built in Kiel, Germany, for Irving T. Bush, and costing about $500,000

declare that the congestion on our motor highways has forced people to think in terms of motor boats for recreation, that the conquest of our waterways by privately owned vehicles is a logical development with the growing population and the mobility demanded by the American public. It is true that our waterways with their open, shining expanses of cool water, tempt alike the swimmer and the boatman. It is also true that we are in the midst of an age which has forced us to take to the outdoors.

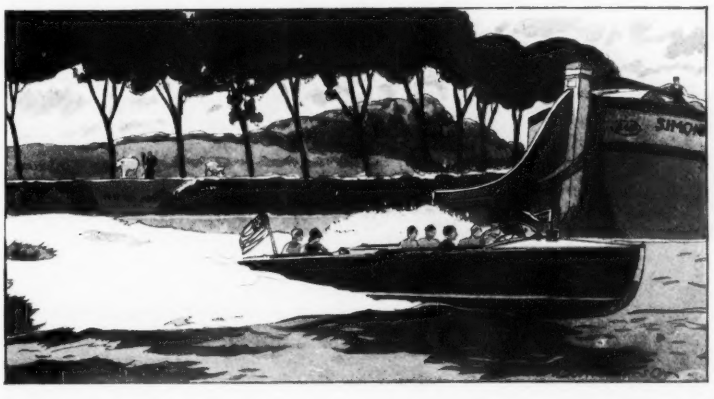
The yachting industry in all its sections has been going at redoubled speed this past winter and spring to produce all the pleasure boats ordered by newcomers to the sport. From the floating palace 100 or 200 feet in length costing literally a fortune to design, build and equip and another fortune each year to maintain, down to the meek and lowly outboard craft with its portable motor, its 10 to 20 feet in length, and its surprising speed,

(Continued on page 114)



65 M. P. H.
The new Sea-Lyon 65 makes this speed with her two Liberty Motors. Mr. William K. Vanderbilt has ordered one of these smart standardized runabouts. This one costs $30,000

RUNABOUT
The new Hacker Dolphin runabout is very comfortable and speedy and is due to prove very popular this season. These craft range from $3150 to $5750 according to power and size



WATERCAR
Equipped with a straight 8 Lycoming Motor, these boats average from $2,000 to $17,000 in price depending on power and speed —30 to 60 m. p. h.

A BROWN SUIT

A chocolate brown worsted with a very fine diagonal weave is used for this suit. In a medium weight, it may be worn through the year in town, and with a sweater it becomes appropriate for the country during the summer

THE COUNTRY SUIT

The material in this suit has a small pattern in black and white with light blue threads giving it a bluish cast. The pattern gives the effect of a broken check or plaid and makes it especially suitable for country and sports

Our London Letter

An Englishman Augments His Spring Wardrobe

WE will take an imaginary young man for our discussion of the Englishman's additions to his wardrobe this season. What will he order from his tailor? Naturally, he is the type of young Englishman who maintains a wardrobe, and so in the spring and autumn he goes to his tailor and chooses, first of all, whatever is necessary to replace worn-out clothes, and secondly, further additions to his wardrobe—two or three new suits, odd pairs of flannel and duck trousers, and a spring topcoat. One material he will choose will be a grey-blue, another a light brown, and the third a medium-weight, fairly rough material—and this is how he has them made. Instead of having the first material cut for a double breasted jacket with patch pockets, trousers, and no waistcoat, as he might do if his wardrobe were very large, he will have an ordinary suit made, with the waistcoat, and with set-in pockets as in any town suit, for this material, while it resembles a flannel, has a diagonal weave that makes it less informal and is medium rather than light in tone. It is a material suitable either to town or country and almost any season of the year for informal wear. Patch pockets would make it distinctly a summer and sports suit. The trousers have cuffs. Its unusual shade of blue-grey makes the choice of accessories to wear with it of special importance. Since our young man has good taste, he will select things to harmonize. Grey shirts are a trifle cold, but blue shirts in a relatively strong shade make the blue in the suit less noticeable and obvious. The tie may be in a fairly striking pattern since the shirt and suit are plain,

(*Continued on page 100*)

TOWN-AND-COUNTRY

This suit above is excellent for town and country wear during the summer. Light blue-grey in colour, it resembles a flannel except that it has a self diagonal weave. The jacket may be worn with white or coloured flannel slacks

Oh, the bouquet of a dainty CONSOMMÉ!

In Consommé, the French soup-chef meets a challenge worthy of his skill. At the formal luncheon or the brilliant dinner, the consommé must give an unmistakable note of nicety.

* * *

It is for this reason that the hostess has such implicit confidence in the Consommé blended by Campbell's famous French chefs. It is the rich liquor of choicest beef, clarified to a beautiful amber and delicately flavored with carrots, onion, celery, parsley and seasoning.

* * *

Blended to an exact and unfailing standard, Campbell's Consommé supplies just that ingratiating flavor and wholesome encouragement to appetite and digestion which a clear soup should always give. 12 cents a can.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

For the Well-Dressed Man

A Few Words of Advice on Clothes and Accessories Suitable for Week-Ends or Extended Trips

HOW often does a man—any man—hurrying off for a week-end, suddenly stop in his tracks and try to recall whether he has packed his shirt studs or his tennis flannels, or whatever it is that he can't remember having packed. Perhaps he is fortunate enough to have a highly efficient valet, but even the most careful valet is not infallible. Then follows an hour or two or three of most disquieting speculation on the probabilities that the articles may—or may not be—in his luggage. Finally, arriving at his destination, and after a barely civil greeting for his host or hostess, he dashes to his room at the first opportunity and dives into his bags for the supposedly missing what-have-you. Whether he finds it or not is of no matter. If he does not, he must borrow if possible, and if he does find it, he spends the remainder of the week-end regaining his composure.

The simplest way is to make out a list of the necessary things and check them off as they are put into their cases, and before that a man should see that his wardrobe is well equipped and in order. Whether he is setting out to hunt lions in Tanganyika or to spend a more or less quiet week-end with friends on Long Island, there are, strangely enough, three outfits that he must have in his wardrobe. The first is obviously a suit in which to travel. The second is a tweed suit and the third is a dinner jacket. These three are essential, and of course there may be more, such as linen suits to wear in the tropics, riding clothes and the like. While the experienced traveller is not apt to overburden himself with useless equipment, he is inclined to take too much rather than too little with him, and the experienced week-ender like the veteran big-game hunter will plan his wardrobe with more care than the novice, who seems to have an unshakable belief in a special dispensation for travelers.

One of the most pleasant parts of any trip lies in the anticipation and planning for it. That is before actually boarding the boat or train, and before sitting down to play with one of the world's worst bridge players. And what to wear is the chief concern of the man who wants to be appropriately dressed wherever he may go.

With the three outfits suggested, and their accessories, a man can feel reasonably sure that he is prepared for all emergencies short of meeting royalty or indulging in any of the more vigorous sports that require special equipment.

The travel suit should be nondescript in colour, a grey-green mixture, for example, which is very smart this season and made of fairly sturdy material, such as an unfinished worsted. With its jacket cut double-breasted it makes a smart outfit suitable for town or on the train, and at a resort or on shipboard the jacket may be worn with flannel trousers and white buck shoes with rubber soles.

THE DINNER JACKET

During the summer the traveler will find the double-breasted dinner jacket both smart and practical to wear in the evening

A medium to light-weight tweed suit with long trousers is especially good for motoring and to wear during bad weather at sea.

For the traveler, a double-breasted dinner jacket is the more practical one, and very smart for informal evening wear in the summer. No waistcoat need be worn with it, making the outfit that much cooler. In England, on the continent, on shipboard, and at fashionable summer gatherings at which the dinner jacket is worn in this country, a wing collar and shirt with a starched bosom are the correct accessories. It is permissible, however, at small, informal evening gatherings on very hot nights in the country to wear a white shirt with soft bosom, collar and cuffs.

The following list of accessories is suggested:

HATS: Snap-brim, light-weight felts in medium grey or brown.

SHIRTS AND COLLARS: Plain coloured and striped shirts with collar attached; plain white shirts with collar attached; dress shirts with starched bosoms and wing collars.

NECKTIES: Small patterned, striped, and plain coloured ties to harmonize with the suits and shirts; black bows for dress.

SOCKS: Plain coloured, neatly patterned or striped socks to match the suits with which they will be worn; black silk for dress.

SHOES: Reddish brown shoes; rubber-soled shoes for shipboard; brown-and-white shoes or plain white shoes to wear with flannel slacks; black patent leather for evening.

UNDERWEAR: Light-weight ribbed cotton shirts and madras shorts.

PAJAMAS: Foulard or fine madras jackets and trousers.

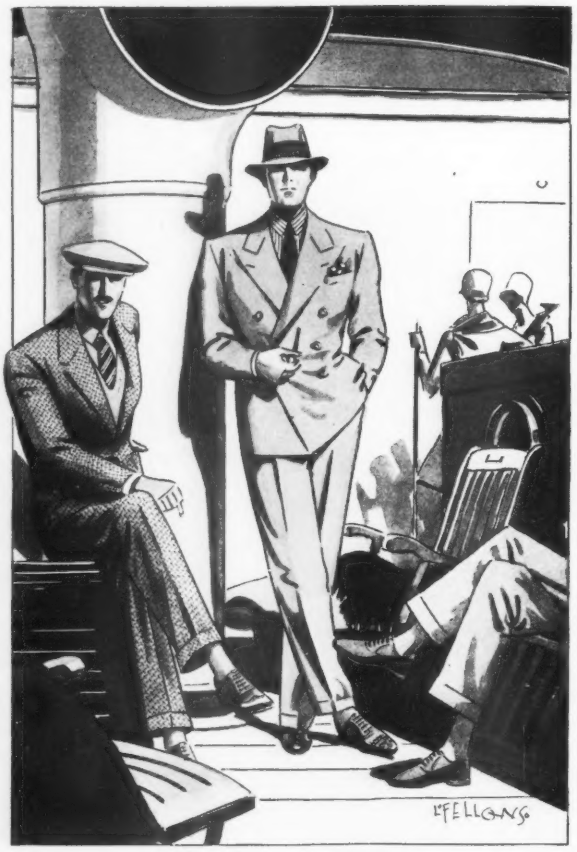
HANDKERCHIEFS: Coloured and white linens.

JEWELRY: Studs, cuff-links, collar pins, pocket or strap watch, key-chain, watch chain.

MISCELLANEOUS: Slip-on sweaters, braces, belts, garters, toilet articles, cleaning and mending equipment for emergencies, and polishes and brushes for shoes.

Of course, the quantities depend entirely on the length of the trip.

In addition to the three outfits, and the accessories listed, a pair of white flannels, one pair of plain greys, and a pair of striped flannels will be useful on shipboard and at seaside resorts, and a tweed or camel's hair topcoat of a fairly voluminous type with gloves in one of its large side pockets, and a light-weight cashmere muffler in the other makes a very smart, complete outfit.



TRAVEL CLOTHES

The tweed suit at the left above may also be worn for motoring, and the worsted suit can be worn as well on the train

OXFORD

in sterling silver by REED & BARTON

silver that truly satisfies one's sense of beauty . . .

To live with beauty, to be surrounded by beauty, to use and enjoy and be companioned by beautiful things, is in itself one of the most profound satisfactions that life can give . . . Something of the charm that environs us becomes a *part* of us . . . and an attraction to which every other nature responds.

It is therefore gratifying to be able to supply you with the Oxford design in sterling silver for use on your own table. The outline of the handle tips was inspired by the superb windows of Christchurch Cathedral, and the restrained laurel leaf decoration is in keeping with modern taste. The individual pieces have interesting character, substantial weight, and enduring value. The workmanship, typical of Reed & Barton, is worthy of especial note. Ask your jeweler to show you the Oxford design.

Set of six	
DESSERT FORKS	$22.50
*DESSERT KNIVES	21.00
TEA SPOONS . .	13.50

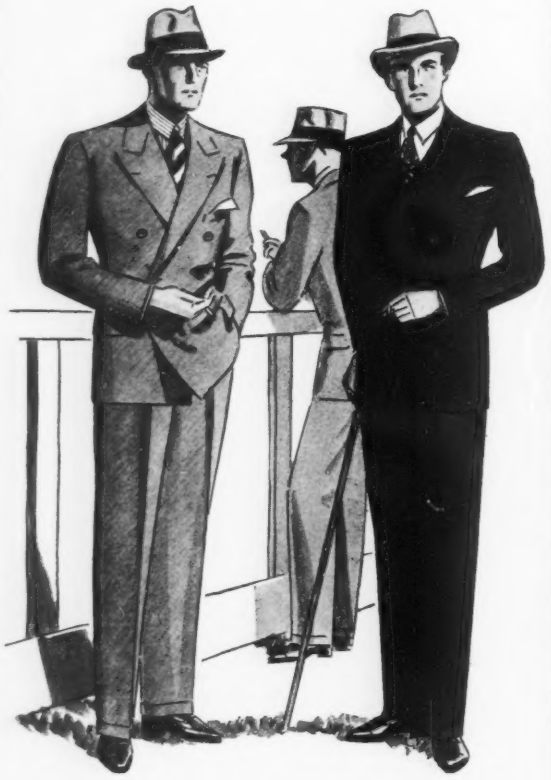
* *With stainless Mirrorstele blades, new French shape.*

REED & BARTON

TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

STERLING ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS SILVER PLATE

TRADE MARK R STERLING



Gentlemen's Clothes

OF CHARACTER
AND DISTINCTION

Fabrics from the oldest and most highly regarded makers in the British Isles and in America add character to style in our gentlemen's suits and coats for Spring wear

Tailored for us by Hickey-Freeman in distinguished styles for gentlemen whose approval determine the correctness of these garments

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.

Outfitters to Gentlemen · Established 1886

MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH STREET

New York

MS. Found in a Bottle.

(Continued from page 58)

spell Bimini; and you can take your choice.

To be sure, Bimini is known popularly as the location of the true Fountain of Youth. I am aware that there is a reputed fountain sought by *Señor* de Leon, and that practically every city of over five thousand in Florida claims this magic spring, along with the best climate and individual credit for the election of Herbert Hoover; but our Fountain of Youth on Bimini is far more authentic and incidentally far more welcome to the parched American tonsil. For it pipes directly from Nassau; and every day it is transferred in bottles and in cases, in tins and in gunny-sacks, by a fleet of airplanes and speed-boats that rushes its sustenance to the eager shores of Miami and Palm Beach, assisting America in her brave effort to keep Mr. Hoover's little experiment noble.

And so the entire population of South Bimini spends an amiable and perfectly futile average day, sleeping and fishing and sleeping and fishing and sleeping, in the order named. Its concerns are few. It has no Traffic-Problem, no Contagious Diseases, no Prohibition. Child-marriages, Graham MacNamee, revolving doors, and spinach are virtually unheard of, there are no radios or Daughters of the American Revolution, and it is not even known for certain whether Herbert Hoover has been elected yet.

The Traffic-Problem, for example, was solved neatly by instituting a device known as One-Way Directions. According to this plan, the population is only allowed to walk in one direction at a time, except when turning around or standing still; and so successful has been this plan that even during the busiest hours of the day the population is unable to bump into itself, except by the use of mirrors.

A further aid to the solution of the Traffic-Problem in South Bimini is the comparative lack of automobiles. (It is estimated that there are not more than .002 automobiles per capita, a fact attributed to the total absence of Hot-Dog Stands on the island.) Consequently the population has resorted to a form of locomotion which existed in America some years ago, and which consists of placing the left foot before the right foot and resting the full weight upon it as the right foot is raised in the air, lifted upward in an arc, and placed neatly in front of the *left* foot.

Sanitary conditions on South Bimini are likewise exceptionally good. There has only been one disease noted on the island to date; but that, it must be admitted, is a fairly prevalent one. This unfortunate malady attacks the joints of the knee, doubling them up and depositing the victim with a sigh on any adjacent chair, sofa, bench, or mound of sand. In its more virulent form it is even known to loosen all the muscles of the spine and lower the victim flat on his back, usually with his ankles crossed and a book upside down on his stomach, his mouth wide open and both eyes comfortably shut. Symptoms of this disease consist of a yawn, a luxurious stretching of the arms, and the repeated expression: "Oh, let's leave the dishes until tomorrow."

Finally, the Liquor Question was settled with promptness and dispatch. Following the canny psychology of the United States, the population of South Bimini, immediately upon its arrival, passed a Prohibition Amendment of its own, forbidding the use of intoxicating liquors on the island. As a result, a bottle of beer now tastes as good here as it does at home.

"The Thrill of a Lifetime"

(Continued from page 86)

tricks against any defense offered?

Solution: The plan of play that must be adopted to solve this problem is to establish a diamond in Z's hand before his re-entry in clubs is lost.

First trick: Z should lead a low diamond which B wins. B now has the choice of three plays: (a) the spade; (b) the nine of clubs; (c) the six of clubs. Suppose at trick two, (a) B leads the jack of spades. Z should pass the trick and Y should win with the ace. At trick three, Y should lead a low diamond, win the trick in Z's hand with the ace and return, B winning the trick. The only other trick that AB can now win is the top spade. (b) Suppose at trick two B returns the nine of clubs, which Z is forced to win. A and Y follow suit. Z should now play the ace of diamonds and follow with the four of hearts. Y should win this trick and return a heart, forcing A in the lead. The latter can now make his top club, but must lead up to the queen of spades in Z's hand. Thus again YZ must win five tricks. (c) Suppose at trick two B returns the six of clubs and thus forces Z in the lead. A should now play the king of clubs so that the nine of clubs will become a re-entry in B's hand. Z should then vary his play accordingly and lead a low heart which Y should win and return. B is thus forced to make two discards. His first discard is a spade and the second discard must be the top club. The diamond discard would set up Z's diamonds and another spade discard would likewise set up his spade suit. A is now forced to lead either a spade, a diamond or a club. He cannot lead a spade or he will make both of YZ's spades good. If he leads a diamond, Z should win the trick and return a diamond, forcing B in the lead. But what can A discard on this trick? He cannot discard his last club or Y's club will be good. He cannot discard a spade or YZ's spades will both be good. In either case, therefore, YZ must again win five tricks.

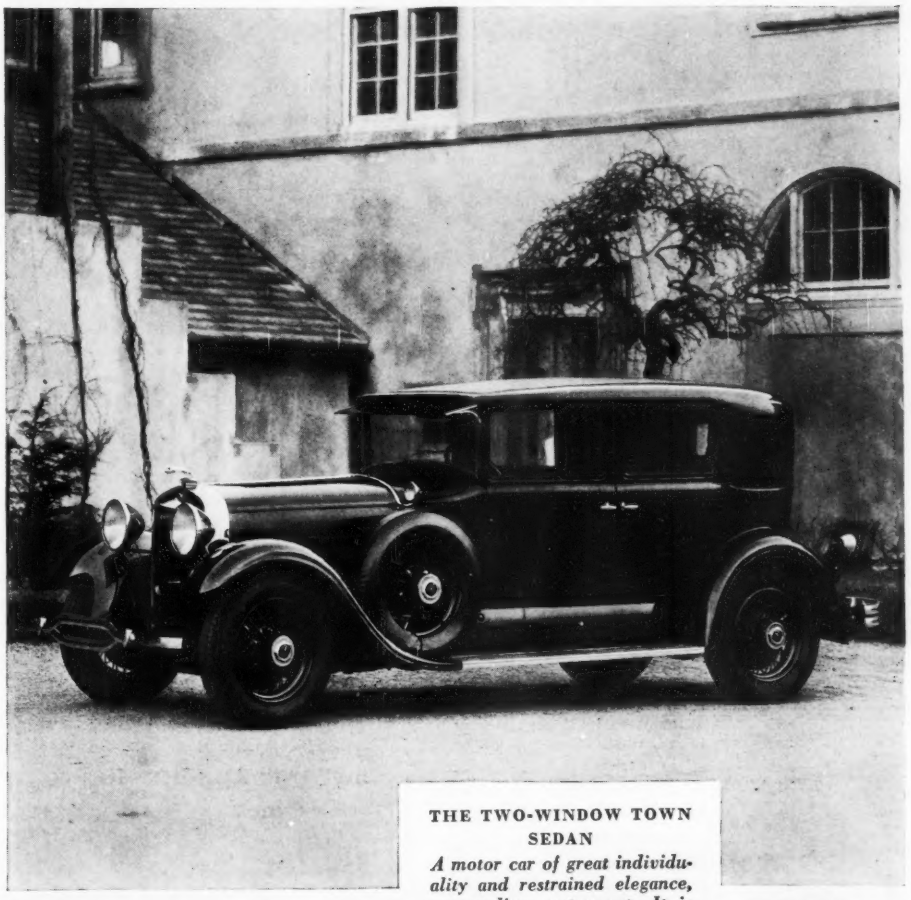
If A should decide to lead the club when he wins the second heart trick, what is B to discard? If he discards the diamond, Z will discard a spade and his remaining diamonds are good. If B discards a spade, Z will discard his diamond and then his two spades are good, so once again YZ are in position to win five tricks.

THERE IS A QUALITY ABOUT IT EASY TO RECOGNIZE, BUT DIFFICULT TO DEFINE

WHEN you see a Lincoln gliding along the avenue, or standing at rest before a well-known door, you may sense in it a quality which sets it apart, a little, in your mind—a quality which causes you to remember it, and recall its image, long after the more immediate concerns of the day are disposed of and forgotten.

That quality is not easy to define. You might look for it in the grace and balance of the car, its comfort, its smooth and effortless performance. You might see it in the basic design and engineering, or the restrained elegance of its appointments. . . . But as a matter of fact, it is from all these things collectively that the Lincoln derives its character. And the key-note of that character is sincerity.

Sincerity. In this one word is summed up the whole principle of Lincoln construction. To build an automobile without compromise, without concession, in accordance with the highest ideals of efficacy and beauty . . . that is the wish of the makers of the Lincoln . . . "as nearly perfect a motor car as it is possible to produce."



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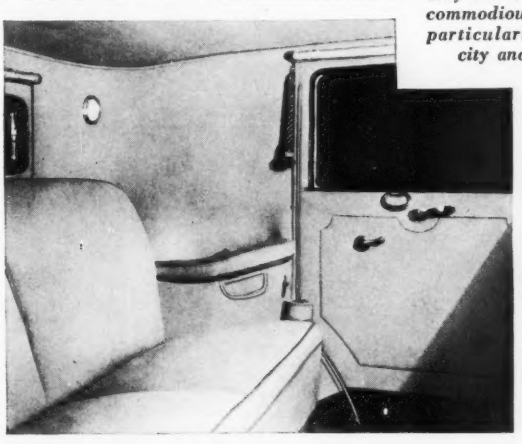
A motor car of great individuality and restrained elegance, commodious yet smart. It is particularly convenient for city and suburban use.



"AS NEARLY PERFECT A MOTOR CAR AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO PRODUCE"

THE LINCOLN

BUILT LIKE A FINE PIANO

A NEW RADIO—built side by side with concert grands—waits to enthrall you!

See it! Realize a new richness in design—a subtle difference in finesse of detail—a warmer, deeper brilliance of finish. Here, indeed, is radio with all the stateliness of a fine piano.

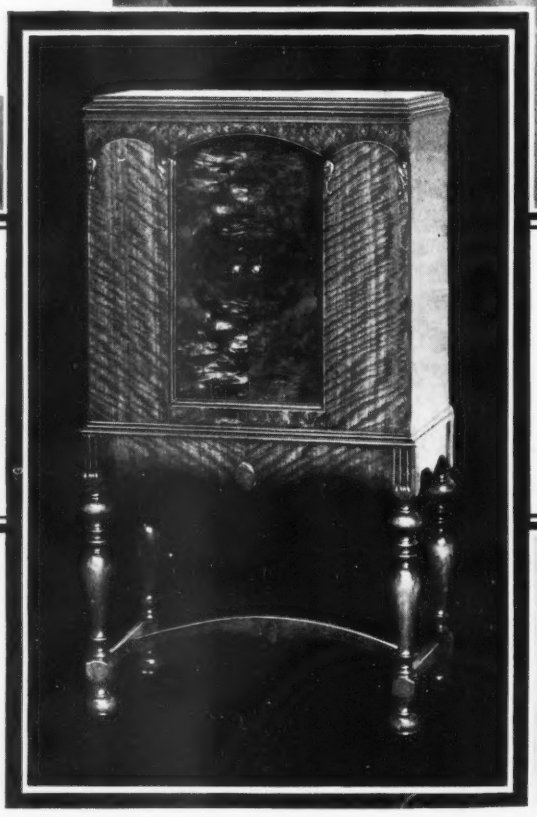
Hear it! Let the dial be your gateway to a new-found pleasure in radio performance. Let your ear reveal the full possibilities of dynamic reproduction in its purest and loveliest phase. Learn what tonal engineers have achieved in mastering the problems of resonance.

Own it! Feel the indescribable satisfaction of knowing that you possess the nearest approach to mechanical and visual perfection in radio. Several models—all new—await your inspection. There is a style that will win your personal preference, and make increasingly evident the full meaning of the expression: "Built like a fine piano".

Bush & Lane Radio can be purchased only from specially appointed dealers who, through their enviable service, enjoy the confidence and patronage of those who buy with perfection in mind. Thus is added to the desirability of Bush & Lane Radio an absolute assurance of complete satisfaction. You can identify your dealer by the Bush & Lane shield.

BUSH & LANE COMPANY

HOLLAND, MICHIGAN



Bush & Lane RADIO

MODEL 70. Sliding doors of Butt Walnut with shifting shades of color are framed by lighter panels of exotic, vibrant Australian Walnut, the effect heightened by overlays of sparkling Maple Burl. Electro-dynamic, 8 tubes of latest type with rectifier, operating from A.C. house current. $207.50, less tubes.

MODEL 60. The quiet elegance of graceful proportions and blending of Butt Walnut panels, Satinwood borders and lively Maple Burl overlays make for the stateliness of a fine piano. Electro-dynamic, 8 tubes of latest type with rectifier, operating from A. C. house current. $199.50, less tubes.

PACKARD

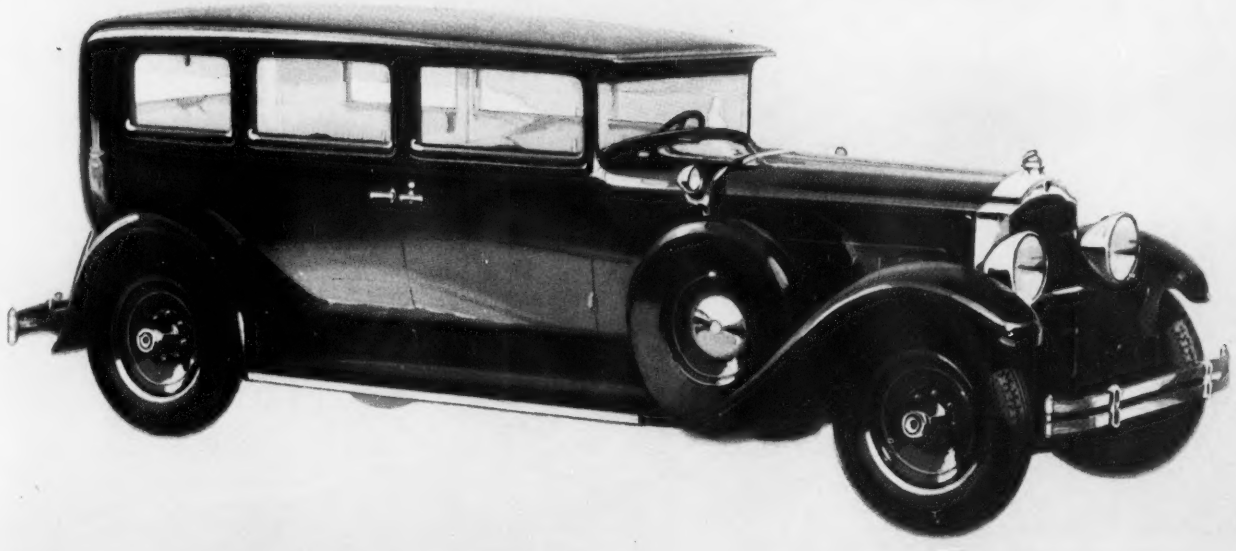
To the golden voice of Jenny Lind a cultured American public paid immediate and merited homage

The discriminating public is quick to acclaim supreme merit, in song, in architecture or in the building of a motor car —eager to take true genius unto itself, prompt to reward unique achievement.

Thirty years ago Packard cars won an immediate acceptance among those of taste and discernment. Throughout the years this appreciation has steadily grown. For Packard, proud of its quality reputation, has sought through the continual refinement and improvement of Packard cars to maintain its world-acknowledged position.

Packard cars today are finer than any of the famous Packards of the past. Ownership is more desirable than at any time in Packard's long and successful history. So it is that Packard is now enjoying its greatest and its most gratifying patronage.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



Picture these

CANNON • LAVENDER • LAWN

Sheets in your guestrooms

The finest sheet in the world! Azure blue, orchid, peach, sea-shell pink, Nile green, canary yellow, or snowy white. And fragrant with Old English Lavender.

WHEN you inspect these Cannon Lavender Lawn sheets in your favorite store and approve their exquisite texture, make a mental image of your own carefully planned guestrooms. Colonial? French or Spanish? Modern? Done in rose, or green, or orchid? With a view of moonlight on the mountains, or sunrise on the sea? Picture these finest sheets in the world on the beds in your home!

Cannon quality has become an axiom. You have used Cannon towels, no doubt, for many years—in the well-known hotels of America, as well as in your own household. . . . When we started to make sheets, we did not count the cost of producing a sheet that would deserve the description "finest sheet in the world." With the markets of the textile world at our command, we chose for our new product, Egyptian cotton, famed for its long staple. This strong, supple yarn has been woven with modern scientific precision. The result is—Cannon Lavender Lawn, the only domestic sheet made of Egyptian cotton. Its texture and its finish are inimitable. Logically enough, such sheets will give you incomparable service.

You will be delighted with Cannon Lavender Lawn the moment you see its splendid package, charmed with the fresh fragrance of Old English Lavender packed with it. You will be increasingly pleased with these sheets, as you put them on your beds and observe their lasting satisfaction.

Outfit your country house as well as your town home with Cannon Lavender Lawn. These smart new sheets are sold in the better stores in a variety of convenient assortments.

For the linen chest—packages of six sheets or pillow cases. For gifts—boxes with combination of sheets and matching pillow cases. Average size in white, priced about $5 the sheet. Available hemstitched or plain.

Cannon Linen is a standard grade sheet, also made in a full color range and white. Priced in white at about $1.75. Cannon Fine Muslin, a popular-priced sheet—likewise in colors and white. Priced in white at about $1.50. Both are leaders in their respective classes.

When buying sheets, look for the Cannon label. Sheets so labeled are made by the makers of Cannon towels. **Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City.**

You should see the new Pieces of 8 [TRADE MARK REGISTERED] in *Paris Clothes!*

Can you imagine Johanna Silver, that intrepid pirate girl of olden days, stepping forth today in a Paris-designed pirate frock? With a chic new bandana chapeau by a famous *modiste* and boots by a famous *bottier?* With her whole costume straight from the Rue de la Paix? That's just what's happened. PIECES OF 8 in 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate now comes to you accoutred in the Paris manner. For PIECES OF 8, a smart, modern idea to begin with now appears in chests and trays as smart and modern as the "8 idea" itself—designed by Monsieur Reynaldo Luza, Paris artist, fashion authority *élégant*. Regal background for the sparkling glory of 1847 ROGERS BROS., the finest of all silverplate. PIECES OF 8 in all patterns with eight of each flatware essential (knives, forks, spoons) $43.75 (slightly higher in Canada). And tea and dinnerware in matching patterns at equally moderate prices... See these new 1929 PIECES OF 8 sets at any silverware counter, or write for booklet F-85 to Dept. E, International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

34 PIECES
$43.75
CHEST FREE

HERE IS THE STATELY ANCESTRAL PATTERN IN THE NEW PARIS CHEST, $43.75 . . . ALL PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE, INCLUDING LEGACY, THE MODERN FLAIR IN SILVERWARE

ON THE TABLES OF AMERICA'S FIRST FAMILIES . . . . SINCE 1847

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1847 ROGERS BROS.
SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

SALESROOMS: NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO . . . CANADA: INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONTARIO

ESTABLISHED 1818.

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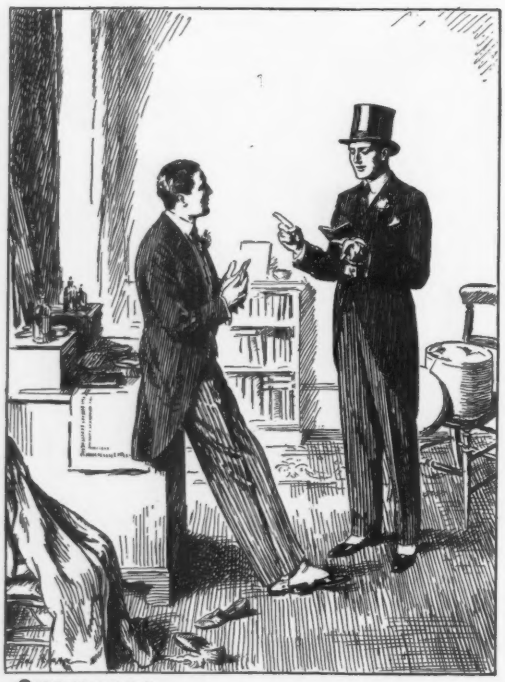
CLOTHING,
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,
MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK



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Outfitting of Groom, Best
Man & Ushers
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Send for our NEW *Illustrated*
GENERAL CATALOGUE
and New Price List of
FORMAL DRESS

BOSTON
NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET
NEWPORT PALM BEACH

Love in an Armory

(Continued from page 56)

haughtily, and rang the bell. He was shown out before he realized what had happened.

Although he resumed his attentions to Mimi and had apparently well-founded hopes of being ultimately forgiven, he did not cease to ponder on the riddle of Gizi's conduct. But all his resentment vanished away when, on another night, Gizi appeared in his apartment again. Ferenc assumed again that the delayed impact of some more of his year-old ardency had taken effect, and he received her as hospitably as before, refraining discreetly, however, from any questioning. When at length he heard her exclaim, "The brute! This is just what he deserves!", he made bold to ask whether it was to himself that she referred.

The truth came then to Ferenc on a flood of words. It appeared that Madame Vago referred to her husband who had mistreated her at dinner. She had asked him to remain at home but he, indifferent to her tears, had gone instead to the club. Now, was she to suffer in solitude the agonies of which only an adoring wife was capable? Was she to allow this atrocity of masculine brutality to go unpunished? Wasn't it her duty to take revenge on that monster who preferred the company of three men and a bridge game to that of his beloved wife for the second time in barely five weeks? Did not an act of such manifest bestiality call for some drastic retribution? And what revenge could be more telling than this deliberate and masterly assault on his most vulnerable side? Could Ferenc fathom the anguish of a jealous husband? Of course Ferenc could not.

Ferenc gave a sudden leap. He was not a coward but his lips were white nevertheless. Did madame, he asked, intend to tell her husband of this masterly revenge of hers?

"Oh mercy, no! That would take away the whole zest of it. It gives me infinitely more satisfaction to sit across from him and think that we are even, to think how deeply he would regret his lack of consideration if he could only know. Don't you think so?"

Ferenc did think so indeed, and proceeded to tell her so in more words than were absolutely necessary to signify in what perfect accord they both were on the subject. For it had occurred to Ferenc that Oscar Vago was a crack shot and a master of the sabre. But, since Ferenc was not a coward and since it was neither mercy nor love that Gizi wanted from him, but revenge, he joined with Gizi in meting out to her husband the exact degree of punishment that fitted the crime. As she was about to depart, however, he could not refrain from asking when he might expect to see her again.

"Never!" Gizi replied emphatically. "That is, I hope never. I love my husband and I hope he will never again compel me to punish him."

Ferenc was naturally of another mind. And hardly two weeks had passed when his prayers were answered and Gizi appeared again. This time Oscar had contradicted her and when she tried to show him how wrong he was he became rude. Her rebuttal had gotten no further than "inasmuch" when he had interrupted her, saying that when a wife says "inasmuch" it is high time for a husband to take his hat and coat and go to his club. Which he had forthwith proceeded to do. Madame Vago was outraged.

Again Ferenc was in full accord with her. But as the days went by and her domestic difficulties became more frequent he found himself agreeing with her less wholeheartedly. For by now her incompatibility with her husband was so continuous that she felt the need for retribution practically every alternate day. Ferenc was congenitally a kind and charitable man and so much revenge was beginning to irk him when at last the Vago household reached the point where it was sundered daily.

Thus it was natural enough that Ferenc should have a heart-to-heart talk with Gizi, endeavouring to show her that a share of her domestic trouble was due to her own spleen and hypersensitiveness. He stressed the advantages of tolerance, dwelt at length on the Christian virtues of forgiveness and forbearance, and laid special and dramatic emphasis on Oscar's sublime love for her. Gizi proved to be more than amenable to all his suggestions. She gladly gave her promise to do her utmost to avoid friction in the future.

But Ferenc did not end his good works here. In the overflowing kindness of his great heart he determined to restore happiness to this unfortunate couple. He went to the trouble of looking up Oscar Vago at his club and playing a game of cards with him. The game over, he button-holed him, took him into a corner and severely upbraided him for his haggard and neglected appearance. Oscar's heart was touched by this surprising solicitude and he confessed to Ferenc that marital difficulties were the basis of his trouble. After listening carefully to his tale of woe, Ferenc gave him of his bounty of advice, in which, by a remarkable coincidence, the words occurring most often were: tolerance, forgiveness, forbearance, consideration and the great love his wife bore for him.

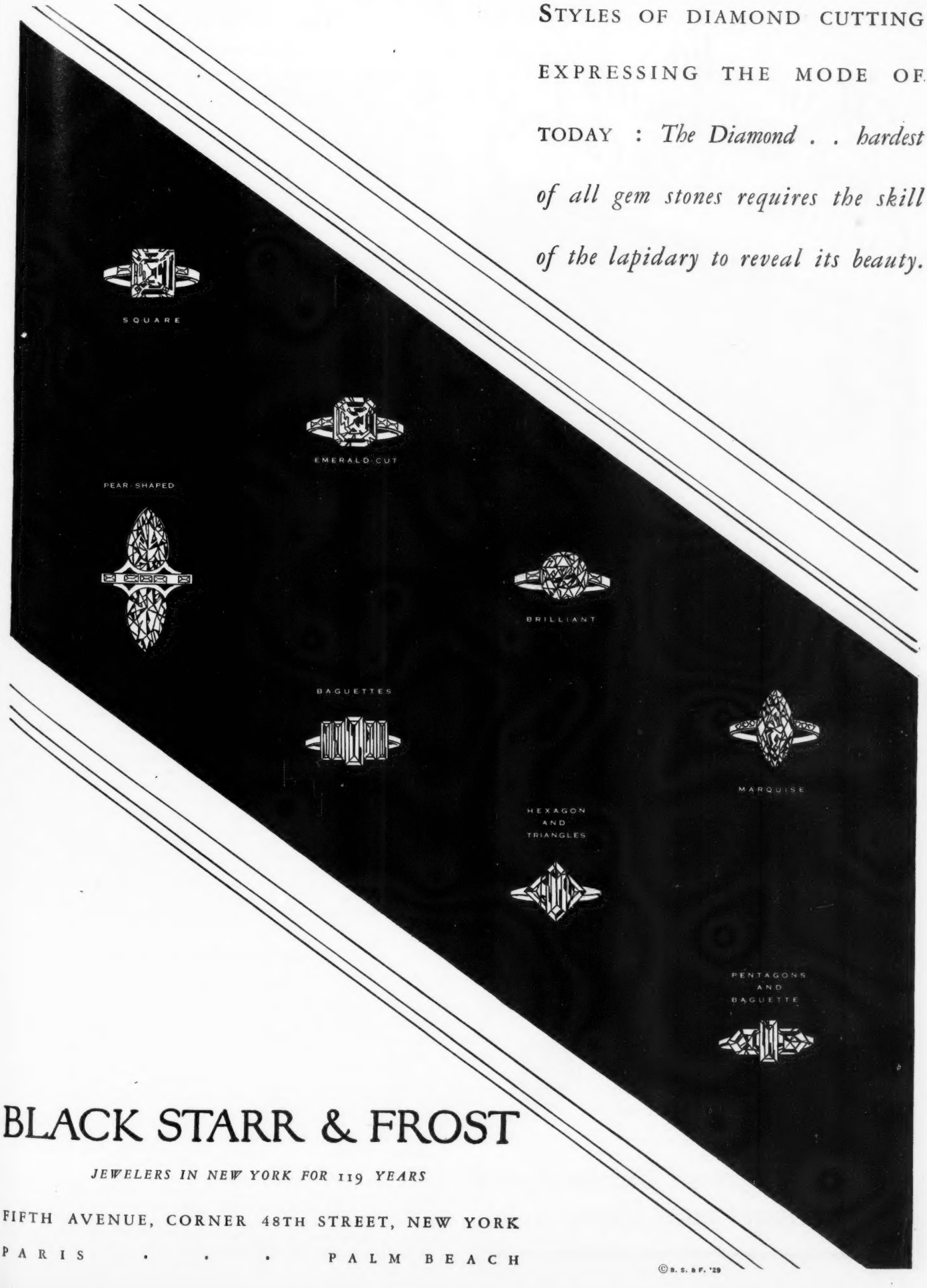
Oscar thanked him from the bottom of his heart and departed a changed man, a gleam of hope radiating from his eyes. . .

* * * *

Some four weeks later Ferenc was showing Mimi the Divine through his private museum of medieval arms—so addicted to it had she become that she occasionally ran up now between the matinée and the evening performance—when a package and postcard came for Ferenc. The package was postmarked Italy and contained a beautifully enamelled cigarette case. Inside was engraved the legend: "To Ferenc, our benefactor, for whose unselfish friendship we are eternally grateful. The Vagos." The postcard came from Venice and read: "Greeting from our second honeymoon. Gizi and Oscar."

Ferenc was deeply and sincerely touched, and to Mimi's question he replied, in a voice heavy with emotion: "Just a token of gratitude from two charming people to whom I was once able to be of some slight service."

STYLES OF DIAMOND CUTTING EXPRESSING THE MODE OF TODAY : *The Diamond . . hardest of all gem stones requires the skill of the lapidary to reveal its beauty.*



BLACK STARR & FROST

JEWELERS IN NEW YORK FOR 119 YEARS

FIFTH AVENUE, CORNER 48TH STREET, NEW YORK

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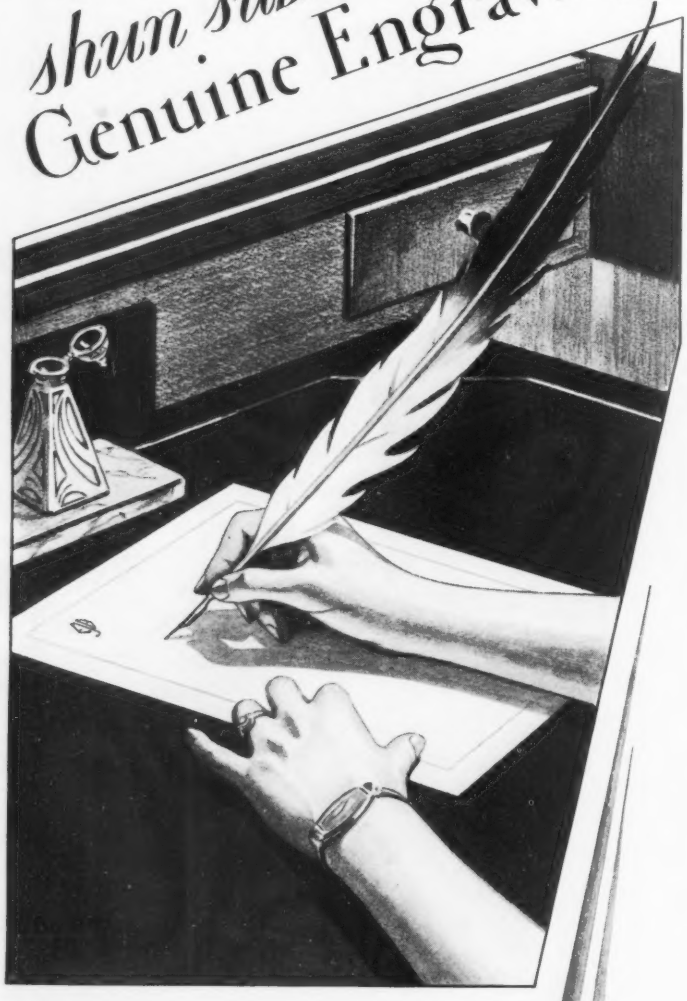

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ENGRAVED

Genuine Engraved Business Cards Open Closed Doors

The Atlantic Show

(Continued from page 50)

risking one's life; if there are pirates, they are of a most engaging aspect.

The wireless, with its merrily crackling sparks, keeps us in constant contact with those most dear to us—even our stock broker. Finally, as the very height of comfort, if, after having sailed, you feel nervous, and regret having started, you can still change your mind and go back ashore with the pilot, as did, indeed, one sentimental lady passenger, who reëntered her house in New York two hours after the ship had sailed.

As for that slightly exhilarated gentleman who, to prove his devotion, leaped into the ocean, in evening clothes, from the bar of the *Rochambeau,* he cannot say that the French line is not solicitous of the comfort of its passengers, for he was immediately fished out again!

Every ship has its clientele, its regular passengers, its eccentrics, its lovers. Mrs. W. can travel only on the *Majestic;* Mr. H. can digest no other fare than that of the *Île de France.* Everyone knows that each liner has its specialty. The *Berengaria* is chosen by the brilliant youngsters, the gilded youth of Sherry's or Pierre's; the *Leviathan* is dry, and carries, at the government's expense, senators going to look into the question of night work on Montmartre; the *Augustus* carries to Fiesole or Capri Chicago millionaires who love the Latin sun and lovely ancient sculpture; the *de Grasse* is preferred by actors and actresses, singers, and literary folk; the Roman bath of the *Majestic* is better known in Hollywood, among the stars, than the private swimming pool of Douglas Fairbanks; the *Île de France* sails toward Havre, laden down with works of art, with Park Avenue millionaires, with antique dealers from 57th Street; the *Paris* is better suited to the fostering of love affairs than any other ship; the *Aquitania* is famous for its orchestras, the *Mauretania* for its caviare, its plover's eggs, its grouse.

But all this is far from being final. Let a popular and good-looking captain, covered with decorations, be named to command a new ship, and immediately it will become the fashion. Let a purser liked by men and esteemed by the ladies resign his post, and at once you will find as many cabins as you please on a liner in which, the day before, you had to book passage three months ahead. These are the incalculable things.

Winter crossings are rather tedious. Then one meets business men who travel for serious reasons; they take books from the ship's library and even, sometimes, read them, the while they smoke big cigars. But with the spring the first tourists take flight and the ship cheers up.

In June and July you see it *en fête.* There are delightful little suppers in the suites *de luxe,* petting parties in the moonlight, under life boats swaying beneath a starry sky, and whoopee on all the decks, A, B, C and D! That was made clear by the deep knowledge of a purser who, on the point of giving me a better cabin than my own, which he knew to be empty, still took the thoughtful precaution of knocking.

"One must always knock on cabin doors," he told me. "It's thanks to that precaution that I can boast of being so well liked."

The liner is no longer dangerous; one no longer fears it, one craves it. Our nerves, shattered by life in our great cities, now anticipate, like a rest cure, a happy imprisonment, these few days of romantic contact with briny space, in the refreshing company of strangers. At sea we finally collect ourselves, we meditate, and, in our cabins, as we might in the cells of an extremely modern convent, we see, with humility and reverence, that we are not yet as great as the sea and the sky.

So, then, in less than a hundred years we have passed from wretched voyages upon which the death list attained enormous proportions to these luxurious floating hotels, with their ice boxes full of game and the rarest viands of the world, with their wine cellars, their printing presses, their photographic studios, their portable airplanes, and even their padded cells . . . for travelers subject to attacks of D. T's.

In our restless life, in which there is no longer any time for reflection, the hours on shipboard are the only ones in which we can reflect and rely upon ourselves. We reflect on the country we have left behind; we exchange impressions with other people; yes, it is on liners that nations ought to keep their propaganda agents, for it is there that the reputation of a country is made.

Our London Letter

(Continued from page 90)

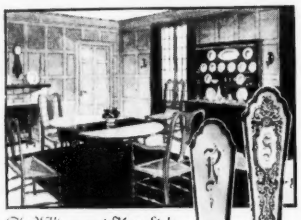
and the remaining accessories would include a plain grey felt hat and brown calf or buckskin shoes, the former for town and the latter for the country. At resorts, during the summer, the waistcoat may be discarded and brown and white shoes worn, giving an even more informal and sports-like appearance. Next is the brown suit, fairly light in shade, suggesting the tone of chocolate or cocoa. It is decidedly summerish but not so much so that it cannot be worn throughout the year in mild weather. It will be cut single-breasted with a double-breasted waistcoat. The double-breasted waistcoat gives it a dressy touch for town, but when worn with a thin sleeveless pullover it will at once become appropriate for the country and in really hot weather, worn with no waistcoat at all, it will still look smart. The jacket may be worn with white flannel trousers. Blue, green, or pink shirts will look well with it, in addition to the more obvious tans, or brown-and-white stripes. For mid-summer, a blue shirt, white tie, white belt, and a pair of brown-and-white shoes as accessories make a smart outfit.

The third suit ordered is somewhat different from anything the smart young man has ordered in some time. It is patterned in black and white and blue threads are woven into the material to give it all a bluish cast.

The PERFECT GIFT -- *obviously*

The Adam Style

For stately Georgian dining rooms, wherever the elegance and dignity of the late Colonial period finds expression.



The William and Mary Style and The Mary II

In dining rooms where the early English styles have been adopted, either of these patterns is smartly correct.

The Granado

For the dining room in the Spanish or Mediterranean style, and for those who love the rich beauty of old Spain.

"Treasure" Solid Silver

STERLING 925/1000 FINE

The Early American Style

For the dining room which expresses the friendly and delightful spirit of early American days — the Early American Pattern.

-but now Sterling may be selected with a little nicer discernment.

THE smart world, all astir with bright June weddings, very much concerns itself with the thoughtful selection of gifts for the adorable young bride. As for generations past, discriminating people will turn to Sterling Silver — for no other gift possesses the enduring beauty, the unquestioned acceptability, the subtly implied flattery of lovely Solid Silver Tableware.

But today, donors of bridal gifts may exercise a little nicer discernment in the selection of Sterling. For now "Treasure" Sterling Tableware is exquisitely designed in authoritative styles that fit to a nicety the modern home.

If you wanted to do something particularly nice, you could learn what decorative scheme she plans to carry out in her dining room and select a pattern in perfect keeping, because "Treasure" patterns are especially designed in a variety of correct decorative styles.

There is an excellent Jeweler near you to show you "Treasure" patterns in a wide array of lovely gifts that range from the few dollars of affection expressed in a single piece, to the devotion that feels itself only partly expressed at a thousand times more cost.

ROGERS, LUNT & BOWLEN COMPANY · *Silversmiths*

Creators of Distinctive Tableware GREENFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

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How to Read Books

(Continued from page 55)

Then pass to something better; it would only be invidious for me to indicate the stages. It is important that you should not desert Mr. Arlen until you are honestly sick of Mr. Arlen. You must insist to yourself upon absolute moral rectitude, upon stringent intellectual integrity. Gradually you will find that Mr. Arlen, while titillating your emotions, does not satisfy your imagination or your mind. By this process you will arrive, let us say, at D. H. Lawrence or Virginia Woolf. It would be a fatal mistake to tackle *To the Lighthouse* while you were still under the spell of the insidious and highly talented Mr. Arlen. That would be insincere. Watch your own development loyally, and do not be tempted to betray it by the sneers and gibes of others less illumined and honest than yourself. Remember also that there is no bore on earth more insufferable than the sham-culture—(or indeed the real-culture) bore. Keep your head.

Having attained to the summits of literary acumen, you will then proceed to read books which are not only very difficult to read, but which elude both understanding and memory. When this stage comes, you will begin to think about taking notes. It is a mistake to annotate the books of your earlier stages. You will be ashamed, when having reached stage five you idly turn, in some guest's bedroom, the pages of some relic of stage two, to discover that you have marked and annotated one of Mr. Arlen's earlier novels. You will blush as you read your own indelible pencil notes—"Comme il connait bien le cœur d'une femme"—that is what you will have written on page 422 of *The Green Hat*. And when, after a morning spent on analysing Bergson, you come across that pitiable annotation you will, as I have warned you, blush. On the other hand, and especially in the later stages of culture, it is an excellent habit to make pencil notes. These should be conducted on some system such as will demonstrate to subsequent readers of the book (of your copy of the book) how bright and studious you are. It is no use marking the thing, and it is dangerous, unless you take very long about your thoughts, to make comments. The best thing to do is to scribble a sort of guide or index at the end of the book, which gives to your errant markings a certain conformity and meaning. This index, however, should be of a very personal nature, and not understandable to the uninitiate. My own books are scored with such annotations. I do not write "very feeble and cheap" in the margin of a particular passage. I merely mark the thing with a neat but non-committal line against the side. And at the end I put "F. and C. pp. 23. 58. 69. 78. 92. 105. 114.", and so on. Nor do I confine myself to denigration. "G.B." I put, "pp. 54. 98. 224. 669 9956. 10456 24378." "G.B." means "Good Bits", just as "B.B." signifies "Bad Bits" or "l.o.s.o.p." "Lack of sense of proportion." Obviously, all my annotations cannot thus be rendered in cypher. On occasions, and for convenience of future reference, I have to render my index more explicit. "Surrey", I have to write, "incomprehensible liking for" or "Irritability, sensitiveness to other peoples." In the end this index is not only useful but impressive. I have only to look at my fly-leaves in order to recollect what I thought of the book at the time I read it. But I repeat, it is not a method to be adopted with those books of which, ten years later, one is likely to be ashamed. I am very glad, when I think of it, that I never annotated my copy of *Dorian Grey*.

There is also the question of the distribution of one's reading. I do not believe very much in those people who read four books at a time. But I do believe very thoroughly in those people who read two books at a time. Only they must be different sorts of books. You might read, for instance, *To the Lighthouse* (Q. S. 54. 65. 87. 98. 345. 674. etc.)—Q. S. by the way means "Quote style"—concurrently with Edgar Wallace. That indeed would be a wise thing to do. But if you read *To the Lighthouse* concurrently with Joyce or Wyndham Lewis you would be committing a very regrettable mistake. There is a physiological justification for this contention. Mr. Edgar Wallace (bless his heart) is an absorbent whose welcome works serve as a counter-irritant, drawing the surcharged blood from one lobe of the brain to another lobe. It is far better to read a detective story when one is exhausted than to go for a long walk in the Park. On the other hand to read two books at the same time which affect the same frontal lobes is to create conditions in which cerebral inflammation may occur, or merely fuzz. There are some books also, some verbose but valuable books, such as William James, which have to be analysed in a note book. But that is a very late stage, and I fear that the thing is pretentious in appearance, and should be secretive in practice.

Then there is the question of foreign literature. That is a terrible question, and one which it is safer to avoid. I knew a woman once, she was a German woman, and she spoke French like *M.* Claudel, and English almost as excellently as I do myself. Her mastery of these languages was only equalled by her mastery of their literatures. She knew all about Donne and Amiel, and John Clare and Tristan Corbieres. She also knew Italian and was excessively tiresome about the early poetry of . . . . . well let us say Azeglio. Then one day she asked me about Sologub. I said I had read some stories of his which had much impressed me. She asked me whether I had read them in Russian. I said that I had read them in English. "Oh" she answered, sinking back among the cushions, "I think it is a crime to read the Russian masters except in the original." That is a thing, that is an enormity, which you should be careful neither to indulge in nor commit. It humiliates. It may well be true and very clever, but it humiliates. So be careful not to snub people about Proust (he is far better in English) and be careful not to say that you prefer the original version of the *Sonnets from the Portuguese*. In fact the best lesson on how to read books is an ethical lesson. Tell the truth.

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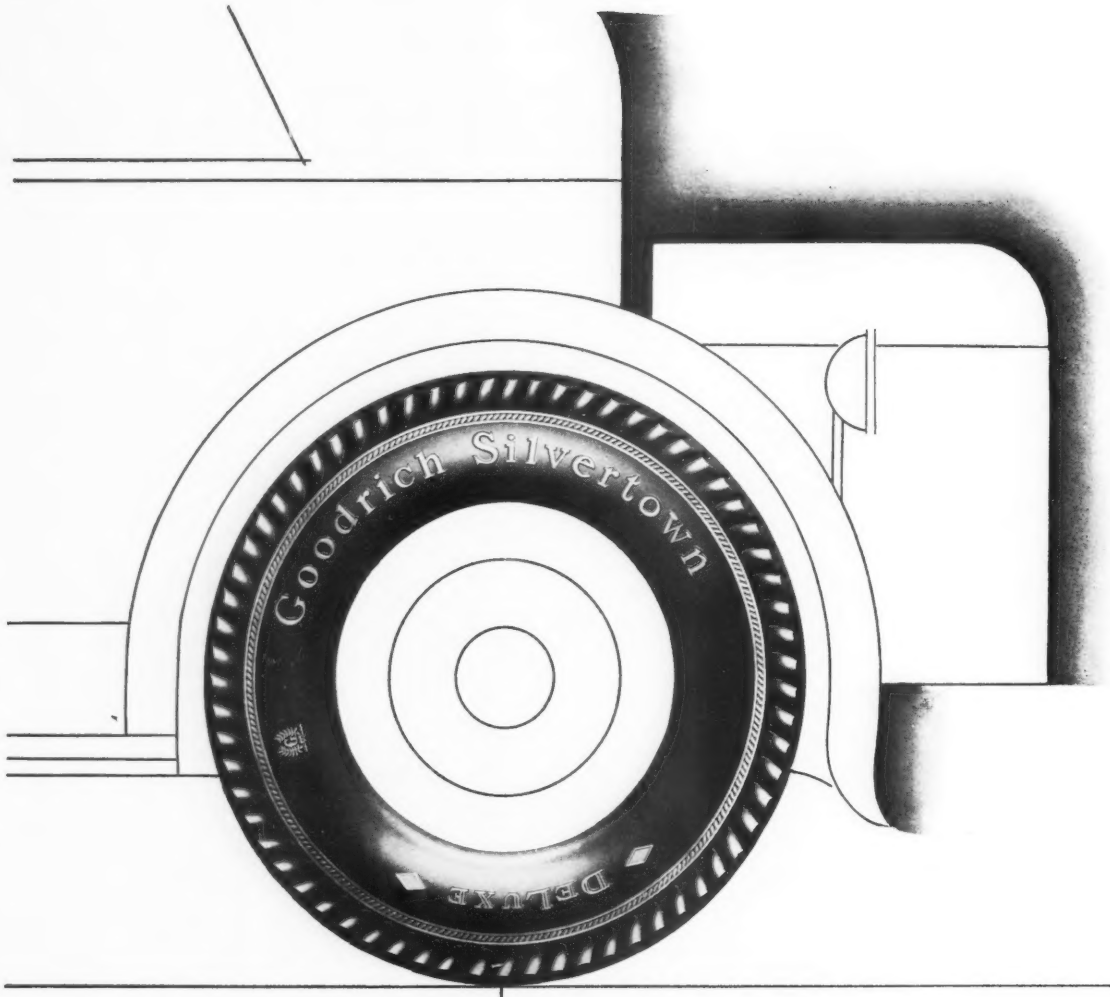

STYLE

Goodrich de luxe Silvertowns

A Lanvin gown in the tonneau . . . A Bond Street suit at the wheel. Body by Saoutchik and the tires by Goodrich . . . no other brand would do. Those who know style . . . those who insist on smartness . . . instinctively choose Silvertowns de luxe. They always have their Chauffeurs ask for them by name, knowing . . . full well . . . that they can rely on the makers to provide structural qualities in perfect keeping with outward appearances of this famous tire.

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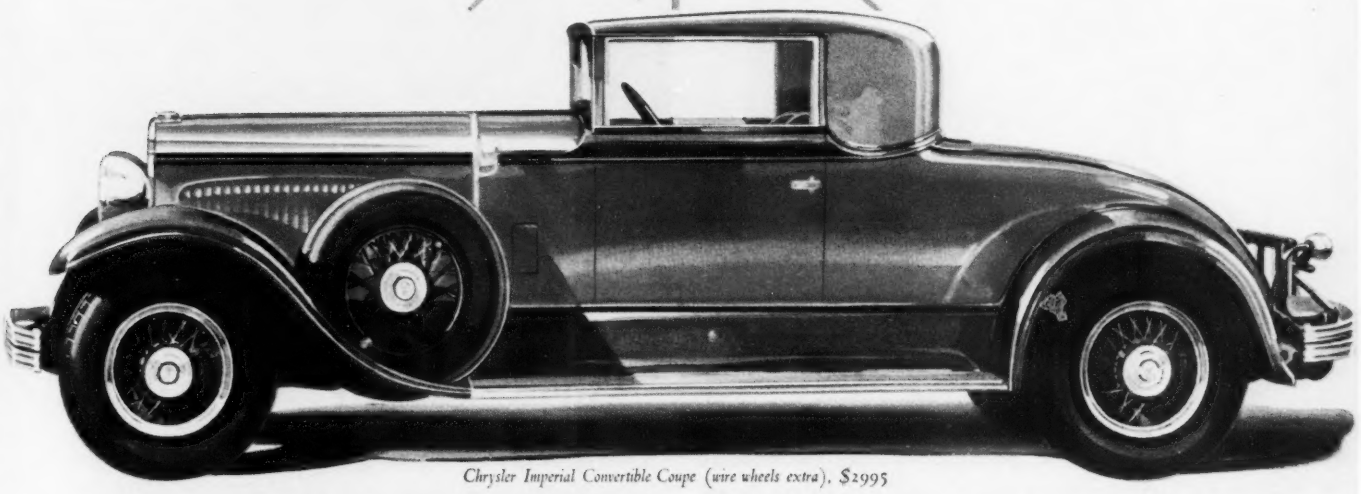

Chrysler Imperial Convertible Coupe (wire wheels extra), $2995

IMPERIAL

THE new Chrysler Imperial is a car intended essentially for the connoisseurs among motorists—that exclusive circle whose discrimination is satisfied with nothing short of the best in Chrysler power, smoothness, fineness and beauty. ¶ The distinguished characteristics of the Chrysler Imperial reveal the latest and utmost ingenuity of Chrysler styling, engineering and craftsmanship. ¶ Every motorist who appreciates a car of true custom quality will find in the new Imperial a type of beauty and behavior unlike and beyond anything heretofore known in the field of the very finest.

Roadster $2675; Sedan (5-passenger), $2975; Town Sedan, $2975; Standard Coupe, $2995; Convertible Coupe, $2995; Phaeton (7-passenger), $3095; Sedan (7-passenger), $3095; Sedan-Limousine, $3475; Custom-built Phaeton (4-passenger), $3855. All prices f. o. b. factory

It is not too much to say that passing from another car into a *Fisher Body* car is like stepping from an ordinary room into an extraordinary one

You immediately sense the superior beauty of a richly designed and decorated room—and you immediately see the greater luxury and fineness of a Fisher Body car. ¶ This contrast exists between every car in the Fisher Body group and any car in its price field outside that group. ¶ You see at once that the upholstery—designed in pattern and specially woven for Fisher Body—is of a higher grade. ¶ The same superiority meets your eye in the interior fittings, carpeting, genuine plate glass and exterior finish. ¶ You can spell out in a few moments' inspection innumerable superiorities pointing plainly to the fact that Fisher Body cars, by reason of Fisher Bodies alone, are worth much more in dollar value. ¶ The whole question has come down to a matter of perfectly plain, easily discerned, finer quality—directly traceable to the fact that no body facilities in the world are comparable with Fisher Body facilities.

BODY by FISHER

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Spring! . . *for everyone but her*

In her lovely Newport garden she stood—a bitter, disappointed, lonely woman at 33.

It was Spring—for every one but her.

On a branch of apple blossoms a robin poured out a gorgeous proposal in song. Deep in the wistaria, tiny wrens were mating. Beyond the hedge, a curly-haired boy and a sweet slip of a girl walked silently hand in hand. But in her life there was no romance.

Why was she still single? Once she could have picked and chosen from many suitors. Now she had none. Even time-tried women friends seemed to avoid her. She couldn't understand it. . . .

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the damning, unforgivable, social fault. It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—*but it ought to be the first.*

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infection. Or excesses of eating, drinking and smoking.

Intelligent people recognize the risk and minimize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. Night and morning. And between times before meeting others.

Listerine quickly checks halitosis because Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide★ which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Carry it when you travel. Take it with you on your vacation. It is better to be safe than snubbed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

★

Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.

GREAT! That's what men say about Listerine Shaving Cream, so soothing, so refreshing.

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LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

The Best Friend a Picnic ever had

TAKE along a UNIVERSAL Vacuum Bottle on your next outdoor jaunt.

Notice the perfect condition in which it keeps your liquid refreshments, hot or cold, as desired, all day long—the strong metal case, which, with the spring shock absorber, protects the vacuum filler from ordinary shocks—the sanitation and convenience of the individual services rendered by the handled multi-cups—the fetching appearance of good lines blending with a colorful finish.

Yes, note these and the divers other refinements characteristic of UNIVERSAL Vacuum Bottles and you will realize in them a very superior type of service which does not fail you at the crucial moment and which can be depended upon as a source of stimulation among outdoor activities.

UNIVERSAL Vacuum Bottles in comparative tests are found to give extra service—at no extra cost; prices ranging from $1.00 up.

Ask for Universal Vacuum Bottles by name. They are a part of the famous and extensive Universal Line of Quality Household Helps—the standard home equipment of discerning home managers for over 75 years.

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK
NEW BRITAIN, CONN.
Master Metalsmiths for Over Three-quarters of a Century

Talkie-Talkie

(Continued from page 77)

New York March 12
Miss Rosie Pinckisch
540 West 108th Street New York
THURSDAY WE MARRY AND LEAVE FOR BUENOS AIRES
Aaron

Hollywood March 8
John S Sharpe
263542 Sunset Boulevard Hollywood
AM SENDING YOU SCRIPT OF PLAY CALLED HAMLET PLEASE DO TALKING PICTURE VERSION FOR US
Louis Silverstein

Hollywood March 10
Louis Silverstein
Delue Picture Corp. Hollywood
HAVE FORWARDED TREATMENT
John S Sharpe

Hollywood March 12
John S Sharpe
263542 Sunset Boulevard Hollywood
RETURNING TREATMENT PLEASE MAKE CONTINUITY MAKING OPHELIA EQUAL STAR PART
Louis Silverstein

Hollywood March 14
Louis Silverstein
Delue Picture Corp. Hollywood
FORWARDING CONTINUITY HAVE GIVEN OPHELIA COMEDY SCENE WITH GHOST SHARE IN PROBE AND GRAVE SEQUENCE
John S Sharpe

Hollywood March 16
John S Sharpe
263542 Sunset Boulevard Hollywood
STRENGTHEN COMEDY ELEMENT AND PRESENT ENDING TERRIBLE PLEASE CHANGE
Louis Silverstein

Hollywood March 18
Louis Silverstein
Delue Picture Corp. Hollywood
HAVE SENT SUGGESTED HAPPY ENDING ALSO RACE TRACK AND NIGHT CLUB SEQUENCES
John S Sharpe

Hollywood March 20
John S Sharpe
263542 Sunset Boulevard Hollywood
REGINALD DEVERES CONTRACT TERMINATED BY MUTUAL CONSENT CLARA LANGWISH NOW SOLE STAR RETURNING CONTINUITY FOR ELIMINATION OF PART OF HAMLET
Louis Silverstein

Hollywood March 21
Louis Silverstein
Delue Picture Corp. Hollywood
UTTERLY IMPOSSIBLE TO ELIMINATE PART OF HAMLET ENTIRELY AND STILL KEEP LOVE INTEREST BUT HAVE REDUCED TO MERE BIT
John S Sharpe

Hollywood March 23
John S Sharpe
263542 Sunset Boulevard Hollywood
SCRIPT NOW SATISFACTORY HAVE YOU ANY IDEAS FOR TITLE
Louis Silverstein

Hollywood March 24
Louis Silverstein
Delue Picture Corp. Hollywood
WOULD SUGGEST AS NEW TITLE THE TWO NUTS
John S Sharpe

Hollywood March 25
John S Sharpe
263542 Sunset Boulevard Hollywood
GREAT
Louis Silverstein

Hollywood May 31
Aaron Brokenburg
23a West 43rd Street New York NY
KINDLY SEND SCRIPTS OF ANY FURTHER PLAYS BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE AVAILABLE SUITABLE CLARA LANGWISH STOP THE TWO NUTS OPENS GRAUMANS EGYPTIAN THEATRE HOLLYWOOD MONDAY JUNE TENTH STOP WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE MR SHAKESPEARE ATTEND OPENING
Louis Silverstein

A Strange Disappearance

(Continued from page 63)

proved, not only that Chancellor Lansing had been murdered, but showed the motives for the murder, described the circumstances, and even named the guilty person or persons.

This gentleman instructed Mr. Weed to make all this known, when those who were implicated should be dead. They were "men who had lived useful lives, and died with unblemished reputations." In the year 1870, the conditions were fulfilled, and it might have been possible to publish the information. Mr. Weed's informant, as well as the men implicated, had all passed from the earth. The journalist, however, found that the news would strike elsewhere, and do harm to the innocent. The murderers, or the conspirators, were beyond the law's reach, but others, immediately associated with them, and "sharing the strong inducement which prompted the crime" still survived. They "occupied high positions and enjoyed public confidence". Any stone thrown at their predecessors might bring them down in ruin.

Mr. Weed, in great doubt, consulted two friends, R. M. Blatchford and Hugh Maxwell. They considered the question from all viewpoints, and decided that if the original informant were alive he would change his mind. Mr. Weed never spoke to anybody else of the matter. He survived these two friends, and with him, in 1882, perished the secret of Chancellor Lansing's disappearance.

Was Mr. Weed contriving to darken the mystery, or was he dropping some hints? There are possible clews in his story, as the astute Sherlockian has already perceived. What profits accrued to the murderers of the judge? Something more, evidently, than the old watch, the white carnelian, and the magnifying glass! Something which could be transmitted to descendants. Who followed the Chancellor as he plodded down Broadway, under his big umbrella? Had they tracked him all the way from Albany, waiting for this opportunity?

Did he take a carriage, which was already waiting for him, or was he decoyed into a house? The speculations are as interesting, now, as they were in that long-past winter—and they have exactly the same end.

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IT IS TO that certain group of men and women who have a knack of sensing just the right thing in style, that the Dodge Brothers Senior carries its keenest appeal. They seem to know by instinct which is voguish in design, what is good taste in color harmony, what is correct in fine interior decoration. And they show their deepest appreciation for what Dodge Brothers and Chrysler Motors have given them in the Dodge Brothers Senior, by singling it out from the entire fine-car market, as the car they, themselves, may drive with quiet pride on every smart occasion.

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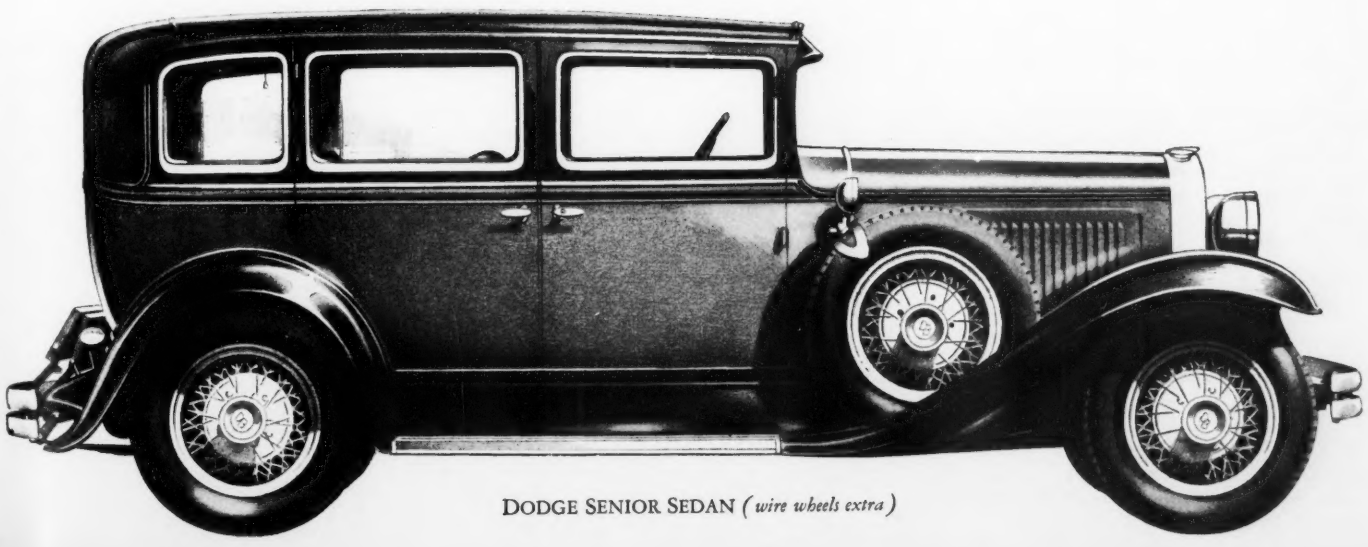

DODGE SENIOR SEDAN *(wire wheels extra)*

Do you own a Rumidor, the ace of humidors? This new and entirely different humidor moistens, mellows and freshens your smokes with genuine 12 year old rum. No reason to be annoyed any longer with dry and tasteless cigarettes. The Rumidor assures prime condition for your smokes no matter how long they are kept.

Rumidors in handsome modern designs that bring an added note of luxury to home or office. Exclusive leathers, copper, bronze, chromium, silver. Sold singly or in sets of several sizes for cigarettes, cigars or tobacco. At the better shops. Priced $3.50 to $110.

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by Alfred Dunhill, Ltd.

Rum Refills; genuine 12 year old rum aged in wood keeps your smokes mellow. A dollar bill will bring you four Rum Refills if they're not available at your favorite shop.

The Rumidor Corporation, 501 Fifth Avenue, New York VF2

Please mail me 4 Rum Refills. $1.00 enclosed.

Name..... City.....

Street..... State.....

Would buy refills locally from.....

The Lecture Rush

(Continued from page 70)

sit still. For them a lecture tour through America is a hardship to be endured for the sake of being able, when they return, to sit still on rather more luxurious chairs than they could otherwise have afforded. "Romance is dead," the parrot world cries, and it is the duty of writers to disprove such a defeatist opinion by their demeanour on the public platform. It will be a serious look-out when everybody will have decided for himself that the writers of to-day are just as dull as the people and the world they write about. Authors have discovered that it is not love but Rotary which makes the world go round.

This essay was embarked upon in a mood of high romance, and apologies are due for the depressing landscape it has somehow discovered. Once upon a time at Gallipoli when I was hurrying along to get out of the way of shell-fire, I saw fifty yards or so to my right a couple of men digging some kind of a pit. Every time a shell burst near them they roared with laughter until one of the pair was hit, on which the survivor came running across, very pale, to intercept me. "Beg pardon, sir," he said, saluting, "you think it's funny at first, but it's very serious really." And that is what I feel about this business of lecturing. Why, some of these authors who have been dragged first across the Atlantic and then right across a continent at its widest part had hardly ever been farther than the Riveria until then. Some of them had never lectured anybody except their wives, and when they stood on a platform for the first time, some of them found that they could not make themselves heard in the front row. Even the satisfaction of advising the Middle-West that the only British writers they ought to read were those from whose sales they had least to fear, could not have compensated some of those lecturers for being snatched from a life of contemplation and flung into a life, if not of action, at any rate of movement apparently as tiresome and as ultimately unimpressive as a film.

The Facts of Life

(Continued from page 72)

at that party I'm willing to wager."

On a lovely Spring day, the lawyer, having been badly treated by his mistress, thought of the little *bourgeoise* who had so frankly admired him. He was free for the afternoon, and, finding himself in the neighbourhood, went to her apartment to call. But he was mistaken in the day. He thought she was "at home" Thursdays. A frightened maid opened the door and fled, leaving him in the hall, then came back to show him into the living-room and say, "*Madame* is dressing. She will be ready in a few minutes."

Lucien looked around him, touched by the pretentious furnishings, the ornate clock, the Turkey red curtains, by the generally depressing atmosphere of a none too wealthy household. If he had realized, he would have worn a business suit so as not to embarrass her.

The door swung open a little. It was the dog Faust come to greet the visitor. In his mouth, as a gift of welcome, was a woman's shoe, sole flapping, held by its run-down heel. Then the door opened wider and Tonton, balancing uncertainly on small legs, appeared, clutching the humble chemise of a virtuous wife. It was of coarse linen with torn lace, and was such a chemise as Lucien had never seen the like of before.

"Ugenie and me are going to mend it," cried the child. Dondigneulles was visibly disturbed. Everything here, the clock on the mantel, the piano, the oil lamp, the shoe, the chemise cried to him, "Go away! All this holds nothing for you!"

So he got up, kissed the baby's hair and said gently:

"Listen, child, I have made a mistake. You're to do an errand for me. Tell your Mother that I have left. I didn't mean to disturb her."

"God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen . . ."

(Continued from page 53)

when it was getting light in the morning—it was at the time when the Boche was sending over a lot of that gas that smells like pear-drops, you know? . . . We were scared to hell of it. All of a sudden we smelt that funny sweet smell, and a fellow shouted Gas —and we put on our masks; and then I spotted what it was . . . Why, a blinkin' may-tree! All out in bloom, growing beside the path! We did feel a lot of silly poops—putting on gas masks because of a damn may-tree!"

So the talk goes. It has, quite all of it, that same restless, careless air, that same protesting ache of the tongues of normal humans who can only chatter tensely, abashedly, in the face of an olive drab death. These are all Britons, all supposedly unsentimental, inarticulate. They drag out their farewells as laconically as clumsy children. Self-consciousness dampens their every handclasp. Their hearts shriek within them of homes they'll never see again, and they can only go on matter-of-factly about their old back-gardens, where they'd formerly sat in carpet-slippers over their pipes and watched the 'olly-'ocks grow.

This, then, is what is to be seen and heard through Mr. Gilbert Miller's enterprise at his theatre in New York. It is superbly acted. Its performance is as precise, as natural, more fundamentally stirring than any I can recall in my several drama-going days. The last quarter-hour of it, roaring with doom and imminent destruction for them all, mounted for me into a frenzy which was almost a release from grief.

Only a little while ago one of them had been telling the rest of having heard "a bloomin' little bird" start singing above the trench. And now, at length, I was certain that that bloomin' little bird, could his song have been translated, had been singing, "God rest you merry, gentlemen, let nothing you dismay."

WHEN THE WEDDING DAY ARRIVES

it will be YOUR gift of a Ciné-Kodak that will be most used and most appreciated

A HOME movie outfit is one of the best presents you could make to any bride and groom. They will use it and appreciate it beginning with the very day they are married.

The bride, as she steps out of the car that brought her to the church, presents a beautiful picture. Would she like to see that picture herself, later on? Would he? You can just imagine how they'd treasure such a film.

During the wedding day there are sure to be several opportunities to make a permanent record of the festivities. The guests, the bridesmaids and ushers, the flower girls . . . all can be filmed to complete the story of the day's events.

A Constant Reminder of Your Thoughtfulness

And afterward . . . as the years pass . . . as they move from scene to scene while the drama of their lives unfolds, there will be more pictures to take, pictures of each other, their children, their parents, their friends. Your gift will be inseparably connected with all their tenderest sentiments.

A Ciné-Kodak home movie outfit is one of those rare wedding presents that fulfill every sentimental requirement and are at the same time entirely practical. You don't need to be afraid that a dozen others are going to make this same gift. There is never any question as to whether the recipients will think you have shown good taste, and while some of the things they get are likely to be appreciated by only one of them, this is sure to be appreciated by both. And it is a gift that lasts a lifetime.

The Ciné-Kodak — Simplicity Itself

In making such a present, be sure to select an outfit that is easy to operate. The Ciné-Kodak embodies Eastman's forty years' experience in devising easy picture-taking methods for the amateur. Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made still photography so easy have now made home movie making equally simple for you.

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Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

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OBTAINABLE ONLY AT PLUMMER'S—Exact reproduction of OLD CHINESE FAMILLE ROSE SERVICE, first produced for the French market. Now being MADE BY THE FAMOUS ADAMS FACTORY IN ENGLAND. HAND-PAINTED ON ITS CELIDON BACKGROUND IS A TESSILATED ROSE COLOR BORDER AND FLOWERS IN GAY NATURAL COLORS. Dinner plates $15 per doz. Teacups and Saucers $15 per doz. All open stock.

FOR THE DEFINITION OF "EXCLUSIVE"—SEE WEBSTER'S OR PLUMMER'S

WEBSTER went in for lexicography and made good. Plummer's saw more promise in China and Glass and is getting on nicely. Yet you can go to either one for the meaning of "exclusive" and be happy with what you find. For here at Plummer's are beautiful patterns in China that cannot be bought at any other store in America! They are "exclusive" with Plummer's! The purpose, of course, is to enable patrons to avoid duplication in the gifts they make and the services they place upon their own festive boards. Incidentally, Plummer's is a five-floor shop given over to perhaps the most beautiful array of china, glass, earthenware and pottery ever brought under one roof.

Wm. H. PLUMMER & Co. Ltd.
IMPORTERS OF
Modern and Antique China and Glass
7 & 9 East 35th Street, New York
Near Fifth Avenue

NEW HAVEN, CONN.
954 Chapel Street

HARTFORD, CONN.
36 Pratt Street

When a Good American Dies

(Continued from page 48)

plicated: some day to quit work. I do not say that it is a universally wise dream, or even a worthy one; but it certainly makes for a good life.

The Parisian's working hours are, he figures, as much a part of his life (the only one, after all, that he has) as his leisure ones. So he does not lunch hastily in the office on an apple and a glass of milk. He closes up shop and goes to his favourite restaurant and stays two hours—this, whether he be a bank president or a taxi driver. If he keeps a dog or a cat, he frequently takes it with him when he goes to work. He works hard, even by our standards; but when he loafs, he does so without reservations. His pleasures are inexpensive—he sips his drinks, to make them last longer, and prefers sitting on the grass in the *Bois de Boulogne* to scuttling through it in a Ford—but deliberately so. For some day, if he saves very carefully, he will be able to retire and do nothing at all at the age when the average American is just entering upon his third nervous breakdown.

For the first few days after I arrive in Paris I find myself outstripping most of the pedestrians, so ingrained is the American habit of putting on full steam ahead in order to go nowhere in particular. But gradually I find the pace slackening. Within a week I have succumbed to the rhythm of the city. I stop trying to save five minutes on one errand in order to spend it on another. I stop staying up late at night in order not to miss something. I can sit for two hours on the *terrasse* of the *Café Cardinal*, sipping an infantile concoction of vermouth, raspberry syrup, and water, and find the experience more exciting than a New York night club. I have begun again to live.

But all these things, you might object, are not peculiar to Paris. Most of them are true of all of France, some of them of all Europe. True. But Paris has one more quality to add, one that is wholly its own. It is the loveliest thing that man ever built. Here is proof that when men have a common dream, they can make it come true. For generations Frenchmen have been thinking, "Here shall be a city that, as nearly as we can make it so, shall be wholly beautiful." And they have done it. Paris is probably the only real improvement upon Nature that man has ever achieved. Everything about it is right. The boulevards and avenues are just the right width, the buildings are just the right size (there is no structure in Paris that has not in front of it an open space at least equal to its own height), the river is placed just right, and is just wide enough, the colours and forms and sounds and smells are right. Every street in Paris has something at the end of it; it may be a statue or a monumental building, or only a tree. But it is there to look at; and facing it, be it a mile away, is something to balance it. Paris is the only thoroughly comfortable city in the world, the only one that has enough trees and flowers and places to sit down.

I think you will find that most of us people who love Paris so are thoroughly eye-minded. The world we look at is the important one, and our souls are at peace only when our eyes are at rest. We weary of having to see ginger-ale advertisements flanking our public libraries; we get no more fun out of twisting our necks to see a skyscraper than we would out of lying on the floor to see a friend.

I think of Paris, and I think, not of people, or *couturiers*, or *boîtes de nuit*, or the *Folies Bergère;* but of pale cream stucco or old stone, contorted black chimney-pots on grey slate roofs against a dove-blue sky, the shadows of leaves on a sun-swept white street. Up in the attic of the mind is a trunk marked *La Ville Lumière*, and it is packed to the brim with scraps and remnants of images—the *Arc de L'Etoile* from the *Tuileries*, pure violet through two miles of Paris air . . . the regiments of trees in the *Bois*, all the same size and all shrouded in the same green veil of moss that only French soil seems to produce . . . the toy boats in the pond of the *Luxembourg* . . . the five trees that bend discreetly beside the water's edge just below the *Pont Royal* . . . the curving smoke from a busy, practical little boat—going out adventurously to Saint-Cloud, but sure to return . . . as all things do.

The sun sets, and turns the dome of *Sacré-Cœur* into a pink soap-bubble. The light fades, and the shop windows begin to glow, and the chairs before the cafés begin to fill. One chooses to dine in the open air, and there is the *Restaurant Périgourdin* in the *Place Saint-Michel* . . . little pink lights on the table, and such cooking as the angels must get, and *Vouvray* and old *Porto Blanc* and *Vieille Cure* to soothe palates corroded by the hundred brews of prohibition . . . and beyond the *Place*. the river, and beyond that, *Notre-Dame*, old and wise and vague in the darkness.

And after, one walks, perhaps, westward beside the river, past the bookstalls, now tidily closed and locked along the *quais*. And the moon comes up, smokily, and throws a silver edge along the prone black colossus of the Louvre. And still further west, the obelisk, and beyond, the *Cour La Reine*, pricked out with lights through the blue haze among the chestnut trees. Yes, there is always Paris. . . .

OBSERVATORY TIME ... by Electricity

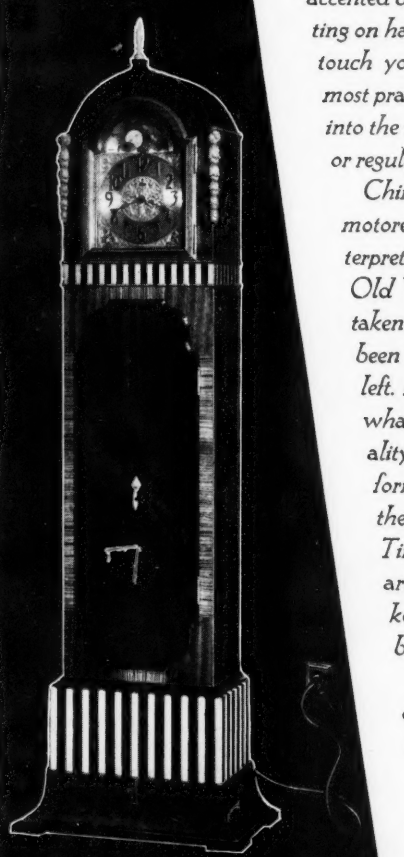
NOW Telechron, the ultra-modern clock, is appropriately dressed in the art moderne, the new mode of decoration so strongly expressive of our swiftly moving age.

Created by Paul Frankl, this beautiful Telechron is elemental in its simplicity. Line, mass, area, are accentuated by sheen and shape of silvered planes, and further accented by the black base and clever spotting on hands and dial. This is the modern touch you need to vitalize a room. And, most practical, for like all Telechrons it plugs into the electric outlet and needs no winding or regulating, yet tells Observatory Time.

Chiming electric Revere Clocks (Telechron motored) are famed for their most pleasing interpretation of the best in classical art and their Old World cathedral chimes. They, too, have taken a step into the art of Tomorrow, and have been built in the charming creation shown at the left. For rooms decorated in the modern manner, what could be more appropriate? Its daring originality inspires admiration — its perfect balance of form and tone satisfies the most exacting devotee of the new mode. All Revere Clocks tell Observatory Time. They are widely accepted because of their tone, artistry, and amazing accuracy. Never before in time-keeping history have beauty and dependable timekeeping been so happily combined.

Let us send you the illustrated story about the wonderful Telechron way to have Observatory Time in your home.

TELECHRON MODERNIQUE
Created by Paul Frankl. The fascinating geometric planes of contrasting dull and polished silver are achieved by brush burnishing. Silver-plated case, black Bakelite base, $50.



REVERE MODERNE
Beautifully grained walnut case, enriched by contrasting effects in ebony, East India rose wood and zebra wood. Height 76 inches. Westminster chime, gold dial, with moving moon—$740.

Priced from $14.00 to $1100.00. Slightly higher west of the Rockies.

Telechron
The SPRINGLESS ELECTRIC CLOCK

Revere Clocks
Telechron MOTORED
The CHIMING ELECTRIC CLOCKS

WARREN TELECHRON CO. Ashland, Mass.
REVERE CLOCK CO. Cincinnati, Ohio

In Canada, Canadian Gen. Electric Co., Toronto, Ont.

WARREN TELECHRON COMPANY, 604 Main Street, Ashland, Mass.
Please send me, without obligation, your new illustrated booklet explaining how Telechron Electric Clocks give Observatory Time.

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Address .....

"The World's Finest Motor Car"

Duesenberg

The same motive which actuates the creation of any masterpiece, prompts the building of this, the world's finest motor car: unswerving devotion to one ideal... to produce the best, forgetful of cost, or expediency or any other consideration. A Duesenberg definitely excels every other automobile in the world, in every way.

Chassis, $8,500

DUESENBERG, INC., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Would you use old rose and black with ivory?

In our use and enjoyment of colors we are all individualists. Some of us have more talent than courage; others more courage than talent. Perhaps we should seek the advice of those to whom the use of colors is an old and familiar subject—the artists. Perhaps, within the limits set by artistic restraint, we can have unlimited individuality. So it seemed to "Standard".

You will see the hand of the artist in these new colors for plumbing fixtures introduced by "Standard": T'ang Red, Rose du Barry, Ivoire de Medici, St. Porchaire Brown, Ionian Black, Ming Green, Royal Copenhagen Blue, Clair de Lune Blue, Meissen White, and Orchid of Vincennes. It shows itself in the purity of each color. It shows itself in the variety of colors.

But it was not enough to create beautiful colors. Colors must be used correctly lest they lose much of their charm. And again the hand of the artist is plain on every page of the book "Color and Style in Bathroom Furnishing and Decoration," pointing the way to greater bathroom beauty (and greater utility) through architectural design, through a better use of materials old and new, through the harmonious use of color.

Words are not used to describe colors in this book. The bathrooms are lithographed in all the colors of the artist's original design. Each reproduction is supplemented by a chart which gives the correct color for the walls, ceiling, floor, floor covering, furniture and draperies. Thus the book is invaluable as a color guide in bathroom decoration because it is authoritative. Upon request a copy will be mailed to you. A reading of it will very likely give you a new conception of the bathroom as a modern interior.

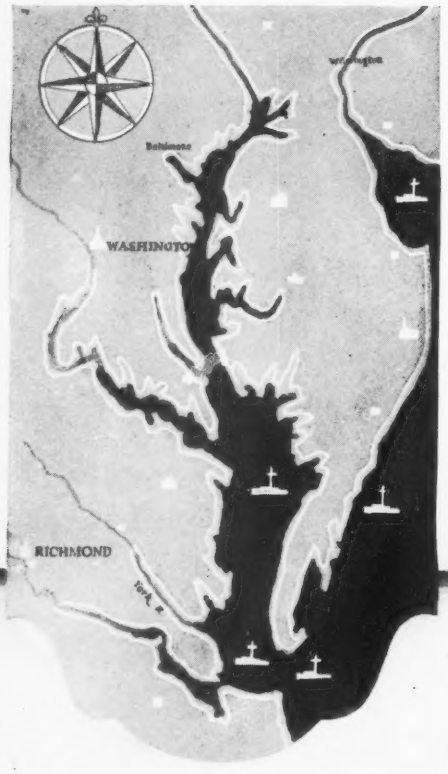
"Standard" Plumbing Fixtures in a wide range of prices are available in the new and exclusive "Standard" colors.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. PITTSBURGH

"Standard" PLUMBING FIXTURES IN COLOR

Just this side of Paradise

Chesapeake's 5000 miles of crinkled coastline, cradle of colonial charm



A.C.F.'s new cabin cruiser "40", the realized dream of leading yachtsmen

PARADISE of the past . . . Chesapeake and the Eastern Shore! Where the lovely labyrinthian coastline lured America's first settlers and still shelters their stately mansions.

Scarcely less unique than the Bay itself in the way it compresses much in small compass, is the remarkable new A. C. F. "40" cabin cruiser, so helm-responsive that intricate inland navigation is easy, yet offering ocean-going seaworthiness.

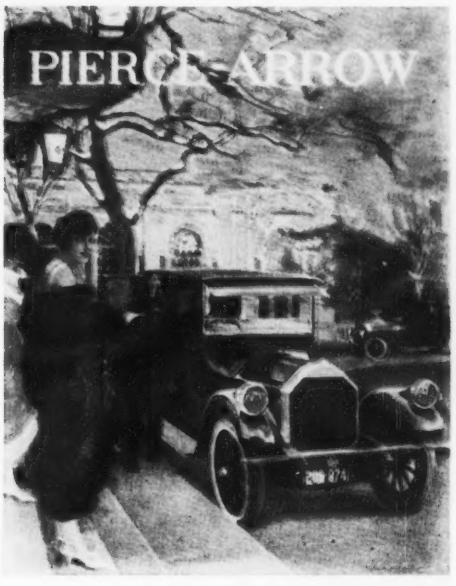
Step aboard and examine its compact completeness . . . its sleeping quarters for five and crew; the large forward cockpit; the crew-cabin; the roomy galley; the forward lavatory; the enclosed bridge-deck; the large master's cabin, with lavatory; the commodious lounging deck, astern.

Fully equipped even to linen and china, like all other A. C. F. Cruisers (the "30", "47", "54", "68", and the swift cruiser-runabout). Write for full details to A.C.F. Marine Salon, 217 West 57th Street, New York. Other show rooms at: Boston—Noyes Marine Sales Co., 1037 Commonwealth Avenue. Detroit—A. C. F. Salon, 500 E. Jefferson Avenue. Cleveland—N. J. Shea, 1424 Lauderdale Avenue, Lakewood. San Francisco—S. C. Kyle, 427 Rialto Building. Chicago—Ward A. Robinson, 8 S. Michigan Avenue. Wilmington, Del.—American Car and Foundry Company.

a.c.f.
cruisers

AMERICAN CAR AND FOUNDRY COMPANY

Simon Werner painted the portrait alongside in the same setting as the one shown below, which he executed ten years earlier. Both people and Pierce-Arrows of the former day share with today's group the distinguished quality of the patrician.



The finest traditions of Pierce-Arrow

Are Reborn in the New Straight Eight

For many years our best families have owned Pierce-Arrows as a matter of well-bred habit. But this generation demands more than character in a motor car—more even than beauty and fine tradition. And the new Straight Eight by Pierce-Arrow provides lavishly against the new demands.

Beneath its distinguished hood, for example, there is a volume of power such as few cars know—and a corresponding fleetness.

There is a slender grace, too, about this new creation, which is Pierce-Arrow at its very loveliest—a refreshing departure from the "dowager" type of fine car.

Pierce-Arrow, in short, has brought forth a new automobile out of its finest tradition, its richest experience. And that it arrives at the psychological moment is evidenced by the greatest waiting demand in Pierce-Arrow history.

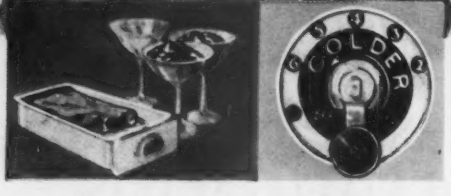
, , ,

Prices from $2775 to $8200, at Buffalo. In the purchase of a car from income, the average allowance usually more than covers the initial Pierce-Arrow payment.

PIERCE-ARROW

Guests expect you to have *Frigidaire*

They expect the abundance of ice cubes and those delicious Desserts and Salads made possible by the "Cold Control"



The Frigidaire Cold Control . . . makes possible dozens of new desserts . . . speeds the freezing of ice cubes.

FRIGIDAIRE has created a new standard in entertaining. For through the introduction of the Cold Control with its six freezing speeds, you can regulate the temperature of the freezing compartment. This makes it possible to freeze dozens of delicious new salads and desserts that require extreme cold. It enables you to make more ice and make it more quickly with the same size refrigerator.

It is one reason why the electric refrigerator you buy should be a genuine Frigidaire. There are many other reasons.

Frigidaire is the quiet, automatic refrigerator. You don't hear it start, or stop, or run. It has the power to keep the food compartment below 50 degrees . . . the temperature so vital to health . . . regardless of how hot the kitchen may become. It can be moved from one place to another in your home, or from one house to another. No space need be reserved above it or around it for all the machinery is concealed and there is nothing to catch dust or dirt.

Frigidaire cabinets are beautiful. Interiors are finished in gleaming porcelain enamel; exteriors in Tu-Tone porcelain enamel or Duco. Food shelves are elevated to eliminate stooping.

And the cost of operation is so low that Frigidaire users find that it quickly pays for itself.

What else could you buy for your home that would give you the health protection . . . the convenience . . . the satisfaction or the value offered in Frigidaire? New models are now shown at display rooms everywhere. See them. Learn about the low prices and convenient monthly terms. A catalog and recipe book will be mailed on request. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dayton, O.

Frigidaire Corporation, Dept. Y-400, Dayton, O.

Please send me a free copy of the Frigidaire catalog and the recipe book of frozen delicacies.

Name.....

Address.....

If you live in Canada, address Frigidaire Corporation, 1604 Sterling Towers, Toronto, Ontario.

FRIGIDAIRE

The QUIET *Automatic Refrigerator*

LOPEZ Speaking

"Miller Service is as superior as Miller Tires. Since I began to use Millers I have had to make fewer changes than ever before. Millers give the most mileage and I think the Miller tread is the most scientific non-skid feature of all."

VINCENT LOPEZ

The new Miller De Luxe 6-ply Balloon pictured below is a new super-type tire for those who demand the utmost freedom from blowouts and punctures. It is built to give extra long mileage and to withstand the roughest service.

THANK you, Mr. Lopez! Your splendid tribute to Miller De Luxe Balloons echoes the voice of thousands–your experience is being repeated wherever motor car owners demand the unusual of tires.

Thousands of users are receiving from Miller De Luxe Balloons *about twice the mileage of ordinary balloons.* And wear that defies punctures. Due to a 50% heavier tread, you ought never to puncture these tires from ordinary causes. Because of a 60% greater carcass strength, you need *never* worry about carcass failure–the ordinary balloon's greatest enemy.

You will drive these tires many thousands of miles beyond the life of ordinary tires, and the road-gripping ability of the scientifically-designed tread will still be there–clear cut–deep–effective.

These tires should last as long as the average owner keeps his car, and, regardless of speed, road or driving conditions, they will live up to their promise of extreme durability, freedom from puncture, and slow tread wear.

These are the qualities that will bring you–and many thousands of motor car owners–tire security and satisfaction never before equalled. They are the qualities that have made the Miller De Luxe Balloon the tire sensation of a decade.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY of N. Y. AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.

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TIRES . TUBES . ACCESSORIES AND REPAIR MATERIALS . DRUG SUNDRIES
BATHING WEAR . SHUGLOV FOOT-GEAR . RUBBER BALLS AND TOYS . MOLDED RUBBER GOODS

THE SIMPLIFIED
GRAFLEX

The Ownership of a Graflex Camera Makes Artists Of Us All!

The One Camera For Travel Pictures

The vital difference between "Travel Pictures" and others is that there's so seldom an opportunity to go back and take them over again. Be sure—take a Graflex!

And now there's a simplified Graflex, priced within reach of everybody. 3¼" x 4¼"—speed up to 1/1000 second—$80. Other models $85 to $375.

FEATURED BY THE BEST DEALER EVERYWHERE

GRAFLEX
PERFECTLY SIMPLE SIMPLY PERFECT
FOLMER GRAFLEX CORP. ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Unwritten Reminiscences of Capri

(Continued from page 74)

there, forgotten, until our presence pestified the mountain in the Spring. Mackenzie, generous as ever, immediately sent us the key of a cottage at the *Piccola Marina*, on sea-level, which he had rented for bathing, but did not use in winter. He had just had a note, he said, from another cold novelist: to wit D. H. Lawrence, who had been freezing somewhere in the Abruzzi, and was now coming to Capri, with his wife, for good. *I knew this would happen*, he wrote. We weren't at all sure, we decided, that a course of ice mightn't be quite a good thing for *him*. Mackenzie had only met Lawrence once, and I not at all; but both of us were aware of his figure in the gallery of caricatures wherein Secker, a mischievous but benevolent Boswell, preserved the intimate aspects of his authors—ourselves included. If Lawrence lived up to his own, we were in for thrilling times. He came. His flannel trousers had *not* been washed with Lux. All the laundries in Italy had evidently conspired to shrink them, and his beard, very thin and red, waved about his head like a scarf. A card, with a note scribbled on it, pushed under the door of the deserted *Rosaio*, announced his advent. "I hear you have two houses," he wrote; "please say which of them you intend to live in." We assured him that *Rosaio*, at that time of year, could give points of frost to the Abruzzi, and soon, with Mackenzie's help, the Lawrences were established midway between him and me, in a fourth-floor flat on the top of Morgano's café, where he plunged at once into his *Fantasia of the Unconscious* and cooked *maccheroni* amid mists of charcoal smoke and Neo-Platonism. At the moment, unfortunately, he had given up novel-writing (as well he might have done, after the brutal censorship of his book, *The Rainbow)* and seemed firmly determined that nobody else should write novels either, dividing his mornings between *Solitaria* and the *Piccola Marina*, where Mackenzie and I were grimly trying to finish ours. "You blessed novelists," he said, "live in glass cases. What do our dirty little novels matter, after all?"

Still, Sunday lunches at *Solitaria* in those days were occasions that we all remember, I think, with a poignant wistfulness. We were all of us still among "the younger novelists;" and however contemptuously we might speak of our "dirty little books," we were all convinced, in our hearts, that they mattered quite a lot, and that the English Novel was reviving (romantically or otherwise) there and then, in Capri. I can see *Solitaria* now: Mackenzie, the incomparable mimic, reducing us to an incapable stage of laughter by his versions of the great and the ludicrous figures of our time; Lawrence, with eyes ablaze and his red scarf waving, egged on by Mackenzie's mischief to intone Yeats' *Innisfree*, in the manner of Maud Gonne with an Irish harp accompaniment, or beating out the time of *Auprès de ma Blonde* with a waving finger; myself—but does one ever see oneself? The only art with which we didn't concern ourselves was music; for Mackenzie, in the days before the gramophone, neither knew nor loved it.

He is shocked (also in *Vanity Fair*) to hear that I have recently discovered that Beethoven had a dull mind; but Heaven knows that my mind is not as dull as that, and, since this method of correspondence between old friends saves postage, if not time, may I now assure him that the Beethoven to whom his informant referred must be as apochryphal as W. J. Turner's Wagner, and not my adored master, and his?

We were all rather solemn and young, on occasion, and yet, as I think of it now, not entirely without humour to see the fantastic side of our own solemnity. One Sunday, at *Solitaria* after lunch, I can hear Mackenzie saying: "It's extraordinary, isn't it, how literary history repeats itself? To think that a hundred years ago—in eighteen-twenty—Byron, Shelley and Keats all happened to be living in Italy." And he indicated, with a wave of the hand, himself, and Lawrence and me. "You see how well it fits in. Lawrence has been living at Lerici, and you, my dear Francis, like Keats, were once a medical student."

"*Absit omen!*" I said; "for Keats, if I remember rightly, died just a hundred years ago next week." "Well, in that case, when one incarnation's done with, you can go on being Trelawny. You needn't turn up your nose at the Mantle of Trelawny. *The Adventures of a Younger Son* is a great book." "In that case," I remarked, "I should have the privilege of burning Lawrence's body on the seashore and assisting at Mackenzie's deathbed in Greece." But, a few weeks later the restless Lawrence evaded that fate by rushing off to Sicily in our company, which is another story. And here am I, ten years later, exchanging the mantle of Trelawny with Mackenzie himself.

The Motor Boat Epidemic Spreads

(Continued from page 89)

all kinds of motor pleasure boats are multiplying in numbers on our waterways this season.

The fast runabout, the "roadster of the sea" with its sedan tops for bad weather, giving all the protection of a closed automobile, and its cousin, the day cruiser, are taking their places in our popular harbors and lakes. Chris-craft and Dodge and Gar Wood at Detroit, Howard W. Lyon at New York, the Sea Sled Company at Mystic, Connecticut, and various concerns, all are humming with activity, finishing boats for expectant new owners.

The commuting type of express cruiser, in which wealthy sportsmen commute at high speed from their private docks off their summer homes to landing places on the city waterfronts, where they proceed by motor car to their offices, is decidedly on the increase in all the waters about the great cities of the United States.

There in the shabby room . . . strangely, surprisingly, the most costly piano in the world

His room was drab . . . the furniture plain and worn . . . but there were books and some fine prints . . . and in the corner, gleaming, a Mason & Hamlin piano.

For this young musician and composer felt that he could scarcely bear to have any piano less than the finest that the world of music knew. He earned only sixty dollars a week by teaching, but his wants were simple . . . his other wants. In music his wants were soaring. And that, to him, meant a Mason & Hamlin.

So it is that you find this magnificent piano in two types of home. In the mansions of the world, where famous canvases hang on the walls, where furniture and hangings are of breath-taking splendor, where the floors are covered with fabulous Orientals . . . there you find the Mason & Hamlin, costliest of pianos.

And in those more modest homes where the only fabulous beauty is in the music loved and played . . . there too you find the Mason & Hamlin.

For both in the richness of its music and in its unequalled social reputation, the Mason & Hamlin stands proudly alone. Catalogue of models may be had by writing to Mason & Hamlin Co., 18 Station Street, Boston, Mass. $1650 and up.

MASON & HAMLIN

THE FINEST (AND INCIDENTALLY THE COSTLIEST) PIANO IN THE WORLD

Mason & Hamlin may be had with the Ampico. The Ampico – the one instrument that reproduces exactly the playing of great artists on your own piano – will allow your truant fancies to roam from popular to classical music and back again. Rachmaninoff will play his favorite compositions . . . Lhevinne, Samaroff, Lopez, Youmans . . . will entertain you at call. Victor Arden and Adam Carroll with jingling fox trot duets, will make your feet misbehave. Only the Ampico reproduces every shading and fancy which the artists' nimble fingers have transmitted through the flashing keys. The Mason & Hamlin, with the Ampico, is priced from $3150 up. Convenient terms may be arranged.

FRENCH, SHRINER & URNER

{SHOEMAKERS FOR MEN}

Style 645

and he's "from Missouri"

Horton Smith, sensation of the winter's play, and youngest member of the Ryder Cup team, naturally wears "Twin-Grips".

Yet, coming from Missouri, he had to be shown that these famous golf shoes would stand by him best in the rugged going of tournament play.

Horton Smith is only one of thousands of leading pros and amateurs who have found in "Twin-Grips" their ideal of style, comfort, service and security of footing.

This mark identifies shoes as genuine Goodyear Welts.

Available in many styles and leathers, at any of our shops below.

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212 Washington St.
430 Stuart St.

BROOKLYN
367 Fulton St.
Browning King
Fulton & De Kalb Ave.

CAMBRIDGE
Browning King & Co.
1346 Massachusetts Ave.

CHICAGO
106 Michigan Ave. (S)
16 So. Dearborn St.
Browning King
Monroe & Wabash

CINCINNATI
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Browning King
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916-918 Olive St.

ST. PAUL
339 Robert St.
Browning King
Robert at 6th St.

FRENCH SHRINER & URNER
EXTRA QUALITY

A Nightmare

(Continued from page 60)

do the same," he added as he settled himself under the covers. "Good night."

"Good night," said Odette.

She went back to her room, climbed into bed, turned out the light. Then, in the darkness, she tried to reflect coolly on the situation. Her first reaction was a delicious feeling of security for herself, for Michel. Both of them were saved. *M.* Auberive had saved them. He knew, and yet he had saved them. . . . She tried to understand his motives, to reason everything out from the beginning, but she did not succeed. Was this fat, even-tempered husband of hers ridiculous or sublime? Was he full of disinterested love and heroic indulgence, or was he a monster of selfish indifference, willing to accept anything that didn't interfere with the placid course of his daily life or the gratification of his stupid little tastes? Was he not revenging himself by offering this pardon—about which, after all, there was something contemptuous? . . . One after another, all these ideas assailed Odette. What attitude should she assume toward him in the future? Should she abandon her domineering ways, or cling to them even more closely than before? She was sorry for having spoken; her pride was deeply wounded. Suddenly she shrugged her shoulders; she had found a solution that *M.* Auberive would accept in any case, whether his resignation was selfish or heroic.

She fell peacefully asleep, and when she saw her husband the following morning, she merely remarked in an indifferent voice:

"I had a really frightful nightmare last night. I must have screamed several times, and when I woke up I was lying on the floor. Didn't you hear me?"

For a moment he stared at her, then heavily, placidly, submissively, he answered in his usual voice:

"No, I heard nothing at all. I slept quite soundly."

Beauty in 1929

(Continued from page 78)

dled, they seem to be wearing masks. One must look closely to discover the soft and living face beneath. But often the face is not soft, often it turns out to be imperfectly alive. The hardness and deadness are from within. They are the outward and visible signs of some emotional or instinctive disharmony, accepted as a chronic condition of being. We do not need a Freudian to tell us that this disharmony is most often of a sexual nature.

So long as such disharmonies continue to exist, so long as there is good reason for sullen boredom, so long as human beings allow themselves to be possessed and hag-ridden by monomaniacal vices, the cult of beauty is destined to be ineffectual. Successful in prolonging the appearance of youth, of realizing or simulating the symptoms of health, the campaign inspired by this cult remains fundamentally a failure. Its operations do not touch the deepest source of beauty—the experiencing soul. It is not by improving skin foods and point rollers, by cheapening health motors and electrical appliances that the human race will be made beautiful; it is not even by improving health. All men and women will be beautiful only when the social arrangements give to every one of them an opportunity to live completely and harmoniously, when there is no environmental incentive and no hereditary tendency towards monomaniacal vice. In other words, all men and women will never be beautiful. But there might easily be fewer ugly human beings in the world than there are at present.

We must be content, so it seems, with moderate hopes.

Impressions of America

(Continued from page 84)

his ears; let him watch him selling shoe laces on the sidewalk of a slum, then, ten years later, after a few turns, a few startling successes, a few bankruptcies, see him president of some famous corporation, making dollars by the million.

Such are the pictures New York shows us at every turn. It is the spirit of the city in action.

In spite of this foreign element, perhaps because of it, New York, with its six million inhabitants, still seems to me representative of America. Not the narrow, shut-in, exclusive America of certain aristocratic Eastern centres, nor the intolerant America, bigoted and sectarian, of the small towns of the Middle West, of that amazing Dayton, Tennessee, where they drag to court those who teach the theory of evolution or fail to believe that the world was made exactly 4232 years before Jesus Christ, but the America which has for two hundred years been the new motherland of a hundred diverse peoples, who have lent to it their temperaments, their traditions, their native idiosyncrasies, that America which is nothing if not cosmopolitan.

Yes. I insist upon finding America in that great Babel of New York, that city in which the most diverse elements are set side by side and often mingle, where virtue and the most shameless vice rub elbows, where office buildings taller than churches climb toward the American sky. Can one imagine a hundred million men feverishly engaged in the pursuit of wealth, young, strong, eager for life, living the narrow, gloomy life, built up on the Puritan ideal which the first emigrants who landed in this country maintained, grouped as they were, and arrayed in groups against one another?

The problems of to-day are no longer like those of yesterday. The rhythm of life has become swifter. Wealth is to be found on all sides. The farmers themselves have holiday homes on the Californian coast.

The New York of to-day, the cosmopolitan New York of business, of luxury and pleasure, seems to me to give an exact idea of what the United States of to-morrow will be.

ON FATHER'S DAY
JUNE 16TH

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The trunk that never forgets

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"I should appreciate it if you would keep this dinner coat nicely pressed until a week from Thursday. Bring it out to the Lorillards', and don't get it wet on the way." (The Lorillards will see you at your best.)

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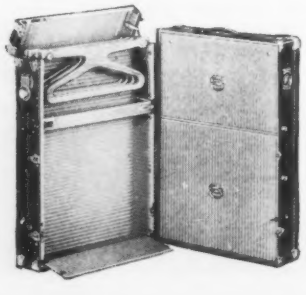
Consult the nearest dealer in fine luggage or write us at 509 High Street, Oshkosh, Wisconsin, for a book that gives some of the reasons why these trunks are so uncanny in their ability to discover your particular needs and fill them.

OSHKOSH TRUNKS

THE OSHKOSH TRUNK COMPANY, Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and 8 East 34th St., New York City



The Oshkosh Pullman Wardrobe measures 29" x 20" x 9", just the right size to fit under a Pullman berth. Comes in several models, fibre, or duck-covered. It is ideal for short trips. The price ranges from $30 to $70.

The Battle of the Century—Old Style

(Continued from page 76)

II. Belcher got up. Skipped about to show his energy, missed with both hands, blocked the Chicken's rush but was again closed with and thrown.

At this juncture, Lord Say and Sele offered 6 to 4 on the Chicken but had no takers.

III. An even round, with neither man effective though the Chicken used his advantage in poundage by throwing Jem on the ropes.

IV. The Chicken rushed his man but was cleverly blocked though he again succeeded in throwing the ex-champion.

Captain Mellish here addressed himself to Sir Thomas Apreece in the following words

"Apreece, you're man's beat. What's he about?"

To which the Baronet made answer by again betting on Belcher at the current odds of 6 to 4.

V. Belcher scored with a straight left to the Chicken's mouth, a right hook to his already damaged eye, and, closing, threw him.

Sir Thomas Apreece waved his yellow silk and shouted "Now, Jem, now sir, now sir!"

VI. A close round during which both men scored at close range and fell together, Belcher undermost.

VII. Belcher shook the Chicken with left and right hooks to the face but the latter managed to clamp Jem's head under his left arm and to hit him twice before both fell.

An unknown man in small clothes, thought to be a friend of Belcher's, shouted "shame," but was frowned upon.

VIII. Belcher's best round. He tied up the Chicken, hit him at will and ended by throwing him bodily out of the ring.

Colonels Ogle and Montgomery shouted so loudly that one or two of the Corinthians backing the Chicken were audibly censorious. At which Colonel Ogle said to the chief of these, "Do I disturb you, My Lord?"

"Yes, confoundedly."

"Very sorry, My Lord, I'm sure. Huzzay, Belcher!"

My Lord Say and Sele was here seen to mutter and to spill snuff upon his shirt front.

IX. Again Belcher's round. He continued to reach the Chicken with right hooks until closed with and thrown.

The odds fell and the betting became even.

X. The Chicken resumed his rushing and Belcher commenced to weaken.

XI. The Chicken missed ludicrously but, though hit frequently, managed to catch and throw his man.

XII. Belcher, now palpably weary, boxed carelessly, was damaged by a short right to the ribs and was hurled defenceless upon the ropes. The Chicken, about to knock him out, raised his right hand and said, "No, Jem. I won't take advantage of thee! No, lest I hurt thee's other eye." He then walked back to his seconds.

There were shouts of approbation from many of the audience but the unknown man in small clothes, shouting "noble fellow," and "true Briton" was informed by His Lordship of Say and Sele that if he expressed himself again in any form whatever, His Lordship would dust his jacket for him.

XIII. Belcher came back surprisingly and threw the Chicken with a shattering cross-buttock hold.

XIV. Both men boxed cautiously and the Game Chicken, hitting Belcher over his blind eye, threw him easily.

XV. The Game Chicken's round by a knock-down blow, a terrible right hand punch in what is now termed the solar-plexus. Belcher in very bad case.

XVI. Belcher landed a right hook, without, however, its having any strength behind it and again the Chicken had him in a defenceless position on the ropes. Again, however, Pearce walked away, refusing to hit him.

The odds were now to 10 to 1 on the Chicken. Sir Thomas Apreece begged Captain Mellish to have the goodness to refrain from making a spectacle of himself before his chawbacons, to which Captain Mellish replied that he was perfectly well known to his tenants and that Sir Thomas Apreece might go to the devil of his own accord or wait until Captain Mellish sent him.

Sir Thomas Apreece very much put out of countenance.

XVII. Belcher, groggy and helpless, attempted to fight but was heavily thrown.

XVIII. The last round. Belcher came up gamely but being unable to lift his left arm, was forced to give up the contest. Upon which the Chicken leapt over the ropes, then back again and turned two somersaults to show how fit he still remained. He then suddenly disappeared and was later found sitting over the kitchen fire at the Blue Bell, completely alone, apparently not elated, and quietly cooking mutton-chops. To Captain Halliday, who had invited a large company to dine with the victor at Grantham, he said "Why dang it, I could ha' killed poor Jemmy twice. As for me I ain't even hurt, except for cutting my crook against his teeth."

Belcher took his defeat with fortitude, saying simply "I don't mind for myself, but I'm sorry for a friend of mine who has lost everything he had."

He returned to London with the respect of everyone and the sympathy of many, who said, not without some justice, that if he had not been half blind and out of training he would have won the match. For his backers, including His Highness, the Duke of Cumberland, he had lost about 100,000 guineas. He died six years later, in the thirty-first year of his age, and was deeply regretted.

Except by the Duke of Clarence.

Jem Belcher was the handsomest man who had ever fought in an English prize ring.

Hen Pearce, the Game Chicken, was also a very honest, generous and likeable young man. After the Belcher fight he could find no opponents and retired to Bristol where he conducted a public-house and where at various times he rescued one young lady from a burning house and another from the hands of ruffians bent on ravishing their fair captive. He returned eventually to London where he died in 1809, of a consumption, at the early age of 34.

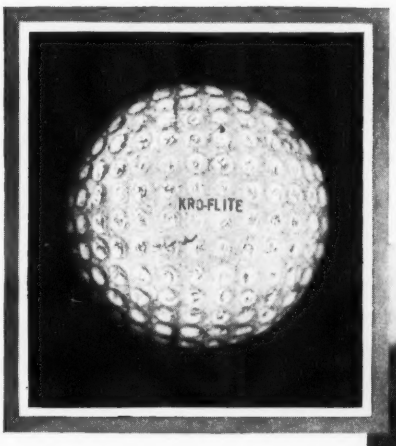
It is not known whether My Lord Say and Sele collected his wager from His Highness, the Duke of Clarence.

THE GREATEST GOLF BALL RECORD EVER MADE

Judge Manning of Talladega, Alabama, plays a single Kro-flite Ball for 828 holes!

On November 15, 1928, Judge M. N. Manning went into the Henderson Drug Company in Talladega, Alabama, and bought the Kro-Flite Golf Ball pictured here.

On January 28, 1929, Judge Manning sank that Kro-Flite for the 828th time, completing 46 rounds of 18 holes each, for a total of 828 holes. This, so far as is known, is a world's record in golf ball durability. This is the greatest number of holes that any man has ever played with a single golf ball. The former record was 666 holes. It, too, was made with a Kro-Flite Ball.



This is the ball after it had completed its 46th round, for a total of 828 holes and a new world's record.

It's still good!

The Kro-Flite with which Judge Manning made this amazing record is still in prime condition. True, practically all the paint is worn off the cover. But the ball itself is good for many more rounds. It is uncut and perfectly round, so that it rolled true to the cup even on its last putt, on the 828th green. It has been retired as undisputed champion, to take its place as the most prized of Judge Manning's souvenirs.

If this Kro-Flite had been pampered its excellent condition wouldn't be quite so miraculous. But it hasn't been. On the Talladega course, Judge Manning's average score for 18 holes is 82. And 82 cannot be made with namby-pamby shots. 46 rounds at an average of 82, is around 2000 healthy socks, exclusive of the putts. What a ball!

Judge Manning, like most of us, plays solely for the fun he gets out of the game.

He is a member of the Talladega CountryClub, where he and three of his friends form a foursome that plays almost daily.

The entire foursome became vitally interested in the record attempt. Whenever the ball was lost, the game was forgotten while all hands turned to and looked for it. The match was held up more than the allotted five minutes on several occasions. But each time the ball was found.

A. G. Spalding & Bros., are, naturally, proud of this new Kro-Flite record—this newest proof that the Kro-Flite is the most durable golf ball in the world.

BELOW:
Judge Manning.

Photographs by Talladega Studios, Talladega, Ala.

Spalding compliments Judge Manning on his remarkable achievement—and thanks Dr. Ganey, Mr. Dixon and Mr. Dumas (the other three members of the foursome) for the help they gave.

Try it

In the Kro-Flite, the golfing world sees, for the first time, a ball that combines maximum durability with first-grade distance. It will, we feel sure, give you the greatest golf satisfaction you have ever known.

Try the Kro-Flite the next time you play. Compare it for distance and for durability against any other ball the world produces.

Your Professional will supply you. Or you can get the Kro-Flite at any Spalding Store or at any Spalding Dealers.

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Judge Manning's foursome. From left: Judge Manning, J. Kelly Dixon, Dr. Joe S. Ganey and W. Lawrence Dumas.

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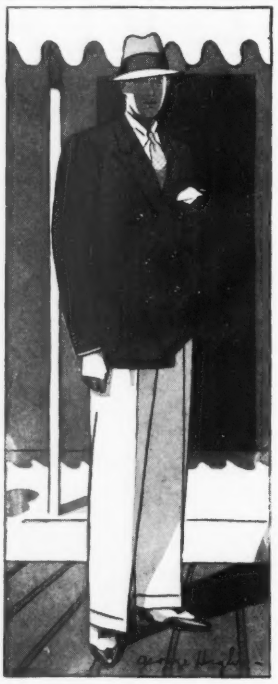

The famous Piccadilly Circus raw-edge hat is shown.

Well-Dressed Men
and the correct hats for the season

THE warmer days bring a reaction from the rigid formality of winter headwear. The better-dressed men enthusiastically favor the ever-popular *Piccadilly Circus* for informal wear, or for week-ends in the country. Its small, saucy, raw-edge brim imparts an air of jaunty insouciance that so befits the smart seashore or country-resorts. A companion hat to the *Piccadilly Circus* is the *Piccadilly Piper*. Its only difference is its narrow binding around the brim. The new shades for the season are as varied and beautiful as nature itself.

CAMEL'S HAIR

The *Camel's Hair Flanul Felt* is a hat for a sportsman. It has a rich feel and a texture similar to fine camel's hair . . . worn correctly with the polo-coat or in the country.

FRENCH WEIGHT

Feathery and frolicsome, combining comfort and smartness is the *French Weight Flanul Felt*. It is as light as a whiff of Spring air and every bit as refreshing.

The advance hat for the Fall Season is the *Kent*. An American masters' conception of a genuine British Homberg. It will be a companion hat for the *Tyrolian Homberg*, inspired by the headwear of the Alps. The *Kent* is one of the finest hats for town or business wear that we can recommend. It has a medium brim with a bound edge, and full crown. Its claim to fame lies in the fact that it is a highly conservative hat with a subtle touch of savoir-faire that stamps it as one of the most distinctive hats for the Fall season.

KENT

Flanul Felt is made of fine quality hatter's fur —a pliable soft construction. $7.50 to $20. The Hodshon Company, Fifth Avenue, New York. *Manufacturers of Sunfast Hats and Flanul Felt Hats.* Unit of Cavanagh-Dobbs.

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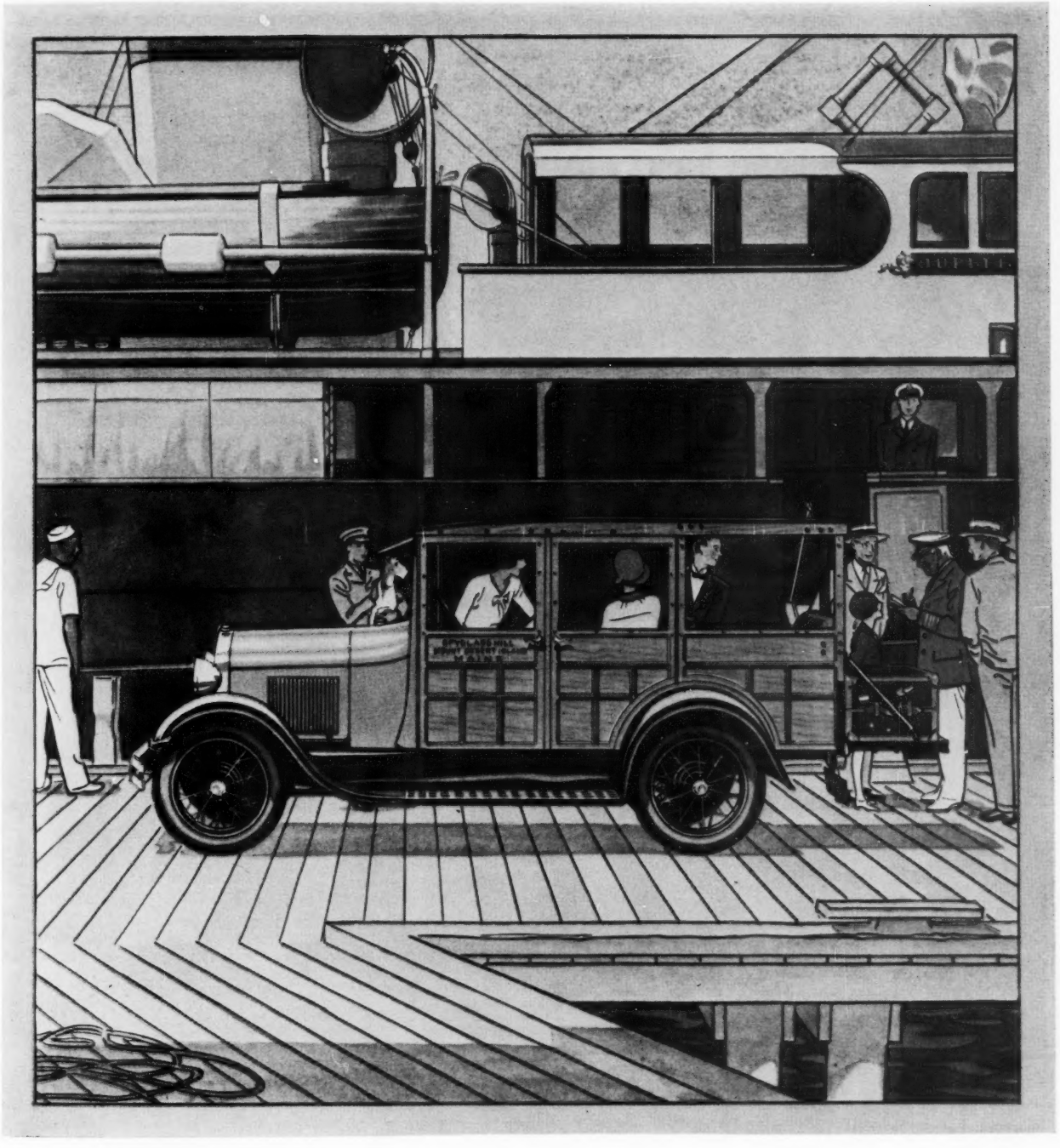

The New Ford Station Wagon

THE new Ford Station Wagon has been designed to meet the needs of large estates, country clubs and families having summer homes in the country or by the seashore. It is particularly well suited to such use because it combines the sturdiness of a light truck with the flexibility and comfort of a passenger car.

Seating accommodations are provided for eight people, including the driver. Baggage is carried on the large tail-gate.

The seats in the rear compartment, though securely anchored when in use, can be removed quickly and easily when the car is used for hauling.

In appearance, the new Ford Station Wagon reflects its sturdy construction. The body has uprights of hard maple, with ply-wood sides finished in natural grain. The sill is unusually rugged. Fenders are full-crown, heavy and capable. Seats are wide, deeply-cushioned and finished in blue-gray artificial Spanish leather. Doors are wide, carefully fitted and substantial, with full-nickeled handles in conservative scroll design. The side curtains, which can be put up easily and quickly in bad weather, are made in tan-gray to harmonize with the body finish.

The new Ford Station Wagon brings you the same alert performance, ease of control, safety, speed, power, reliability and economy that are characteristic of all the new Ford cars. Its easy-riding comfort is particularly appreciated on rough roads.

Ford

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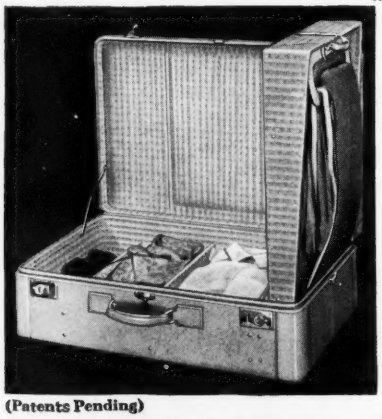

(Patents Pending)

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Golf grain leather in brown, with spiked or rubber soles, one of sixty ***outstanding*** *models for all occasions.*

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There's a delightful buoyancy, a sense of greater energy, because your feet are supported by the exclusive, patented walking base. And if you have aches and discomfort, the result will seem truly magical.

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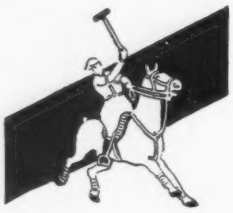

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AND AT 43 CONDUIT STREET LONDON W.

Rockabye, Joan

(Continued from page 81)

up a bit. Obedience is the first law of the sea.

The sky meantime had darkened over with clouds, and the wind was singing through the scuppers. Over the roar of water I heard Father call: "Waterspouts to l'wrrrr'w'd!"

I looked where he pointed, and for the first time I noticed a group of objects like huge hour-glasses wandering toward us across the horizon, swaying and bending and uttering a weird wailing sound. As they sighted us their pace increased, and they drew nearer with incredible speed. For a moment Father's face went white. Our boat was drifting slowly but surely into their course, and we seemed powerless to avoid disaster.

I think it was Father's presence of mind that saved us from a terrible fate. Just as the leading waterspout was almost upon us, leaning forward and uttering a horrid sucking sound, he seized a little automatic which he always kept handy for shooting the sun, and fired a single shot through the middle of the enemy. With a roar it collapsed, and hundreds of tons of water descended on the deck as the stricken waterspout thrashed once or twice feebly and then disappeared into the sea. The other waterspouts, evidently nonplussed by this unexpected turn of affairs, wheeled abruptly and took to their heels.

For the first time we now noticed that the herd in its headlong retreat had left behind it a single baby waterspout, which was tottering here and there and whimpering feebly. Several of the crew put overboard after it in a small boat; but the wild creature eluded capture until Stitches cleverly reached up and thrust a single nasturtium into the top of its spout. This made it look so ridiculous that it broke its spirit, and they captured it with ease and brought it back on deck. Father allowed me to keep it for a pet, on condition I would not take it to bed with me.

I kept Gladys (as I named her) in a wooden bucket, feeding her daily on a gallon of water; and in the course of time she became thoroughly tame, and would spin contentedly in her bucket for hours. She became very attached to us all, and lost her life many years later in a loyal attempt to extinguish the fatal fire that destroyed our ship.

III.

How I Learned about Sex from a Folding Deck-Chair—

All this time, however, I was growing older, and naturally I was becoming more and more concerned about the Facts of Existence. I wanted to find out whether I was a boy or a girl, for example, if only to avoid embarrassment in railway stations. It was high time, I felt, that somebody told me about sex. After all, I couldn't go around slicing up female sharks *all* my life.

Whenever I approached the sailors on this subject, however, they proved to be men of action rather than words; and in a crew of ten men their clumsy explanations were necessarily limited. Father always answered my questions promptly by giving me another spanking. As a matter of fact, all these spankings only aroused my curiosity about sex even further; and I finally resolved to go ashore and find out for myself.

At that time we were anchored outside a native village which was holding a festival called the "Dance of the Virgins". From the conversation of the sailors I had gathered that Virgins were purely fictitious, like sea-stories; and I fear my curiosity overcame my better judgment. That night, risking another spanking by Father, I took off my clothes, slipped overboard in the darkness, and swam the ten odd miles to shore.

Never shall I forget the sight that met my eyes as I emerged dripping from the water. Grouped along the beach was a full orchestra of twenty pieces, all blaring barbaric music with huge brass horns, cymbals and native drums. Behind this group of savage musicians was a line of sixteen

(Continued on page 123)

PEWTER CUPLETS!

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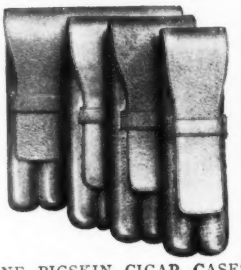

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Tan Calf at

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BROMLEY'S

5 West Forty-sixth St., N. Y.

Rockabye, Joan

(Continued from page 122)

maidens, their grass skirts fastened loosely about their waists and a number of white blossoms caught in their hair. As I watched in fascination they locked arms and wheeled slowly, rocking backwards and forward, kicking their legs high in the air and stamping in unison. Suddenly I caught my breath. In the midst of this orgiastic display, his yachting cap tilted jauntily over one eye and his arms about the waists of the two center maidens, was none other than Father.

That night when he got back to the ship I gave him a sound spanking.

IV.

"Just stick to your desk, and never go to sea,
And you'll write an autobiogra-phee..."

And now we come to the tragic event which was destined to bring this salty tale to its conclusion. For sixteen years I had been going from island to island in the South Seas, gathering oakum; and I now felt at last that I had enough oakum to start my book. Indeed I felt that the *Martha L. Crane* could not carry any more load without danger of capsizing altogether. As it was, she was already carrying enough oakum for five ships.

"Father," I said sadly, striking a match and touching it to the pile of material I had gathered in the hold, "I'm afraid we've come to the last chapter."

My father bowed his head and said nothing. He knew that the end had come. By this time the oakum in the hold was blazing merrily. My publishers had cleverly arranged a steady wind, which was whipping the sparks to a veritable flame that could be seen for miles in every direction. One by one the crowds began to arrive, attracted by the blaze; and to each of them we gave a dinner and a warm welcome. Capt. McFee and Capt. Reisenberg were two of the first to climb aboard, hardened mariners who knew a genuine deep-sea story like mine when they saw one. You can't fool an old shell-back.

"It is easy to go bail for Miss Riddell," said Capt. McFee politely. "I believed every word of her book. I also believed a man in Times Square who sold me the Central Park Reservoir, a patent in a perpetual motion machine, and three handsome goldbricks," he added reminiscently.

(Continued on page 126)

PARIS

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the tailor of distinction

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Galleries of Vanity Fair

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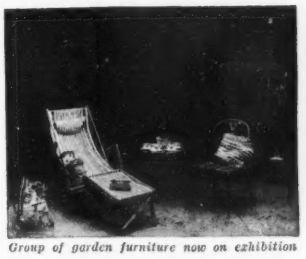

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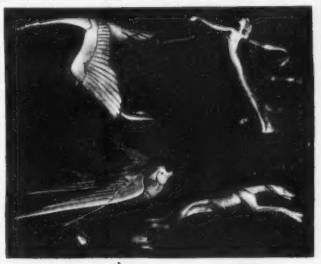

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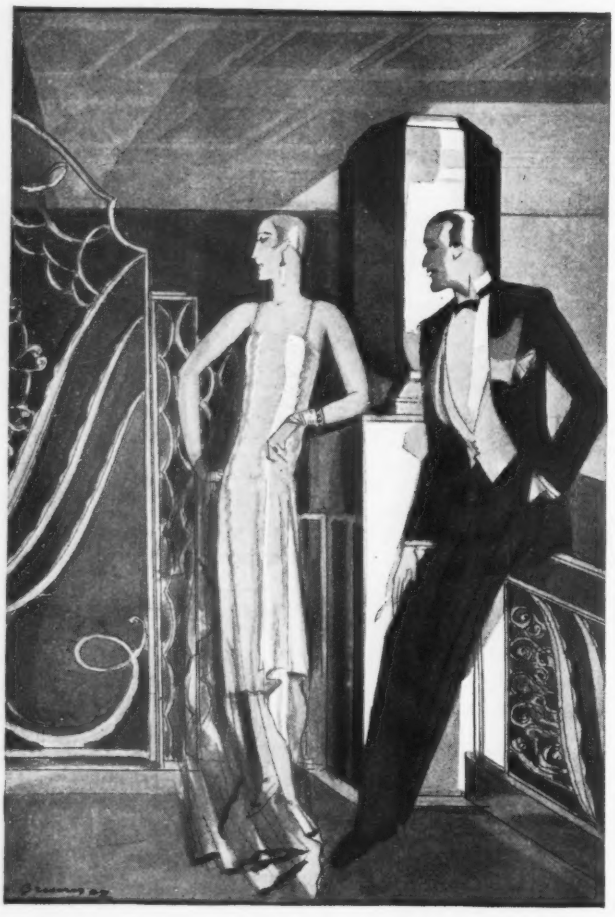

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The *"Ile de France"* isn't merely an Atlantic Liner. -:- She has somehow involved a Soul, a Personality that attracts just those people with whom one wants to pass six days at sea. -:- She's an education in modern art, a revelation in modern luxury and comfort. -:- The Salon Mixte, white ash and silvered bronze, with ten tall windows veiled in frostwork, curtained with all the flowers of France, lighted by giant Sevres vases, filled with inviting arm-chairs . . . what a rendezvous for tea! -:- Beyond are lacquered Card Rooms, softly glowing . . . and five Smoking Rooms that lead to a sidewalk Café . . . At night, the Grand Salon . . . Lacquer and Crystal, gold and gorgeousness . . . fills its thousand-foot dance floor with the smartest frocks afloat. -:- But best of all is the Dining Room, the largest that ever sailed the seas, perhaps the loveliest anywhere . . . grey marble, honey coloured glass, a gold and silver fountain, chairs in syca more with blue green seats. -:- With the *"Paris"*, the *"France"* and the *"Ile de France"* provide a Weekly Express Ser vice, calling at Plymouth for London, dock ing at Le Havre for Paris, where the 3- hour boat-train waits.

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Information from any authorized **French Line** *Agent or write direct to 19 State Street, New York City*

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THE TIMID SOUL

The Timid Soul **is one of the most familiar of Webster's series, ranking with *Our Boyhood Ambitions*, *Life's Darkest Moment*, *The Beginning of a Beautiful Friendship*, and his studies of the amenities of bridge and poker**

A Carefree Cartoonist

(Continued from page 49)

only crank letter I have ever answered (I told him this in my opening paragraph) was from a preacher in the middle west. This man objected to a cartoon in which a Sunday school superintendent figured in a harmless manner. The letter, an unusually vicious one, was sent to the editor of the paper and I know the writer secretly hoped I would be fired and starve to death.

A drawing dealing with oil furnaces calls forth a wail from the coal interests. A facetious treatment of plumbers, motor-cycles, dentists, movie-

(Continued on page 132)

On Giving Up the Game of Golf

(*Continued from page 82*)

rolled back. It was by the irony of fate, the putting that beat him, the one part of the game on which the years should not lay a cruel hand. It seemed then to some hero-worshippers, myself among them, a tragedy that he should be beaten, but now it only seems a good and pleasant thing that he wanted to play and enjoyed the fight and that his defeat was a splendid sundown.

Some there are, no doubt, whose temperament can never brook deposition and they are probably wise in giving up but those are certainly more admirable and more enviable who go on to an end which is not bitter. I said that Mr. Mure Fergusson re-adapted his view to his new and humbler game and therein is, I am sure, one secret of continued enjoyment. The wise man makes, when his time comes, a new and less exacting par against which to play. The other day a young friend of mine, quite a good golfer, had his left hand put temporarily out of action. He determined that nothing should make him lose his golfing weekends and instantly set to work to play one-handed. He told me that this novel point of view was extraordinarily interesting, that he had never extracted so much pleasure from doing a two-shot hole in four with two hands as he had in manœuvering for a triumphant five with one hand; the shifts he was put to and the calculations he had to make in order to circumvent the bunkers were far more exciting than the comparatively mechanical action of carrying them. He was so enthusiastic that he must have been almost disappointed when his left hand was well again. I may give a more ridiculous and less sublime example from my own experience. I had a phase of playing the game called Ping-Pong or, more seriously, Table Tennis. Having a right elbow that needed nursing I took to playing left handed, became moderately proficient, and absurdly keen. When my right elbow was cured and I could play normally again, my keenness departed and the table now languishes unused and littered with books.

The analogy is, I admit, not by any means a perfect one, but still it will serve. My moral is, I am sure, a good one, namely that there comes a time when it is unhappiness to try to live up to the old standard, and happiness to try to beat a new and lower one. If we can only do that then it may some day be veraciously said of us that nothing in our golf became us like its leaving of us.

Table Delicacies for Vanity Fair Readers

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of persons rated according to their susceptibility to the lure of Caviarettes

The touche puissant in diplomatic and metropolitan society is: Caviar on Caviarettes with the Cocktails. Let this brighten the social hour where you are. For . . Caviarettes are diamond-shaped little "raised edge" biscuit crisps on which one serves the caviar and other tidbits. Fie on fussy preparation!

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"Au Gourmet" Caviar *"Grand Duke" Caviar*

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On all sides *sparkling waters* . . . and among friends the best of *still waters* . .

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Order from The Red Raven Corporation, Dept. F; order a case of all one kind, or assorted.

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or mix in this Raffetto Nesselro for the fancy French biscuit tortoni and tutti frutti flavor, for the delicious-ness of the true Nesselrode. Enjoy the fanciest, Frenchiest quick frozen desserts from your electric refrigerator. Keep on hand constantly for bridge and emergency affairs. Ready at your dealer's or send 85 cents for 13-ounce jar by mail (enough for two quarts). G. B. Raffetto, Inc., 412 West 13th St., New York, N. Y.

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Unmatched Flavor

A revelation of natural, rich ham flavor never before equaled. All those delicate flavors and savory juices are sealed in vacuum by the exclusive Hormel process. Ready to serve cold—grill in 3 minutes—or bake in one-fourth the usual time.

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When your outfitter shows you a suit, topcoat or overcoat bearing the Mt. Rock label it is equivalent to his saying, "There is no garment anywhere styled or tailored more expertly than this. There is no other fabric which will stand such long, hard wear. I cannot offer you greater value."

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ADLER·ROCHESTER Clothes

LEVY BROS. & ADLER : ROCHESTER, INC.
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ROCHESTER, LOS ANGELES

Speaking of Islands

(Continued from page 65)

among the Lotus-Eaters. Hot hours lie before you among the jackal-haunted dunes. Then at the edge of the brown hills where half a dozen surly camels contemplate the cud, a more antique craft awaits you than Odysseus ventured in. Strange noises issue from within. Its mast is engirdled by a pattern of horns. The Arabs take their places with their thick hoods drawn over their brows. At length, after such laborious journeying, you set foot in the island of the Lotus-Eaters. You have achieved the circuit of Odysseus's wanderings. Now, now—or surely, very soon—the great moment awaits you. You, too, shall fill your mouth with the most exquisite of fruits, more subtle than any spice, more opiate than poppies. Even as the warm waters lap the sands of Djerba and your fingers paddle drowsily among sea-weed; even as the slow camels tread their endless rounds upon the circuit of a rain-well, whence they draw water to irrigate the meadows of lotus—even during that time the hexameters of Homer will sway in your head like heavy draperies, singing: "So they set forth and enter the home of the Lotus-Eaters, that quiet people, which lays no deadly snare for them. They present the lotus to them, even its delights. From the moment when my sailors bring to their lips this fruit as sweet as honey, they have no other thought but to pass their days amongst that people. Their only pleasure is to taste the Lotus; they forget even the name of their native land. . . . "

When I landed upon the shore of Djerba, almost my first preoccupation was where the nearest meadow—or orchard should it be?—of lotus grew that I might taste its incomparable felicity. But not my first. What I first set eyes on was two couples of ink-black negroes, each couple bearing between its shoulders a bamboo pole whence a monstrous turtle swung. Who shall have turtle soup tonight, I wondered. What bearded Arab sheikh, what dapper French commissioner? For them their turtle-soup, I said. For me the lotus, even its delights.

I had hardly deposited my rucksack in the vaulted cavern of the hotel when I set forth to gather me lotus. Baedeker is clear enough about it: "From the lotus-tree (Zizyphus Lotus; Arabic *nebga*, Fr. *jujubier*), which thrives here, Homer called it the island of the Lotophagi."

Where then to find a *jujubier*? Familiar trees were here from English orchards—apple and pear and cherry. It was not any of these that had stolen the wits of Odysseus's sailors away. Olives also were here, certain of those gnarled veterans having quite certainly been planted by Roman colonists. The ripening fruit of the date-palm was also springing at the crown of the tree. But, alas, no man would lead me to the jujube.

Yet I for my part am certain I have eaten of Homer's lotus. Why has no scholar suggested that the lotus may, indeed, have been no more than a grape, nobler than any the vineyards of Champagne ever yielded, brought into amber fullness by the fierce sun of Djerba? There is a wine of Djerba tasted by few strangers. It is made by the Jews, an aboriginal colony which may have dwelled in Djerba what time Odysseus visited the island. The Muslims are a God-fearing and pious sect who, so far from drinking wine, will threaten to knife you if you offer them a cigarette in Ramadan. I drank the white sacred wine of the Jews of Djerba. I, too, have feasted off the lotus. Not in vain have I concluded the circuit of Homer's islands. What? Are you sceptical? You do not believe I grew drowsy on lotus? I leave you to go to the dogs on a box of dates. Or if you think that insufficiently adventurous—go to, suck the jujube. Let the mixture be strained and evaporated until it thickens to the right degree of viscosity; then bring it carefully into contact with the mucuous membrane of the throat. But do not, I bid you, recite the hexameters of Homer. You are not worthy of them. You are no true islander. Djerba is not for such as you, nor yet Manhattan. Get you to White Plains, or to Newark, even. You are a mainlander. We Odysseans will have no truck with you.

Rockabye, Joan

(Continued from page 123)

"She has told a story as remarkable as anything that has come out of the sea," added Capt. Reisenberg, "particularly at low tide."

By this time the blaze had mounted to a veritable pyre, visible everywhere; and now, to the great glee of my publishers, a huge barge drew alongside manned by Capt. Broun and Capt. Morley, and bringing (reluctantly) Capt. Canby and Capt. Canfield and about eighty-five thousand shanghied sailors, who lay gagged and bound on the deck of this barge, for all the world like sticks of wood. As the five worthy captains and their helpless crew climbed aboard, Capt. Broun advanced politely and shook my hand.

"That I never read your book," he smiled, "is an unimportant detail beside the fact that Ruth Hale *did*. For once it is no figure of speech to say that I was 'carried away'."

These new arrivals were joined by others—column after column and columnist after columnist, editors, critics, theatrical producers, motion-picture directors—until it all seemed too wonderful to last. My fears were soon justified. In the midst of these festivities I heard a warning whistle; and to my bitter chagrin a small fire-boat drew alongside, manned by Lincoln Colcord. With grim lips he turned a steady stream of cold water on the bonfire we had so carefully started. In vain I tried to reach him with my fists; he was joined by other fireboats from the *Tribune* and the *World*, until we perceived that our bonfire was doomed to be extinguished.

"Follow me," I shouted bravely, "and we'll swim for shore."

Clutching my two publishers close

(Continued on page 130)

GOLF SUITS

OF SMART SIMPLICITY

¶Favoring those plainer effects for which the well-dressed New Yorker at sports shows a preference this season. Four-Garment Suits in bonafide English field patterns. Cut with the true elegance of unobtrusive simplicity and with due regard for comfort and freedom. Sturdily woven cheviots, soft, yet serviceable homespuns and world-famed Harris Tweeds—$49.50 to $115.

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BROADWAY AT 32D STREET
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EXCLUSIVE, BUT NOT EXPENSIVE—COMPARE!

The perfect complement to good clothes is Phoenix. Smart, up-to-the-minute style distinguishes this fine, sturdy hose. Its timely patterns are skillfully woven into its famous long-mileage texture. Phoenix provides the season's newest designs with the greatest economy. 50c to $2.00 a pair.

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FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

SHOES by FLORSHEIM add so much to the smart sport attire, and to the *enjoyment* of the wearer—designed with that *refinement* for which FLORSHEIM is famous and *quality built* to give satisfaction.

Most Styles $10

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Manufacturers — Chicago

THE BERKSHIRE
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The FLORSHEIM *Shoe*

Johnny Farrell, America's best dressed golfer, and one of the leading members of the Ryder Cup Team for 1929. The Ryder Cup Team, before sailing for this great golf match, was completely outfitted by Sportswear, Inc., one of America's leading creators and manufacturers of sports clothing

Mr. David Frankel, official Stylist for the team and for Sportswear, Inc., says this of color in men's clothing:

"COLOR *is the foundation of* SMARTNESS"

"No man can achieve distinction without color. Strong-Hewat colorful fabrics are used extensively in the productions of Sportswear, Inc. These fabrics incorporate a richness of color and originality of weave that commend them to the man who would enhance his personality.

"Observation of the clothes turned out by our leading tailors for men of importance in business, the professions and sports, reveal an employment of color on a very extensive scale. The casual observer fails to see it as color because these men are careful to choose their clothes to harmonize with their personalities."

David Frankel

Strong, Hewat & Co. have published an ingenious chart showing correct color harmonies for various types. The coupon below will bring yours to you.

STRONG-HEWAT Virgin Wool FABRICS

Alex Hewat President

STRONG, HEWAT & COMPANY, INC., 25 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

Please send me your Color Harmony Chart . . . I have checked my color of hair below.

☐ Light hair; ☐ Dark hair; ☐ Auburn hair; ☐ Black (and gray) hair.

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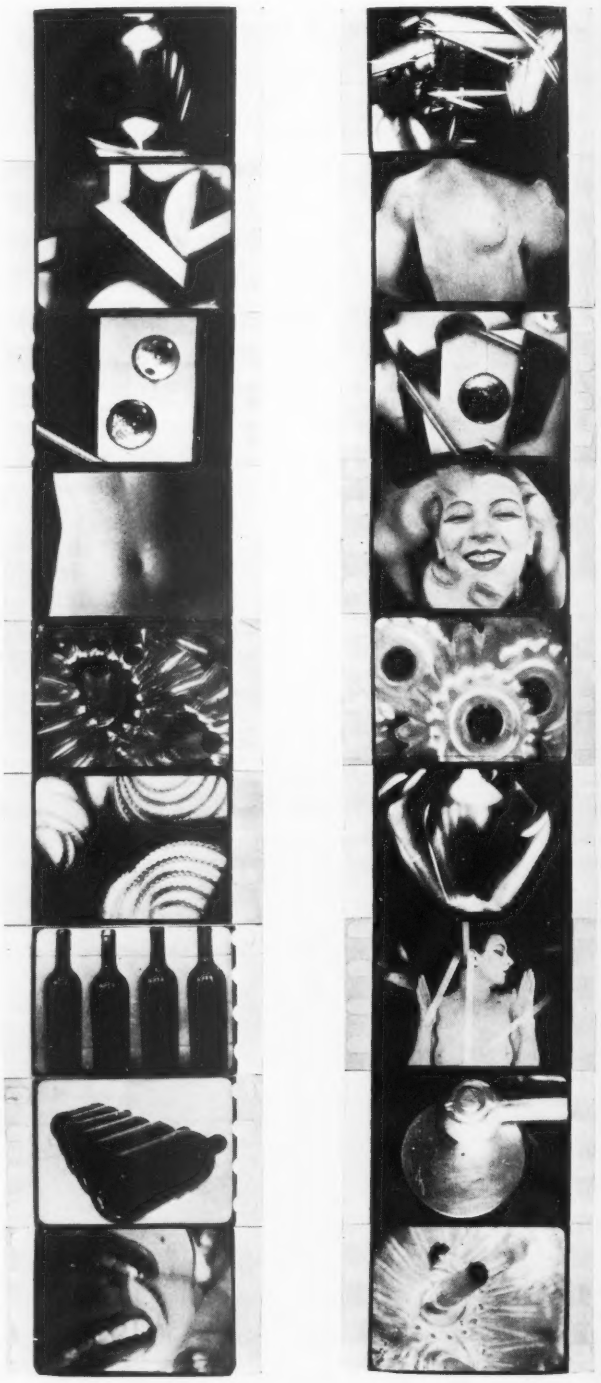
6-29

Dynamics in the Films



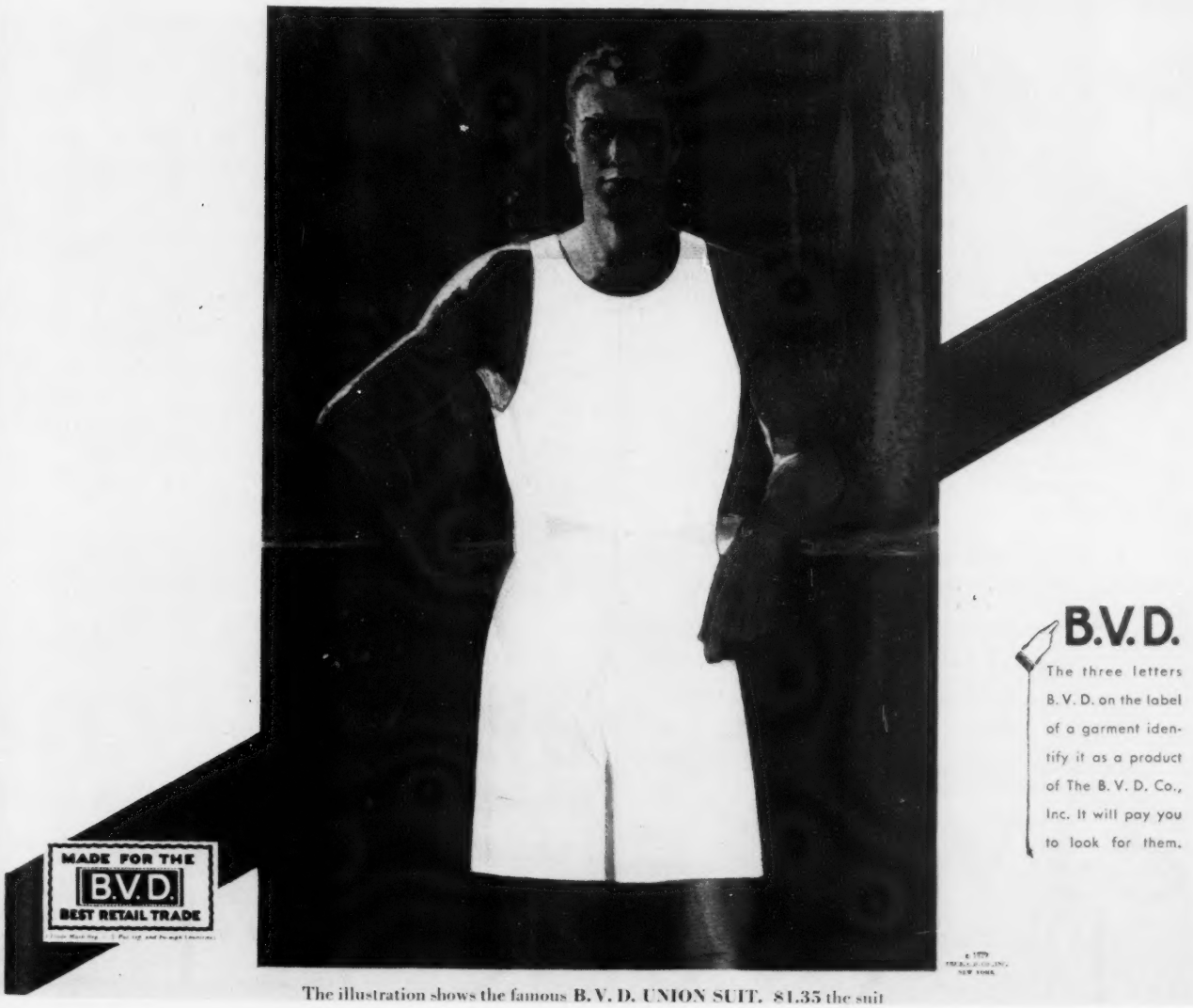
THIS series of film strips, representing the technique of what is called the "futurist" film, is culled from motion pictures made by Dudley Murphy, a young experimenter in modernist photography who has a background in the professional studios. Working on short subjects as an interlude to his job as technical director in the Fox Studios, he proceeded through a series of mythological legends to a scenic portrayal of the *Danse Macabre* and then to *Ballet Mécanique*, an abstract film made in collaboration with Fernand Léger, the distinguished French exponent of modernism in the films. This made use of a new method, illustrated above—flash cutting or "percussive image", which produces the same effect on the eye by means of conscious repetition that the monotonous drum beating in *The Emperor Jones* produced on the ear. Through this, and *Skyscraper*, which boasted a dynamic treatment and nevertheless was a box-office success, Mr. Murphy has progressed to sound pictures. The first of these, *Rhapsody*, uses sound to stimulate the imagination and create atmosphere rather than illustrate the visual image. With this same attitude toward the use of sound in the films, Mr. Murphy is at present preparing a picture of New York in which he will attempt to crystallize an impression of the metropolis visually and orally. The new technique, as these illustrations show, makes a graphic use of still life and achieves part of its effect by the swift juxtaposition of unrelated objects, arranged with an eye to rhythm. As they flash past on the screen, they form an amusing pattern and give by virtue of their cubistic design and the sense of movement which they create in themselves, a feeling of a living modernity, not native to their material or innate meaning but nevertheless omnipresent

B.V.D. —the Underwear of Quality

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

To provide for different tastes, B. V. D. is made in various models. The most famous and the most popular is the B. V. D. Union Suit with its exclusive features, including the waist-encircling knit band, the knitted shoulder straps, patented closed crotch, etc. ÷ ÷ There are two types of B. V. D. Shirts—the Coat Shirt and Pull-Over Knit Shirt. ÷ ÷ B. V. D. Drawers, fashioned of cool, long-wearing nainsook are enjoying great popularity. ÷ ÷ The Shorts include colorful patterns, solid colors, and whites. The colors are fast. ÷ ÷ Whatever your taste in underwear, you will find it in B. V. D.

B. V. D. PRODUCTS
UNION SUITS — COAT SHIRTS — PULL-OVER SHIRTS — KNEE DRAWERS
SHORTS — YOUTHS' UNION SUITS — CHILDREN'S WAIST SUITS



B.V.D.

The three letters B. V. D. on the label of a garment identify it as a product of The B. V. D. Co., Inc. It will pay you to look for them.

The illustration shows the famous **B. V. D. UNION SUIT. $1.35** the suit

As smart and as modern as youth itself

As Paris couturiers set the style with new creations, so Franklin with its latest achievement, sets the style in motor cars. Franklin the originator of low bodies, of enclosed sport types and dozens of other style features, has become a symbol of the progressive mode. Franklin open models suggest the airplane fuselage in their streamline contour, rolled belt panels and graceful air-wing fenders.

Like modern airplanes, the Franklin is powered with an air-cooled engine. And like a zooming take-off, Franklin's newest sensation is its fast getaway in second—quiet as high, even up to 55 miles an hour.

As you drive the car, you thrill to its great power—you praise its incomparable comfort—you instantly sense its soaring smoothness. It is different from any other car you have ever driven. If you've flown, you instantly sense the driving feel of an airplane.

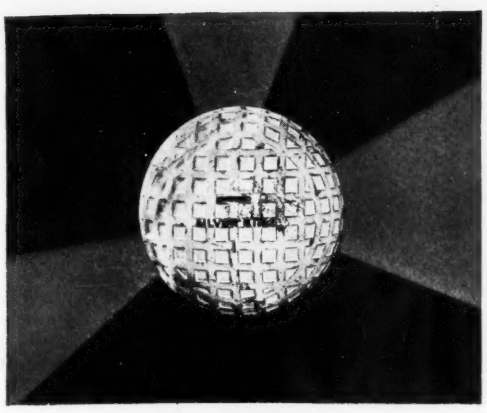
Drive a Franklin! It's the one different motoring thrill you can experience today.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

The new Franklin prices begin at $2160 F.O.B. Factory

FRANKLIN

666 Holes



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One Silver King!

Proving that the world's greatest golf ball for distance is also no slouch for durability.

• • •

On July 15, 1928, Floyd Poetzinger, a student at the University of Iowa, bought a package of three new Silver Kings.

Several months later Mr. Poetzinger retired one of these balls having played it over 666 holes—more than 100 miles of golf on three different courses.* The ball was played for the most part on the University of Iowa course—a long course with a par of 73.

To the best of our knowledge this is the most remarkable record for endurance ever made by any golf ball in America.

It is especially remarkable when the fine condition of the ball—reproduced on this page—is considered after its several months' gruelling test. The ball came through somewhat dented and scarred, to be sure, but as shown here it is entirely free from any cut. Mr. Poetzinger, like most other golfers of average or better ability, is primarily interested in distance when buying a golf ball. Seeking distance he has discovered, like many another golfer before him, that the King is also extremely durable.

For the Silver King which has been called "the most carefully made ball in the world" combines unsurpassed durability along with the amazing resiliency that has made it the world's greatest distance ball.

Poetzinger and his teammates of the University of Iowa Golf Squad are coached by Charles Kennett, well-known "pro."

* *All statements made herein Sworn to before Adelaide Goodrell, Notary Public, Johnson County, Iowa.*

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Sole United States Distributors

"Boy, Page Mr. Lewis!"

When you're about to "give up golf" again, wait! Maybe you should call in the "pro." But just as likely, your form may be all right—and your *underwear* all wrong. Creepy, binding, twitchy underwear has ruined many a score!

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Altho' the Golf Suit is admittedly the most comfortable underwear made, those who prefer a two-piece garment will find an almost equivalent comfort—with exceptional style—in the Lewis Golf Shirt and Sport Shorts.

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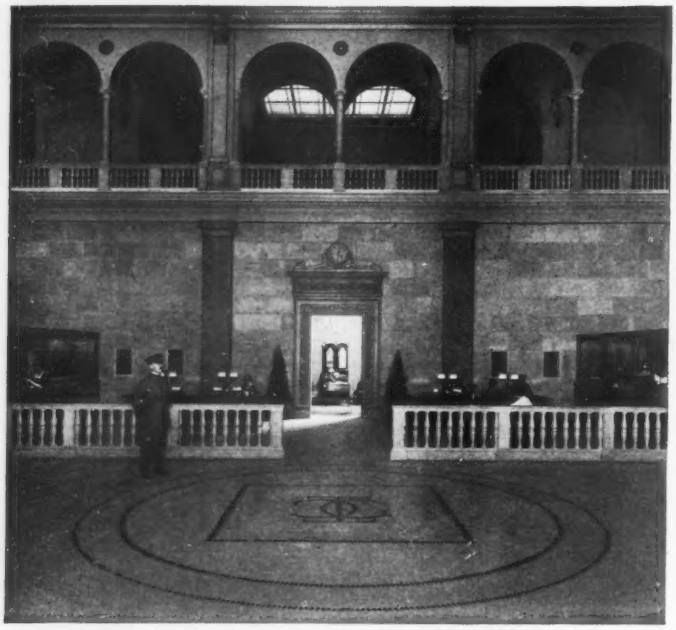

A view of the Women's Banking Department, showing entrance to the lounge in background. The facilities and appointments of this Department are exceptional.

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THIS Office numbers several thousand women among its customers. We find they like this bank for many reasons: central location, completeness of facilities, fine appointments, and the personal interest shown by our officers and clerks in seeing that their business receives proper attention.

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LIVERPOOL HAVRE ANTWERP

COMPLETE SAFE DEPOSIT AND SILVER STORAGE FACILITIES ARE AVAILABLE IN THIS BUILDING

Modern Manners—A Test Case

(Continued from page 47)

real romance, in the transition from being supposed to call a lady Miss Brown to being allowed to call her Mabel. I do not discuss, of course, the dark infernal underworld where she was sometimes called Miss Mabel. The transition did not mean (as the silly sentimentalists who write against the sentimentalism of their grandmothers probably imagine) that you were in love with Mabel; it did not necessarily mean that you were even flirting with Mabel; but it did mean something. It meant that she felt a certain confidence in you and did not object to counting you among her particular companions. Today it means nothing at all. And intelligent people have a strong objection to things that mean nothing at all.

There is also this further point. The old stages of intimacy were individual, and in that sense even unconventional. The new comradeship is entirely conventional. It is in the exact and solid sense a convention. The old admission to special friendship occurred at different stages with different people; it was an adventure. The new familiarity is really a formality. It is a thing made common like the rules of a game; it is a thing dictated by what the instinct of the people themselves calls "the crowd". But the essential point about it is that this sort of simplification merely impoverishes life. Life is much more rich and interesting when there are individual initiations, special favours and different titles for different relations of life. This is a real and serious social criticism, and you do not get rid of it by ranting or sentimentalising on either side; either by saying that Mabel by being called Mabel is well on the road to being called Jezebel; or by saying that in allowing half a hundred men to call her whatever they choose, she is heroically emancipating her rebellious self from the despotic tyranny of Man.

I fancy that a real advance in progress and civilization would do exactly the opposite. If I were constructing a Utopia, which God forbid, I should describe a higher civilization in which every human being had a hundred names; in which each had a particular name known only to a particular friend; in which there were more and not less ceremonies differentiating the various kinds of love and friendship; and in which the suitor had to go through ten names before he got to Glory. That would be a Utopia really worth constructing; for it would really be a question of construction. Most of the Utopias represent only a dull sort of destruction; the sort of destruction that we call simplification. It would really be something like fun to invent a ritual; but since the neglect of religion, no man has really had the courage to invent a ritual. It would be a great lark to draw up a code of law, decorating Tom, Dick and Harry with their Seven Secret Names. But these things will not come until the modern world has realized that its cure lies in distribution and even in differentiation, and not in mixing up everything together in one great mess. Comradeship has become a sort of Combine, bearing the same relation to true friendship that a Trust does to true trade. Nobody seems to have any notion of improving anything except by pouring it into something else, as if a man were to pour the tea into the coffee or the sherry into the port. The one idea in all human things, from friendship to finances, is to pool everything. It is a very stagnant pool.

I have taken only this one type of a general tendency, because it does not mix the matter up with gushing morality or more gushing immorality. It gives some sort of chance for a little dry light of social criticism. And on a critical consideration, I repeat that these things seem to me a mere decline in civilization, such as occurred at the beginning of the Dark Ages.

Rockabye, Joan

(Continued from page 126)

to me, with their claws clinging to my very flesh, I took a deep breath and leapt into the icy water. Blindly I struck out, swimming with all my strength. I heard one splash, then another and another as the visiting mariners struck out after me, leaving of course the helpless shanghied sailors to sink with the ship. In the gathering darkness I swam like one possessed, making for the haven that I thought must lie dead ahead. Alas, strive as we might, the welcome shore was nowhere to be seen. Apparently vague doubts began to assail the mariners swimming behind me.

"I'm very much afraid we're getting into pretty deep water," I heard Capt. Canby mutter.

"Hereafter," sighed Capt. Broun, more to himself, "there is nothing for me to do but fall back on the helpless cry of the truly gullible: 'Read it myself! Read it myself!'"

"I'm afraid," added Capt. McFee, "that we must have miscalculated the literary latitude."

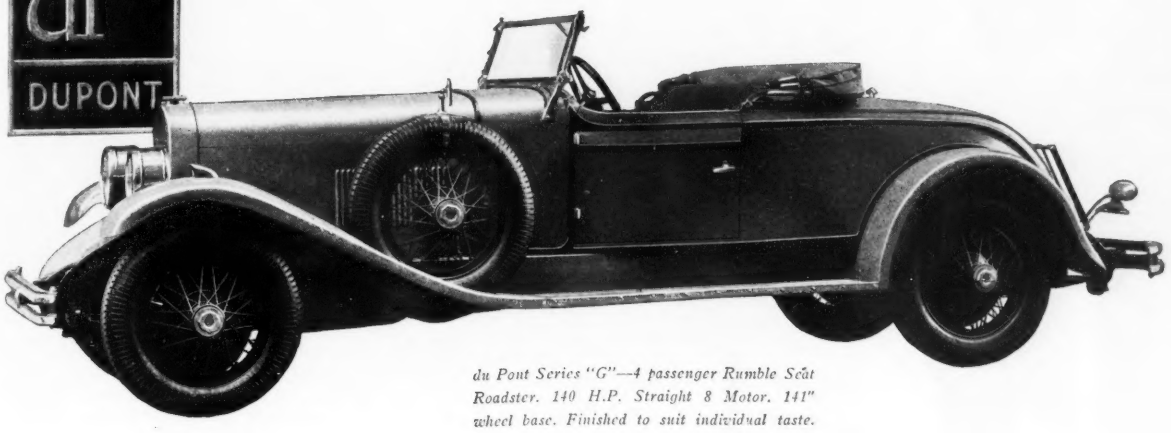
Slowly we headed out into deeper and deeper water. One by one the heads behind me disappeared. My publishers alone retained their hold on me, and we swam on doggedly. Darkness fell . . .

A year later nobody could even remember who I was.

THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP, by Joan Lowell *(Simon & Schuster)*

(Continued on page 134)

Graceful - Speedy - Comfortable - thoroughly Distinctive



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There's a valuable booklet "The Spirit of Health," ready for you—just mail the coupon or a postcard.

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A Carefree Cartoonist

(Continued from page 124)

actresses, etc., brings prompt protests from the publicity bureaus representing these various professions and industries. If considerable restraint is employed, it is reasonably safe to use such subjects as the weather, mosquitoes, Congress and the flu.

One of the strangest reactions to my work occurred recently. I lambasted the autograph fiends and for a week or so following the publication of the cartoon I was overwhelmed with requests for autographs. And still people go on believing that ridicule is the most powerful weapon of the human mind.

Well-meaning critics and vitriolic letter-writers are not the only troubles that beset a cartoonist. For some reason a newspaper art department is a magnet which attracts loafers, cranks, bores and monstrosities of every description. They swarm into the office every day of the week and they are all very leisurely and deliberate about leaving. Some have been known to bring their lunch.

While I am humped over a drawing-board trying to hatch up an idea, there is usually a visitor with his feet on my desk suggesting that I make a picture calling for a large crowd of men in silk hats and carrying umbrellas or a long procession of automobiles. Their ideas invariably involve things that are difficult to draw.

The next specimen to lavish his attention on me is apt to be the father of a genius. He will sit on the corner of the desk, upsetting the ink bottle, and tell me that his daughter, who will be 14 next September, has taken up art but doesn't draw much better than I do. Where is a good art school that will sort of polish up her work and make it look professional?

From 10:30 on the traffic increases until the peak is reached at 3:05. Insurance agents, book agents, geniuses (with and without their parents or managers), office boys from other departments of the paper, borrowers, promoters, bond salesmen, flocks of school children with a courier and men who just want a comfortable chair in a warm room arrive in such numbers that it is almost necessary to have one-way aisles between our desks and a stagger system.

Among the more picturesque callers who have kept us from becoming too engrossed in our work I recall the rather personable lady who walked in and announced in a loud voice that she was a grandmother and was being sued at the moment for breach of promise. She then passed around to every artist in the room large photographs of herself in the nude. This incident had great entertainment value but was of no practical help in getting out a cartoon for a family newspaper.

Then there was the strange looking unclassifiable who eased himself into the office and announced that he wanted a job as "model for funny faces." "I can make any kind of a face you want," he said, "anger, fear, mirth, surprise, pathos, anything. LOOK!" And he proceeded to demonstrate.

Last fall a young man called. He had not been in the room five minutes before we spotted him for a neck-fanner. A neck-fanner, in case you don't know, is the king of art department abominations. His interest in a drawing under construction leads him to bend over the back of the chair and breathe on the artist's neck. It may be an unreasonable prejudice but most of us care very little for neck-fanning. Will Johnstone, who draws a news cartoon for the paper, and I were the only ones favoured by this particular visitor's attention. He divided his time equally between us and as his interest increased so also did the breeze on our necks. When our endurance reached the breaking point we began our dialogue. We started mildly. Will asked me if I had heard that Doug Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin and Jack Dempsey were all upstairs in the local room giving away autographed photographs. We expected our young man to jump over the desk and tear for the door at this. He didn't budge from his post at the back of my chair, so I tossed off something like this for his benefit: "Will, did I ever tell you about the youngster from Newark who was watching me work? He got his nose down on my cartoon and covered with fresh ink. Blood poisoning set in and he died three days later in horrible agony."

There seemed nothing left to do but make our remarks more pointed and strictly personal. We did. Vitriol flowed like water. We watched the boy during this cloud-burst of heavy sarcasm and his face showed the same mobility of expression to be observed on the Public Library lions. Just then someone opened the door, beckoned to the boy and he left. When the laughter subsided we were informed by our colleagues that the unfortunate youngster was deaf and dumb.

Now and then the sun breaks through the clouds. There was an office boy named Wilbur in the Sunday department next door. Wilbur spent nine-tenths of his time in the art department. The other tenth was consumed in being thrown out of the room by the long-suffering artists. The most commendable quality in the boy was his curiosity. He was a talented snoop and nothing of a private nature was safe in his vicinity. One afternoon Wilbur, in rummaging through the Sunday editor's desk, made a find. It was a memo and read, "Don't forget to fire Wilbur to-morrow."

The remainder of the cartoonist's troubles are hardly worth mentioning. There is merely the matter of getting an idea every day in the year and putting it down on paper—trifling mechanical details.

To those readers who want to become cartoonists I shall make so bold as to offer a word of advice. Develop the habit of doing all your work in a cave, preferably inaccessible. Hang a sign over the entrance reading "Leper" or "Unclean". This will at least keep the insurance agents away. If you find that you must mingle with the general herd never let them suspect the profession you follow. The time you will save by following this advice will permit you to get so many years ahead with your work that you can quit in the full bloom of your prime, enjoy the company of your family, and never have to draw another of the loathesome nightmares as long as you live.

*Such vivacity of flavor. .'*TWOULD MAKE A DRY WIT SPARKLE!

IN the magic juice of the grape is a mood-making flavor for any menu—formal, informal or family. Small wonder, then, that the smart hostess uses Guasti Cooking Sherry freely, to infuse those qualities of good nature she seeks about her dinner table.

You'll find Guasti Cooking Sherry (now *legally* available) the same fine sherry that has made the name of Guasti so famous for years. Salt has been added to remove it from the beverage class, yet *just enough* to season other foods to suit the average taste.

If your grocer cannot supply you, send his name with 50 cents for a bottle of one of the Guasti Cooking Aids listed below.

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☐ Guasti Cooking Sherry ☐ Guasti Sauce a la Bordelaise
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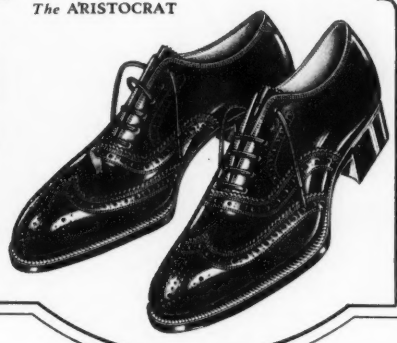
The ARISTOCRAT



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Sunkist Junior absolutely solves the home fresh fruit drinks problem. You get *more juice* from Oranges and Lemons, *plus* time and labor saved—*and minus* the usual mussiness. For breakfast Orange Juice, for Lemon Ade, for the punch, Sunkist Junior is a happy hit. In fact, folks call it "the life of the party," whatever that means.

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No matter whether you go to the far corners of the globe, nor how long you stay away from the marts of men, the one hollow ground blade of your Rolls Razor will shave you perfectly every day. No more time, worry or money spent on packages of blades.

The Rolls Razor is simplicity itself—just the one safety blade and handle in compact metal plated case containing strop and hone.

The blade, of finest Sheffield steel, is of the old straight razor type and hollow ground, with a safety guard of unique simplicity.

Stropped in its case before shaving, honed in its case when necessary, the blade kept ever keen *shaves flat to the face—not at right angles. It cuts the hairs like a barber's razor—does not hoe them out.* Properly handled it will give a lifetime of perfect shaves.

A toilet requisite that any man will take pride in possessing.

The first cost may be slightly higher—but how many blades do you purchase every year?

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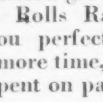
Imperial No. 2 Nickel Plate	$10.00

SHE: Always the happy, clean-shaved Bill.

HE: I can thank my Rolls Razor for those kind words.



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Not Just Another Safety Razor
Actually Another Kind of Shave

Rockabye, Joan

(Continued from page 130)

. . . WHERE AM I?

It is all very well to spend a month on a Desert Island, surrounded by no books whatsoever, but the literary reviewer who emerges from this blissful retirement and attempts to reenter the reviewing business again, experiences something of the bewildered sensation of a timid man in a department store, waiting to step into one of the flying sectors of a revolving door.

From where I stand out here on the sidewalk, sucking the handle of my umbrella and waiting till the Spring rush slows down *just* a little, I can watch the annual stampede revolving past me: Sinclair Lewis with another superb piece of newspaper copy, and Hergesheimer, back to the Civil War by now, and Anne Douglas Sedgwick, and Emil (One-a-Week) Ludwig, this time with a travel book, and Edgar Lee Masters, and Katherine Mayo trying to milk a little more cheap sensationalism out of that dry cow, Mother India, and S. S. Van Dine still glorifying the American murder, and Cyril Hume indulging in another piece of emotional exhibitionism; a few new faces that have plopped into the front ranks overnight, Roerich, and Richard Hughes, and Dr. Schmalzhausen; the rank and file (particularly rank) of detective stories, first novels, poetry, biographies; the whole creaking carrousel of one more publishing season.

Perhaps the most discouraging feature has been the definite emergence of the publishing business this spring as a "racket." Two months ago, before I went away, it was still a fairly dignified profession, where publishers grew white goatees, spoke English, and took some slight pride in what appeared under the imprint of their houses. Apparently that has all been swept aside. Today book production in America is a mad scramble for publicity, increased sales, bigger and better sellers; a rotarian mass of advertising blurbs, propaganda, pep luncheons for the critics, testimonials, blindfold tests of Borzoi Books by George Gershwin and the Princess Mayovskaya, blindfold endorsements of Simon and Schuster books by William McFee and Heywood Broun, evidence on every jacket of increased activity by the members of the Professional Hailers' Association, a general acceleration of stunts, tricks, gags, and bunkum, culminating at last in the recent front-page exposure known as the Joan Lowell Case, an affair which will linger long on our palate as the Worst Taste of the 1928-1929 publishing season.

In the face of this discouraging array, it is pleasant to record that the year which produced this public swindle was responsible at the same time for at least one book that will go down to posterity, or else it is posterity's fault. Percy Crosby has published his long-awaited novel SKIPPY at last *(Putnam's)*, and Mr. Riddell has already staked what reputation he has on the statement that this epic of humour belongs on the very narrow shelf that holds Huckleberry Finn, Hawthorne and Harte. It is outstanding among the books of American humour today.

There are a few others. DODSWORTH by Sinclair Lewis *(Scribner's)* is journalism, but it is grand journalism; the best job that Lewis has ever accomplished. It is only when you stack Lewis against a plodder like Dreiser, for example, that you realize what an artist he is in collecting this vast bulk, preparing it with a vibrant hate, and offering what is first of all a good story. Ring Lardner's collection of short stories called ROUND UP *(Scribner's)* compresses the same material into little bitter pellets. Lardner is also a supreme craftsman, but he is over-rated by the same Professional Hailers' Association as a great humanitarian and as a permanent contributor to American literature. Like Lewis, he hates well; and like Lewis he catches with magical precision the idiom, the tone, the very breath of these people he hates. It is only that this style must inevitably fall just short of perfection. Neither of them, for example, can ever write so complete an indictment of the American scene as a typical Sunday newspaper.

THE INNOCENT VOYAGE, by Richard Hughes *(Harper's)* marked almost the high-water mark of the Spring flood. Telling with utter simplicity the story of some children on a tropical island and a pirate ship, it discovers facets of reticent beauty and strength definitely anachronistic in this audible year of grace.

NOTE

Oh, my dear audience! My faithful audience! My eager, interested, invisible audience, sometimes you just touch this old heart to the quick, that's what you do. Here I go along month after month, never hearing a word from you, thinking that maybe you just don't care; and then, when I'm on the point of becoming discouraged, you send in a flood of the nicest letters, most of them spelling my name wrong, and I realize that you have been behind me all the time.

This time, it appears, the sudden burst of correspondence was induced by my innocent footnote, all in the spirit of good clean fun, stating that copies of *The Wild Party* were now bringing $150, if you could get hold of one; and the wild party that *that* remark produced made Mr. March's little affair look like recitation hour in a Deaf and Dumb Asylum. Judging by the bulk of inquiries as to where a copy of this book could be exchanged for one hundred and fifty berries, *The Wild Party* must have been a best-seller from New York to Oakley (Kansas), and from Toronto to Yakima (Washington), and Mr. March should be cashing on royalties.

In reply to all these trusting correspondents, therefore, I should like to report that while the market on *Wild Parties* is at present a little dull, owing to Federal Reserve warnings and the late Spring, on the other hand I happen to have several rare copies of the first edition of *Meaning No Offense*, by John Riddell, which I should be delighted to forward upon receipt of $150, and postage. And now let's see what *that* does.

P.S. I'd hang onto all those copies of *The Wild Party*, folks, if I were you; they will probably be worth something one of these days.

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This symbol of "44 years of fine craftsmanship" is stamped on every Enger-Kress product. Look for it.

It is easy to be original when you turn to Enger-Kress leather specialties for prizes and gifts. There are so many distinctive, useful and personal articles—bridge card sets, key cases, bill folds, lighters, cigarette cases, etc. Ask to see the Enger-Kress line. At all stores which carry leather goods or gift wares.

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✓ An Inspired Gift

A Multi-Vider for Commencement Day expresses your congratulations in a graceful, personal way. A handsome gift—a unique, useful pocket accessory.

The price?—Conservative! $10.00 for the new improved Executive model, with gold-filled metal parts—$5.00 for the Standard model, with metal parts silver-filled. If your dealer can't supply you, mail the coupon to us today.

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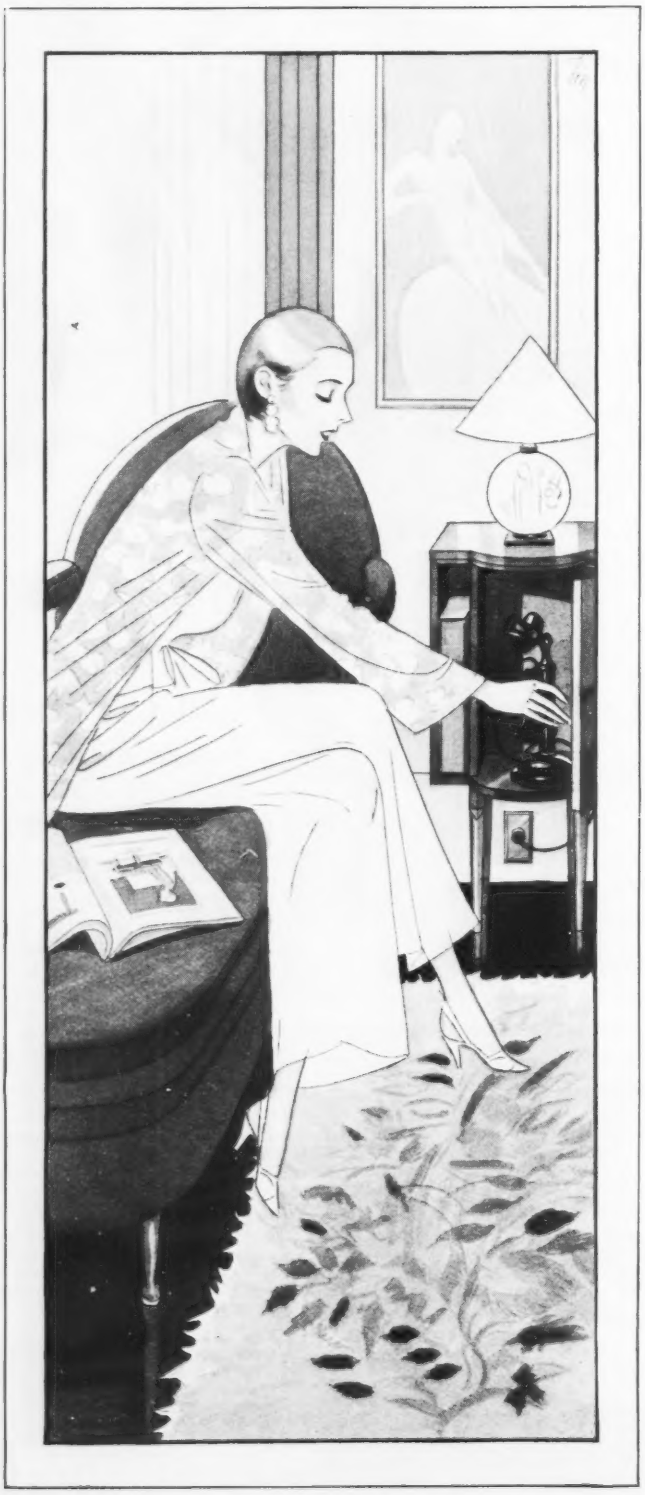

Here is the latest idea for convenience . . . a telephone near at hand, for ease in placing and answering calls

A TELEPHONE in one's boudoir, of course . . . for here comfort and restfulness are of first importance. And in those other rooms which are most frequently used . . . and where a telephone would save many steps and much time.

Among the modern apartments of American cities, and in urban, suburban and country homes all through the land, there is growing this new conception of convenience and comfort: *Telephones in nearly every room*, so calls may be placed and answered with greatest ease.

Architects are including provision for complete *built-in* telephone convenience as a part of the design of modern residences. Builders are constructing conduits in the walls to provide telephone outlets throughout the house.

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Your local Bell company will be glad to help you "custom fit" telephone service to your present home, or the one you are planning. Telephone the Business Office today.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. BELL SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

THE CONDÉ NAST PRESS GREENWICH, CONN.

ENGLISH June—month of roses and Ascot, smartest of English race meetings. Yet interest on this clear day centers not entirely upon the King's thoroughbreds, nor the many creations of world-famed couturiers. . . . In the Royal Enclosure all eyes present have found exquisite Lady Cynthia Raven*, who possesses one of the freshest, fairest complexions in all of England. ✤ ✤ Lady Cynthia, as her famous mother and grandmother before her, employs one trusted guardian for her skin, Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap, pure, mollient, stimulating as a morning breeze. She treasures Yardley's sheer face powder to protect her skin from all types of weather. ✤ ✤ Yardley's lavender is one of the most favored perfumes of sophisticated English women. It is found again in other Yardley products. England's best, they are obtainable anywhere in America. Old English Lavender Soap, "The Luxury Soap of the World," box of three cakes $1, or 35c the cake; "Old English Lavender," in sprinkler bottles from $12 to $1; Face Powder, $1; Compact, $1.25; Talc, 50c; Sachet Tablets, 25c; Shampoo, 15c the cartridge; Bath Salts, $1; Dusting Powder, $1.50. Yardley, 8 New Bond Street, London; 452 Fifth Avenue at Fortieth Street, New York; Toronto and Paris. **Out of deference to our clientele we have refrained from using actual names.*

Yardley's Old English ✤ Lavender Soap

Established 1770

For a slender figure—
"Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet"

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

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